Collier's

TEN CENTS

JANUARY 27, 1945

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THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRESS

By Walter Davenport

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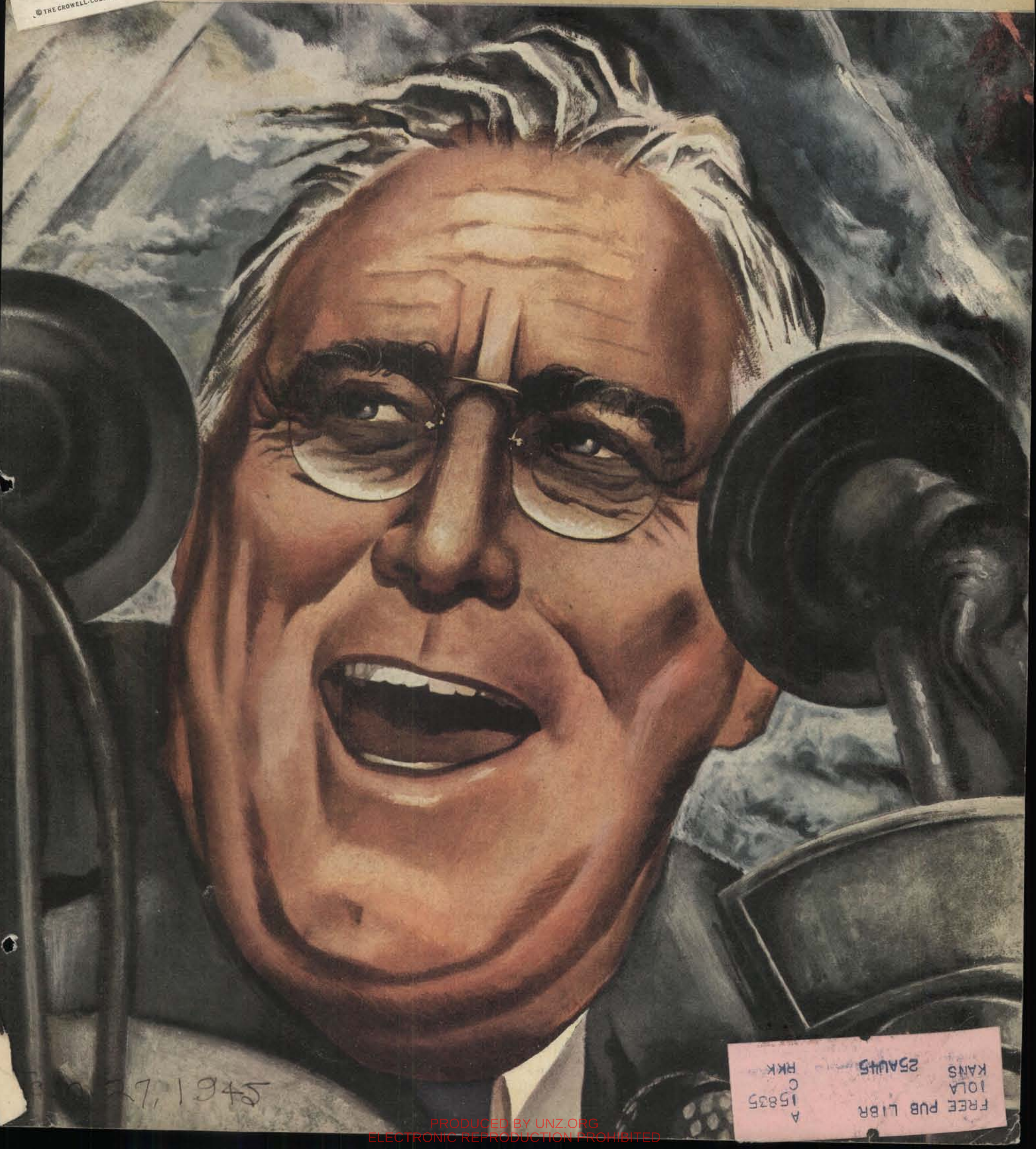

Jan. 27, 1945

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FLAVOR-PEAK IN GLASS: A LIFT TO LIVING

An unretouched photograph of coffee's aroma—for the first time seen by human eyes! It was made by Joseph Breitenbach, Associate of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain. The surface on which this coffee bean was photographed is mercury; what you see is a monomolecular layer—one ten millionth of an inch thick—of fragrant coffee's volatile emanations.

Newest aquatic wonder! (NOT a scientific experiment!) There's real coffee in that glass coffee jar the lady is brandishing about. And though it's ten feet under water, the coffee's cracker-dry. As you can see, these metal-capped Duraglas jars don't play fast and loose with coffee's flavor. These gleaming jars bring your coffee to you *vacuum-packed* and roaster-fresh. And help KEEP it fresh and fragrant by resealing, AIRTIGHT. Be sure to buy coffee in glass; air can't get in, flavor can't get out. Your supply won't *run* out, either; truthful glass lets you see at a glance just how much you have left, when you need to re-order.

Mr. and Mrs. Quentin Reynolds are notorious coffee-topers. "We love it hot and often; morning, noon, *and* night!" says the wife of the famous war correspondent. She buys her pet brand in glass. "Then I can see the size of the grind, the color of the roast. And notice how nice glass looks on the shelves—so sparkling-clean and modern."

Coffee
Coffee
Coffee
Coffee
?
Coffee
Coffee

The jar of tomorrow—? Watch your grocer's shelves for the NEW Duraglas vacuum coffee jar—in production SOON! It's designed to make your favorite brand taste better—longer. It'll be easier to open, measure, and reseal.

Coffee
Duraglas

Duraglas
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A NAME THAT HELPS
YOU SEE WHAT YOU BUY!

Sand, soda ash, lime—that's all glass is. When we see how lovely glass containers look, we're apt to forget they are made of some of nature's most abundant materials. This fact, plus the incredible rapidity of today's modern glass-making machines, makes possible glass containers at low cost. You'll find it pays to buy in truthful glass!

Enjoy Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians every week; Coast-to-Coast, Blue Network. See your local newspaper for time and station.

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY . . . Toledo, Ohio—makers of containers that give "a lift to living."

"Why Mom, a great big woman like you—

brushing your teeth without massaging your gums!"

MOM: Well, I like that! Why should *I* worry about my gums? I keep my *teeth* clean with Ipana!

PEG: Oooh Mom, it's lucky you're not in the third grade! Bet teacher'd make you stay after school 'til you learned all about gum massage—about how your gums need exercise to help keep your teeth healthy.

MOM: Hmmm, they never taught gum massage in my day. Let me in on it, will you, Peggy?

PEG: Honest, Mom, don't you *really* know about soft foods letting gums get tender and flabby, so you should massage 'em every time you brush your teeth . . . and help keep from getting "pink" on your tooth brush?

MOM: And if my tooth brush *does* show some "pink"—what then, teacher?

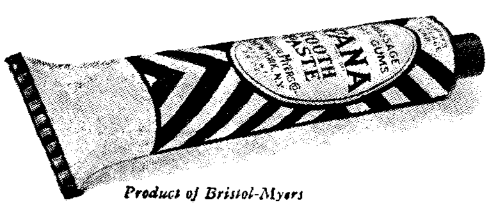
PEG: Why, *everybody* knows what then—better *see your dentist right away!*

IN CLASSROOMS all over the land, thousands of children are learning the importance of gum massage to sound, bright teeth.

What's more: according to a national survey, 7 in 10 dentists recommend regular massage to help strengthen flabby gums and safeguard your teeth.

When you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, remember it's a warning signal from your gums to *see your dentist.* As so many dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to wake up circulation in lazy gums. So it's not surprising that a nation-wide survey shows twice as many dentists personally use Ipana Tooth Paste as any other dentifrice. Remember then . . .



Product of Bristol-Myers

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

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Collier's
FOR JANUARY 27, 1945

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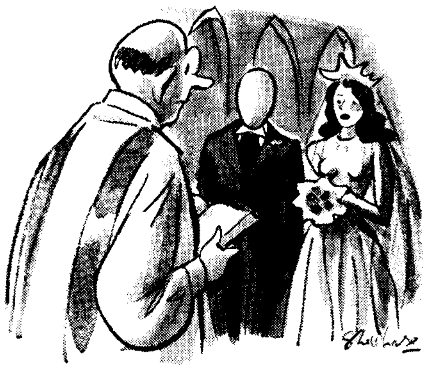
any week

WHILE glancing over our copy of the Cartwright Review, which, as you know, is a leading Manitoba, Canada, weekly, we read the account of the wedding of a young lady friend of ours. We were disappointed, however, in that the name of the fellow who married her wasn't mentioned. We lost no time in notifying the editor of this omission. So in the next issue we read: "An error crept into the report of the marriage of Miss Mary Lovely which appeared in last week's Review. We omitted to give the name of the groom and we now hasten to make amends by divulging his identity." But at that crucial point the editor must have run out of ink or paper or information.



A CIVILIAN whom the Army was inoculating against a wide variety of diseases, preparing him for an overseas job, was getting his fifth jabbing. The nurse immunizing him told him to roll up his sleeve. "Mind you," said he, "I'm not complaining. I'm just wondering whether there isn't some other part of my anatomy that you could puncture. I'm running out of arms." The nurse, a lieutenant, looked him over slowly, bored. Then: "Pick your spot, mister, pick your spot."

AND Mr. Joseph Gingas of Helena, Montana, wants to get back to his natural prejudices. He doesn't like Nazis and Japs. He never has. But there are some other people too that he can't stomach. "I'm getting danged tired," says Mr. Gingas, who, incidentally, is a collector of old-fashioned washboards, "of being told by my government who to hate and who to try to get along with, not saying what's on my mind. The way I am storing up my dislike for a couple of countries I ain't naming now is got me all upset. I wrote to OWI and got back a letter that I got to remember these people are our Allies. I wrote back and said what the hell did they think I was kicking about."

BUT we managed to overhear one of two ample and middle-aged ladies in a Grand Central, New York, crowd ask a harassed-looking gentleman the address of the

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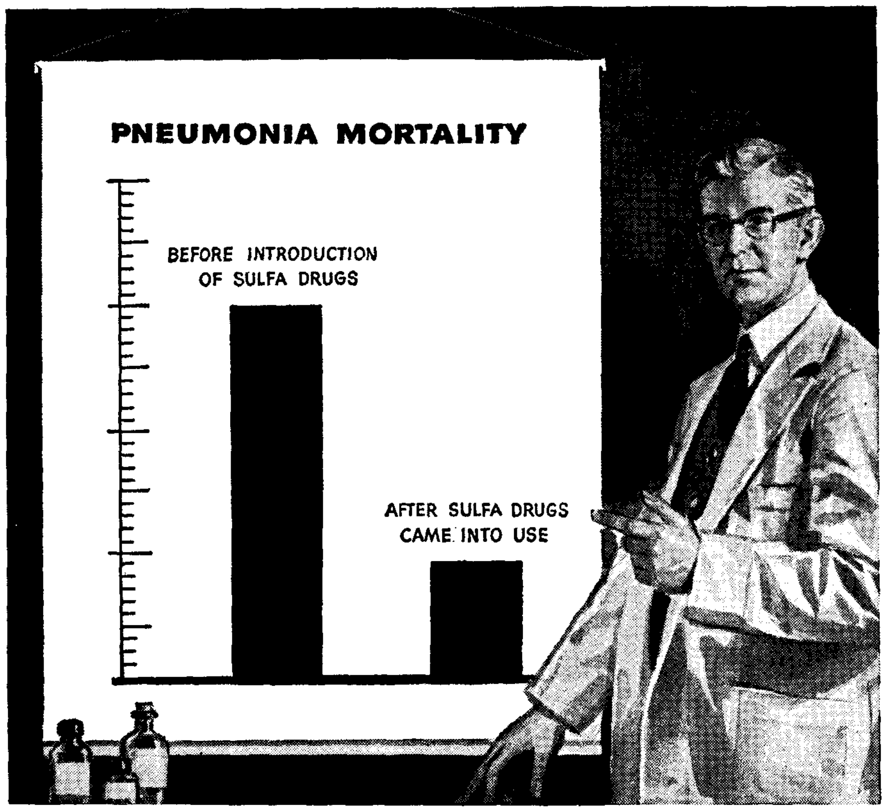
What's this new word

"Chĕm′ ō thĕr′ a py?"

Medical science is full of strange and unusual words.

One of the most exciting is "chemotherapy." As it may mean a lot to you—you might like to know more about it.



2. For the 20 years after that, research brought no striking discoveries. Then a strange chain of events revealed that a patented dye possessed a life-saving element. And so, the sulfonamide drugs were made available to the world. In the less than ten years they have been in common use, they have saved countless lives. Some forms of meningitis, streptococcic infections, and other dread diseases, including the common forms of pneumonia, have met a powerful adversary.

1. Many of our badly wounded soldiers, sailors, and marines owe their lives to new drugs . . . sulfa and penicillin . . . which have had spectacular success against perils like gangrene, terrible burns, and blood poisoning. Chemotherapy—which takes advantage of the effects of chemical action upon body tissues and invading bacteria—is ages old in theory. But its modern, most effective practice began soon after 1900 with the discovery of salvarsan.

3. You know the dramatic story of the next discovery, penicillin. Although not strictly a chemical, it attacks some of the same germs as the sulfa drugs—and others against which these drugs have little or no success. But the search for other "specific" chemicals is far from over. Medical scientists constantly seek to improve existing ones and find new germ-fighting elements. There must be long and careful experiments for each discovery, for sometimes the "germ-poison" is poisonous to the human body, too.

4. But chemotherapy is no cure-all. Because it does so much to reduce the deadliness of some of our worst diseases, some people may expect it to perform miracles. It must always be remembered that these chemicals should not be used without sound medical advice, otherwise there may be detrimental results. But chemotherapy, rightly used, is a tremendous gift of medical science to our civilization.

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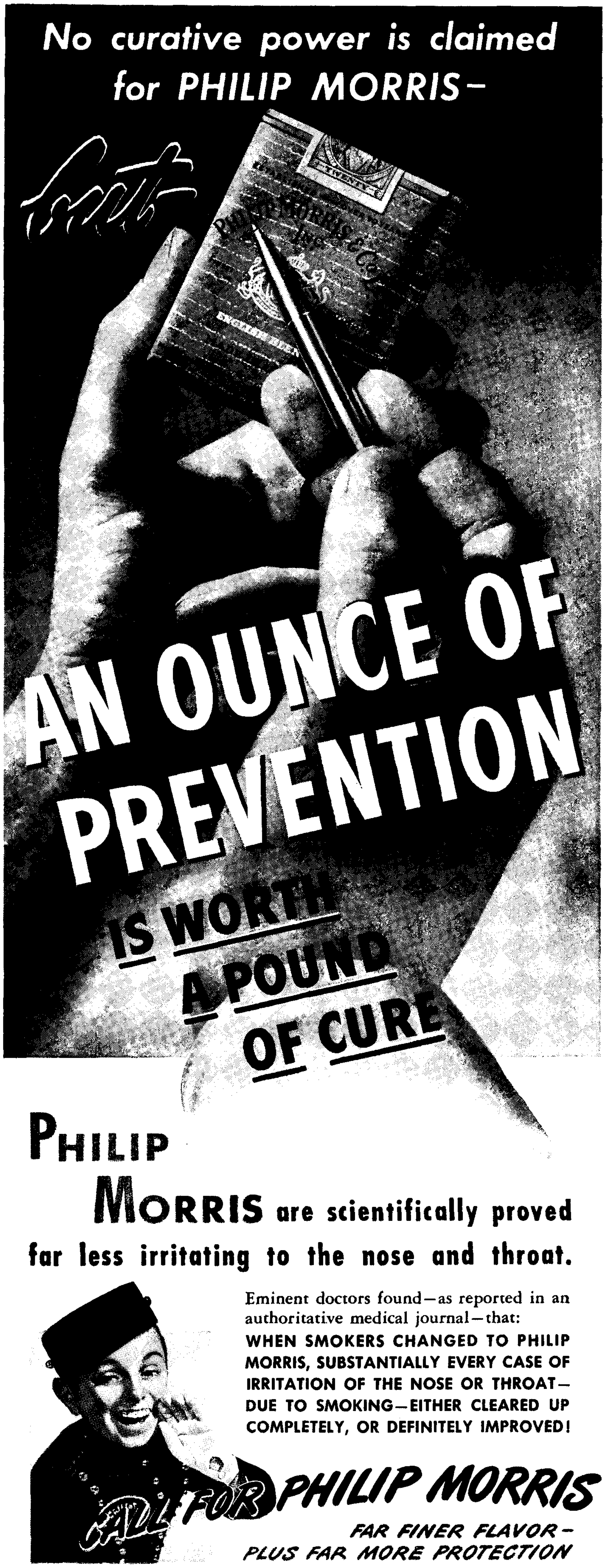
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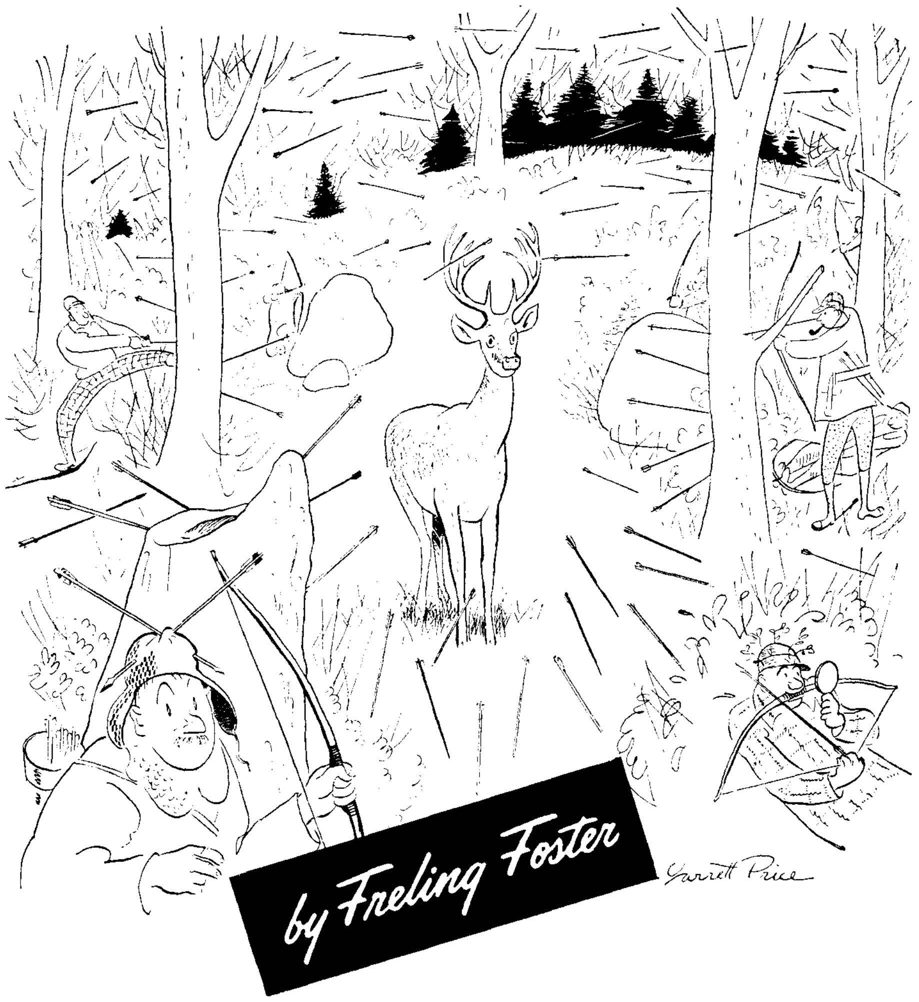
by Freling Foster

Hunting deer with bow and arrow, in the twenty-five states which permit the use of this weapon, is growing in popularity, more than 20,000 hunters having engaged in the sport during the past season.—*By Robert S. Peterson, San Francisco, Cal.*

The unrest among women in Germany has resulted in the organization of 20,000 female Gestapo officers. To make certain they execute orders, Himmler has appointed as their commander his 28-year-old protégée, Margarete Schuetz, who carries, as her symbol of authority, a rhinoceros-leather whip.

In the split second that is required to light a safety match on the surface of the container, the heat of the friction increases the temperature of the head to its ignition point of between 333 and 388 degrees Fahrenheit. —*By Betty Jean Smythe, Florence, South Carolina.*

American soldiers in the Far East have discovered numerous persons who believe that all motion pictures—including such films of fantasy as The Wizard of Oz and Alice in Wonderland—are like newsreels and depict the real life of real people.

Many homes in Asia have windowpanes made of the thin and translucent shells of the window oyster because they are cheap and admit an adequate amount of light.—*By Edwin Both, Los Angeles, California.*

Until about a century ago, public speakers in this country usually began their addresses with the salutation—"Gentlemen and Ladies". . . . The British army now has an All-Jewish Brigade comprised of some 3,000 men of 53 nationalities. . . . The Christian Bible contains more than 200 passages referring to the use or properties of wine, beer and other fermented beverages. . . . At least one fourth of the 500 muscles in the human body are located in the face and neck.

Japan's most sacred shrine is a small wooden building at Ise, 250 air miles from Tokyo, which is dedicated to Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess, who has been informed of all important events in that country for 2,500 years. The Emperor, for instance, goes there to announce the birth of a royal baby, and the premier to tell of a declaration of war. Millions of ordinary pilgrims also visit it annually, although they are forbidden to pass through even the first of the four fences surrounding the temple, which contains, incidentally, nothing but Amaterasu's Mirror.

No phenomenon baffles scientists more than the strange luminous displays of sparks, balls of fire, flashes like sheet lightning and beams like auroral streamers that generally accompany great earthquakes.

Of the 42 living members of Britain's most ancient and exclusive Order of the Garter, only three are women: Dowager Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth and Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.

The Netherlands and the Union of South Africa are the only countries having two capitals, one for its administration and one for its legislature. Respectively, those of the former are The Hague and Amsterdam and those of the latter are Pretoria and Cape Town.

Castel Gandolfo, the Pope's summer palace a short distance from Rome, possesses one of the three or four existing tower clocks which have six instead of twelve numerals.

No position or spot in any ocean is more than 1,500 miles from land.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

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This will be lovely Jeanette MacDonald on General Electric FM—the radio with glorious "*Natural Color*" tone! FM (Frequency Modulation) will be far finer than today's conventional radio. For conventional radio is limited to less than half the complete range of musical tones—it is radio only in "black-and-white."

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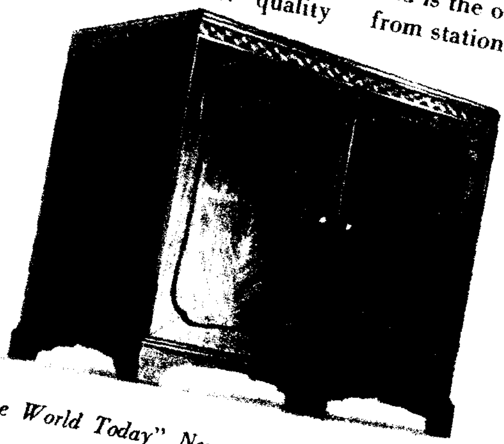

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COLORS
MAHOGANY . . . also for cherry, redwood.
WALNUT-MAPLE . . . also for light oak, birch, pine.
OAK . . . also for dark mahogany, ebony.
NEUTRAL . . . for bleached and light woods.

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Col. Frank H. Collins (left), commander of Washington National Airport Army Air Base, greets Maj. Fred Kelly, ATC veteran

WHEN it becomes necessary to move our high-ranking military and civilian leaders to the far corners of the globe in a hurry and in secret, the Brass Hat Squadron of the Air Transport Command does it. True, VIP (Very Important People, as the GIs have named them) could make the journey in scheduled flights being operated to everywhere these days, but their identity and destination would be revealed, and that would not be good. So the Brass Hatters take over, and nobody knows anything about it except when a brief press dispatch comes through that a VIP arrived in China, or Australia or Europe.

Officially identified as the 503d AAF Base Unit of the Air Transport Command, and operating from the Washington National Airport Army Air Base, the Brass Hatters are made up of twenty former domestic-scheduled airline pilots, who, before they were called into the service early in 1942, had never been out of the United States or off their daily grinds on the federal airways system.

In composite form, the Brass Hat Squadron pilot is a major in the AAF; he draws about $6,500 per year in pay and allowances; he has had 10,000 hours in scheduled airline flying and ten years experience. He is 35 years old, and has a pleasant disposition.

But he is the first to say that if ever teamwork were important, short of bombing and fighting in the air, it is in this job. With him on these important special missions are a relief pilot, a navigator, radio operator, crew chief and assistant crew chief and flight steward—all Army men.

The airplane now standardized for this work is the Douglas C-54 Skymaster, whose four Pratt & Whitney engines give such confidence that the pilots think only of the landing-field conditions at the other end. They cruise at 200 miles an hour and carry sufficient fuel to fly to alternate landing fields hundreds of miles away from their destination, if necessary. They go out as one package and return as one; no shifting of crews and planes en route, as on scheduled lines.

"The mission was for the purpose of transporting high-ranking military personnel on an inspection trip that involved flying around the world," is the conclusion of a brief report by Major William F. Richmond, of Minneapolis, former Northwest Airlines pilot.

Behind the pilot's compartment of the C-54 is a bunk. The first pilot and the relief pilot alternate at the controls and in the sack. The pilot depends on the navigator and the radio operator to be kept on course. He forgets about the engines and the gasoline consumption, because the skilled crew chief and his assistant, usually a sergeant, take care of minor or even major adjustments that have to be made.

There's a corporal on duty to help out with the comfort and convenience of the VIP in the cabin, but usually the Very Important People are poring over their papers and documents and boning up for the mission to be carried out at their destination.

The pilots are particularly interested in the comfort of their passengers because the VIP are not always hardy, adventurous folk; some of them, like former Secretary Hull, had never been on a flight like the one that took him to Moscow. Mme. Chiang was brought to New York from Kunming in a weakened condition, and the pilots saw to it that she was not pitched around in turbulent air or bounced on landings.

Just as you don't talk about your guests to outsiders, the Brass Hat Squadron pilots are extremely circumspect on this point. But they do indicate that the bigger the person, the easier the trip. Major L. H. Dice, who used to fly from New York to Miami for Eastern Air Lines, is proud of a trip to Europe with General George C. Marshall as his passenger. The Chief of Staff spent much of the time sitting on the hard jump seat in the pilots' compartment between the two pilots, following meticulously the work of the navigator and radio operator immediately behind him.

With necktie removed and shirt open at the throat, General Marshall doubled for the sergeant flight engineer and kept a careful eye on the instruments. Major Dice, after hours of deliberation, finally broke down and asked permission to make a picture of the general, when they were midway over the Atlantic. The Army's head man willingly obliged, so Major Dice placed a small camera on a ledge above the instrument board and, by dead reckoning, lined up the lens. The picture came out perfect and it is the major's greatest prize of the war.

Lieutenant Colonel Henry T. "Hank" Myers of Tifton, Georgia, former American Airlines pilot, and now aide to Major General Harold L. George, chief of the Air Transport Command, is ex-officio member of the Brass Hat Squadron. Hank flies the special C-54 which was outfitted for the President. Mr. Roosevelt has never made a trip in it at this

(Continued on page 73)

"6 minutes to get here; 6 minutes to get 'em rolling!"

A railway signal maintainer must be a "minute man." In the actual episode* pictured, trouble in the signal system automatically tied up two through freight trains of 100 cars each and a fast express. Called at his home, the maintainer was in his Plymouth in 30 seconds, at the scene within six minutes — had traffic moving in another six.

Thirty miles of main line multiple trackage are his to cover. Working regularly from 6 a. m. to 3 p. m., this railroad trouble-shooter is subject to call at all hours. His 1940 Plymouth stands ready at the curb day or night — and has never failed to go.

THAT'S automobile *reliability.* In Plymouth it's assured by friction-free Superfinished parts . . . Floating Power mountings which cushion the engine . . . Amola steel springs, for tough strength with easy-riding comfort . . . and scores of such engineering achievements. Pioneered by Plymouth in the low-priced field, these features first were tested, improved and retested by Plymouth . . . with the whole United States as actual proving ground.

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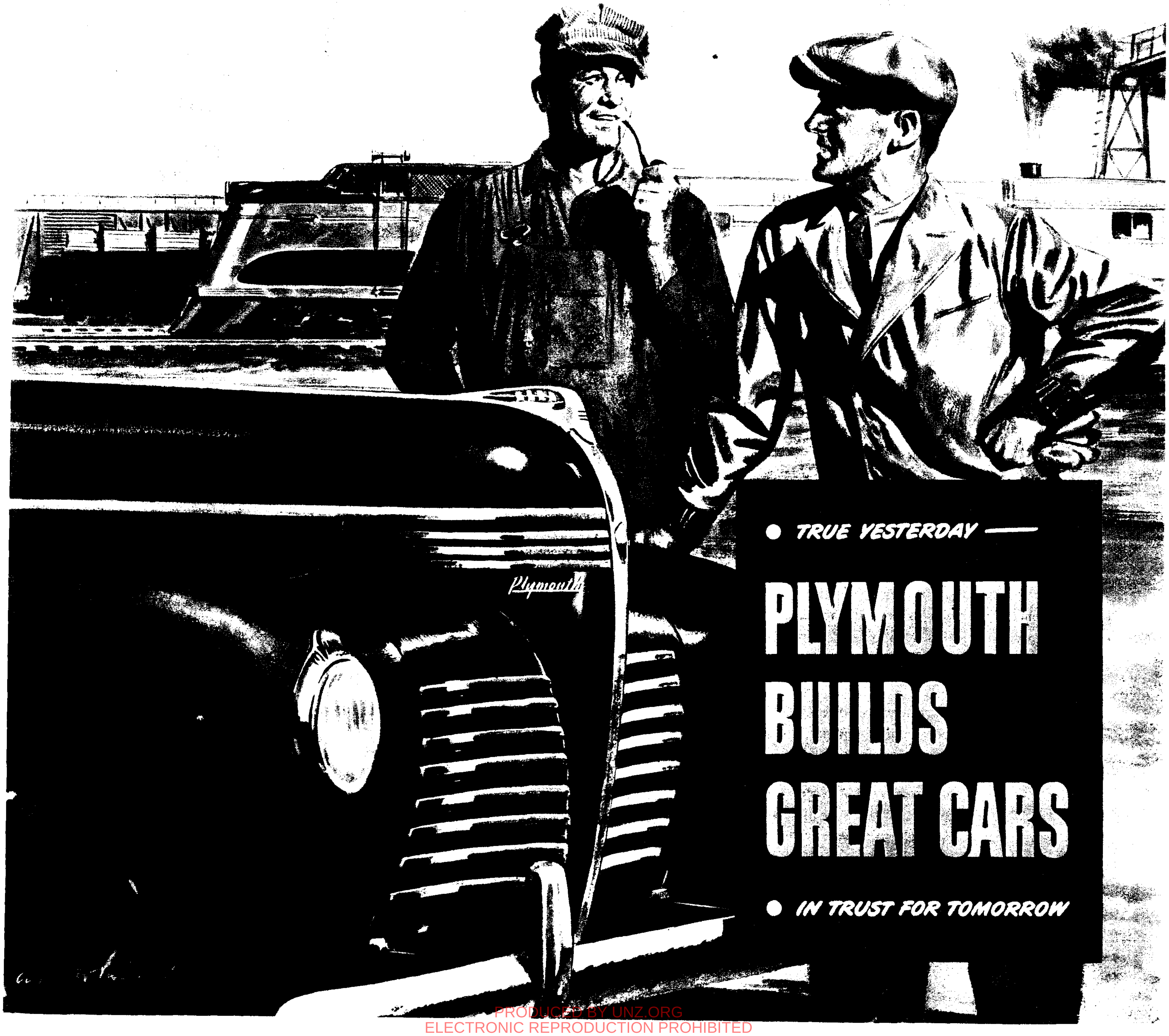
You'll enjoy Major Bowes Thursdays, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

**Actual interview in the Plymouth files*

BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD



Just alike?...
not when you know them

...tires all alike today? There is more difference in mileage than before

TRUE, all tires are made from synthetic rubber today . . . but that doesn't mean they're any more the same than when they were made from crude rubber.

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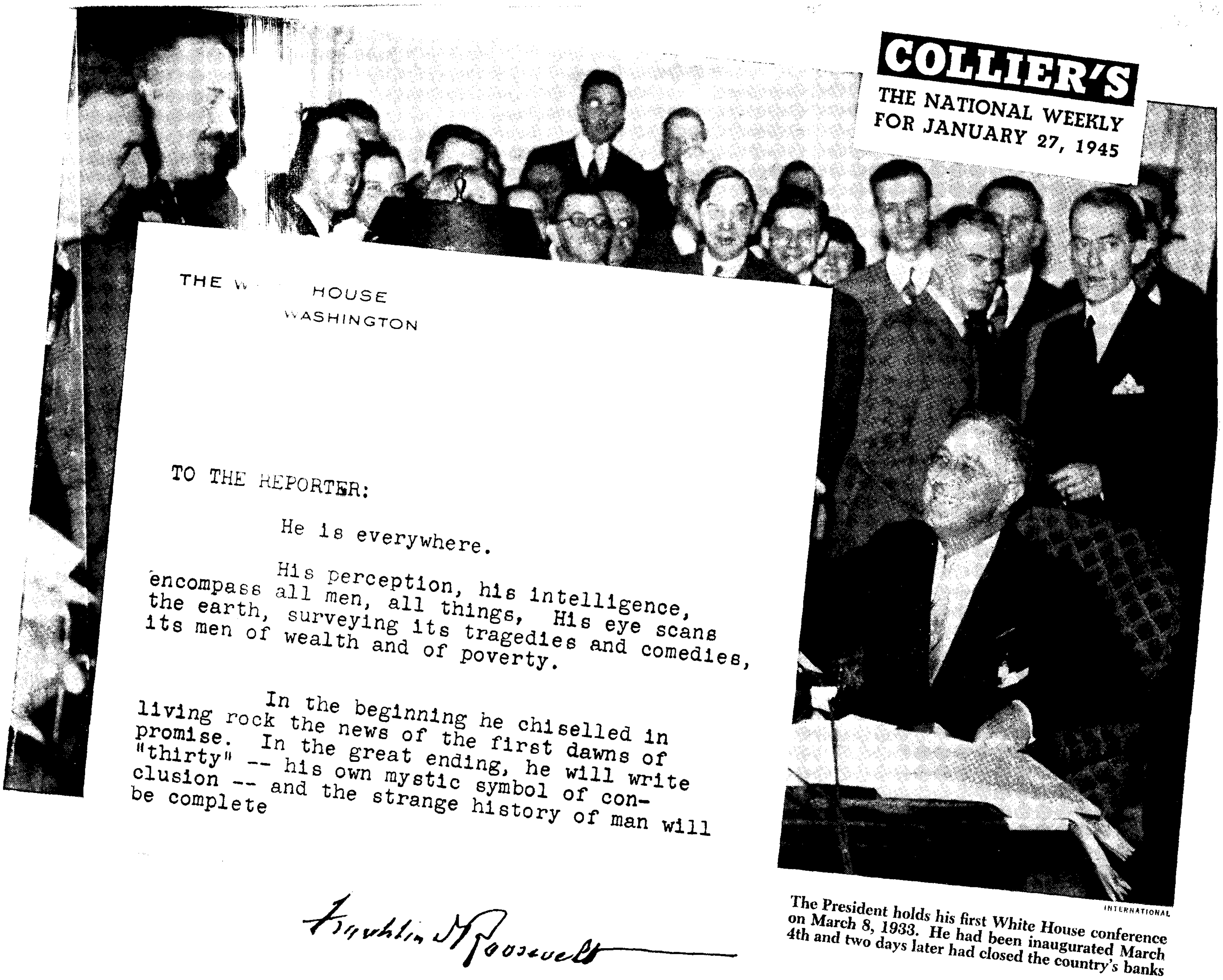
COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JANUARY 27, 1945



THE W HOUSE
WASHINGTON

TO THE REPORTER:

He is everywhere.

His perception, his intelligence, encompass all men, all things. His eye scans the earth, surveying its tragedies and comedies, its men of wealth and of poverty.

In the beginning he chiselled in living rock the news of the first dawns of promise. In the great ending, he will write "thirty" -- his own mystic symbol of conclusion -- and the strange history of man will be complete

Franklin D Roosevelt

INTERNATIONAL

The President holds his first White House conference on March 8, 1933. He had been inaugurated March 4th and two days later had closed the country's banks

This tribute by the President to newspapermen was given to the editor several years ago. Never published before, it makes a pleasant comment on Walter Davenport's story—The President and the Press
H. La C.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRESS

By WALTER DAVENPORT

How was Mr. Roosevelt able to overcome, with extraordinary decisiveness, the editorial opposition of some sixty per cent of American newspapers? Well, the reasons are many and varied, and they're explained for you here by Collier's political reporter

I

SUDDENLY one of the correspondents said, "Thank you, Mr. President," and the press conference came to a smacking end. A hundred and twenty newspaper reporters, columnists and radio voices almost trotted out of the great oval room in the executive-offices wing of the White House. They went swiftly as though they had startling news to broadcast, although, as the President's press conferences go, this one was very close to being newsless.

Mr. Roosevelt, looking and acting very unlike the confused and worn-out man that his recent political opposition had been deploring, had been downright gay. He had talked for forty-five minutes about trees, the Sixth War Loan, more trees, postwar military training, trees again, football and, of course, the war. But nothing hot. He had laughed with and at his audience. He had called a dozen of the reporters by their first names, recalling a few very bad election prophecies, bidding the prophets not to feel too bad about it.

One of the regulars at such conferences whispered that the Old Man had something up his sleeve, that he was always cagey like this when he had. So they fired questions at him, probing. But they got nowhere. And because of all this fencing, everybody except a tight little group of gentlemen off to the right of Mr. Roosevelt's desk seemed to be having a nice time.

This little group were editors and publishers of newspapers who had not supported Mr. Roosevelt for re-election. Actually they had gone much farther than that. Their news columns had been fair enough, even though their reporters had just about broken their arms in Mr. Dewey's behalf—their arms but not their hearts. But on their editorial pages they had solemnly, fearfully, even desperately, pleaded the Republican cause. Theirs were of the sixty per cent of America's newspapers who openly opposed a fourth term, who had hailed Dewey as democracy's deliverer, who had said that the re-election of Roosevelt was going to be the end of things American. Their warnings had gone unheeded.

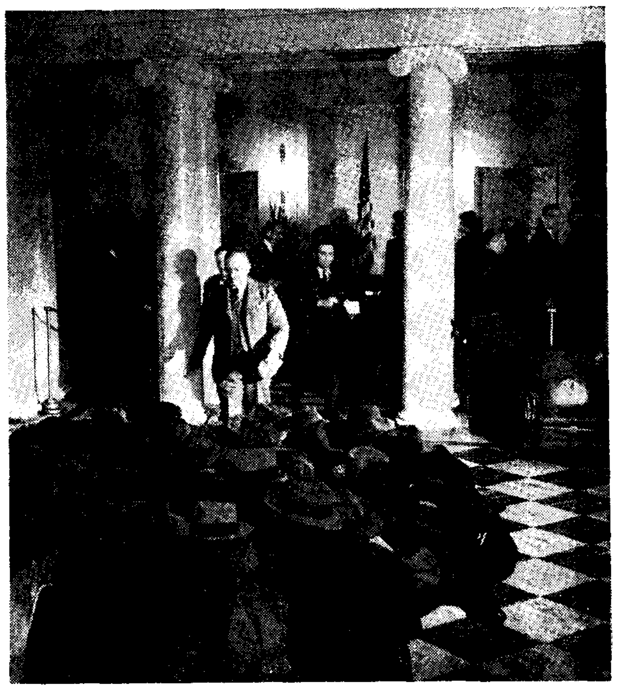
Now they had come to Washington to be the guests of their reporters at one of America's own peculiar institutions—a Presidential press conference. They were just that—visitors. Outside, they might shout until windows broke but here they were bound by rule and precedent to be silent. Only an accredited correspondent may ask questions or make comment.

It is most germane to our subject that you know how they reacted to what they heard and saw, little as it was. They stood closely grouped, tight-lipped, skeptical, narrow-eyed,

Massive gift table from Filipinos dominates the Presidential waiting room where the . . .

. . . Correspondents assemble for conferences

Table serves as a hatrack during conference, and when it's over they rush for telephones



as though alerted against the widely advertised charm. That is, at first. Gradually they softened, relaxed. At one of the President's early sallies—a prod at a persistent reporter who was all hot and bothered about the disposition of surplus war matériel—they grinned. Before it was over, the grin had become a chuckle.

Then came that sudden "Thank you, Mr. President," after a lull, and their Washington correspondents took them by the arms and presented them to Mr. Roosevelt. If Mr. Roosevelt had had any idea of the reverberating lengths to which they went in warning America against continuing him in the White House (and don't believe for a second that he hadn't), he gave no sign. He shook their hands with tremendous vigor—this Tired Old Man. He thanked them for their gladly given support of the bond drive. He rejoiced to hear they were feeling well and he told them that, given time (laughter), he'd make good reporters of their Washington men (laughter).

Presently they were plodding across the White House park toward Pennsylvania Avenue. For a few moments they were silent. Then one of them observed that he'd be damned. Another said that in his opinion the President was a wonder. The third said that, anyway, Mr. Harold Ickes was an old fool. And then, with one accord, they began tearing Mr. Ickes apart for what he had just said about the American press and in particular about that sixty per cent which had fought, bitterly but ineffectually, against the reelection of Mr. Roosevelt. (As we'll explain later, only 17 per cent of the newspapers supported the President.)

They made you think of that hapless Republican congressman who, elected in 1942, had come to Washington vowing from the last cranny of his troubled soul to fight Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal on every front, and no quarter asked. This stalwart defender of the right as he saw it was invited to the Freshman Congressmen Supper at the White House—a Roosevelt function which is not entirely social. And, alas, he had accepted.

When he emerged from the White House that night, he declared that he had just about survived one of the most dangerous experiences an American can undergo. He had gone in with nothing but enmity in his heart. He had come out charmed, doubting his own convictions, softened up like last summer's tennis ball. He was still a Republican—he hoped. He was still against the New Deal—he thought. But, he'd be so-and-so, he shouldn't have gone to that supper.

Anyway, these publishers and editors, having just been brushed by the magic wand, began to belabor Mr. Ickes—the Administration's whipping boy. This is all right with Mr. Ickes and is not at all an uncommon practice. There is hardly an American over the age of ten who has not at some time or other taken a few swings at Mr. Ickes' durable jaw.

Waning Influence of the Press?

In his own erosive way, Mr. Ickes had said (and somewhat old-fashionedly) that the American press had lost its influence. Men have been saying just that and pointing to election returns to prove it ever since Thomas Jefferson won in spite of the dire prophecies of all the respectable newspapers that his re-election would be national suicide. Mr. Ickes might have said that American newspapers had lost their power to swing elections and he would have been nearer the fact. He might have added, too, that they never did have a good grip on that power, anyway. But he didn't, so let's get on.

Mr. Ickes had said that the American press no longer guided the thinking of its readers. It would have been somewhat more accurate had he confined that to those editorial pages on which nameless scholars write studied but frequently futile opinions and analyses. Mr. Ickes had said that this was all very deplorable because it indicated "a dangerous decline in reader confidence without which a free press lacks strength." To that he added that this was "a terribly dangerous situation indicating that the people don't believe what they read and the newspapers are not voicing public opinion."

Therefore, these publishers and editors kicked Mr. Ickes around. But it wasn't until they got back to their hotel that one of them untangled himself. He said that Mr. Ickes was wholly wrong, of course, but only in a sense. About the only thing Mr. Ickes knows, said he, about newspapers is how to get in them. The way he saw it was thus:

Mr. Ickes should have said that the readers are still influenced by their newspapers, just as they are swayed back and forth by their radios, but they don't give a hoot what publishers and editors and editorial writers think, just as they aren't interested in any degree in what the guy who owns the broadcasting station thinks. The advocate of this theory tapped his neighbor on the knee.

"Look," said he, "you publish Dorothy Thompson, Winchell and Pearson, don't you? They were for Roosevelt, weren't they? But you were for Dewey, weren't you? Wrote a few scalding editorials yourself and had your troupe of editorial writers viewing with alarm from July to November. Yes? Well, do you want to tell me your paper didn't swing votes to FDR? Do you believe that the stuff you and your editorial writers wrote had the force, the emotional pull or the human interest of Thompson, Winchell and Pearson? Those people are spielers. You and your thinkers are icemen, chum, icemen.

"Look," he continued, warming up. "My sheet runs Pegler, Lippmann, Ernest Lindley and Mark Sullivan. So what Pegler made more FDR votes than Dorothy Thompson can count, and I understand that she's an educated woman. All you had to do to a union member who was undecided was to mention Pegler to him and he decided—to vote for FDR. Mark Sullivan made no votes for Roosevelt but he made damn' few for Dewey, being mellow with experience and so fair in his writing that sometimes you couldn't tell whom he himself was voting for. But our editorial page—five or six neat but strictly aseptic essays all right out of the icebox every morning—was just as anti-Roosevelt as yours.

"Look, brother," he concluded, "our newspapers haven't lost reader influence; we editors and publishers have merely given it away. We're licked by our own features."

As far as we know, this went on far into the night. But the only other opinion we jotted down before leaving came when this editor was asked what columnist he regarded as politically the most influential.

"That's easy," he replied. "Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He can hit the front page with a column of his own opinions any day he wants to. And we've got to print it. These other guys are inside right next to our editorials, where they can do the most harm, and we can drop them—and do—whenever we feel like it. But you've got to run FDR—that or quit trying to run a newspaper."

The Man Who is Always News

And anyone who wants the job of disproving what the gentleman said is welcome to it as far as we're concerned. This article is not a personal opinion but is built on many talks with many Washington correspondents most of whom have been in continuous contact with Mr. Roosevelt since that memorable day of his first press conference—March 8, 1933. Perhaps a half dozen of them—certainly no more—admitted that political party convictions probably colored their frankly spoken views, although they had tried constantly to keep their written dispatches unbiased.

Four of the reporters admitted that "it was possible that the anti-Roosevelt policies of their papers influenced their writing" but denied that it shaped their personal opinion or evaluation of the President. Two of them were openly Roosevelt haters in tongue and typewriter, conceding to Mr. Roosevelt only one virtue: that he was news and, therefore, good business.

But the overwhelming majority of them, including those representing most of Mr. Ickes' sixty per cent, admitted that they were personally pro-Roosevelt. And while our inquiry was not a survey or a poll after the manner of Gallup or Roper, the great pro-Roosevelt majority fell automatically into two general classifications.

The first were those correspondents who do not and have not loved the President for himself alone. Quite a few of them enthusiastically disliked him. But this group were for his policies in their broad sense, for the New Deal as a philosophy of government. The second group were flatly pro-Roosevelt—outspoken enthusiasts for the man and all his policies. We shall go a bit deeper into this in a few moments. It's all a most important contributing factor to the grip that Mr. Roosevelt has on the imaginations of the Washington correspondent corps, and consequently to the quality of his "press." The enthusiasm he generated in the beginning—in 1933—is still visible and still vocal, although naturally in twelve years the boil has settled down to a simmer.

None of this takes into account, either, Mr. Roosevelt's microphone genius. It is all too readily agreed that his radio personality can offset and even smother local newspaper influence. Thus far, his radio opposition has been of lamentably inferior quality. One of the press-conference regulars told us that one night last October he and his New Deal-despising publisher listened to Mr. Roosevelt reply to Mr. Dewey, whom they'd heard a few nights before. The publisher switched off the radio, threw up his hands and cried: "My God, if we only had that voice on our side!"

But we're not going into that here. There are vast numbers of citizens who wouldn't turn their dials from Fibber McGee and Molly or Guy Lombardo to the hottest Fireside Chat in the book. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt's microphone magic has occasionally lost its potency—as witness the Congressional defeat of his Supreme Court Reorganization Bill and his subsequent attempt to purge Congress of certain of his opposition.

Anyway, we're writing about Mr. Roosevelt and the press and, if you don't mind, we'll stick to that. Just before we meandered off with those editors and publishers, a correspondent who has completed his eighteenth year in Washington summed up Mr. Ickes' sixty per cent blues in this manner:

"It is not too important to us that the President should lose the newspapers, but it is most important to us in Washington that we shouldn't lose Roosevelt. He's news—and that's what we're dealing in, news. Eighty-eight per cent of the newspapers may be against him, but just about eighty-eight per cent of the reporters you saw today at the conference voted for him. And if you don't think that's a Roosevelt asset, you're dumber than I thought. We've got to stick to the man we can do business with."

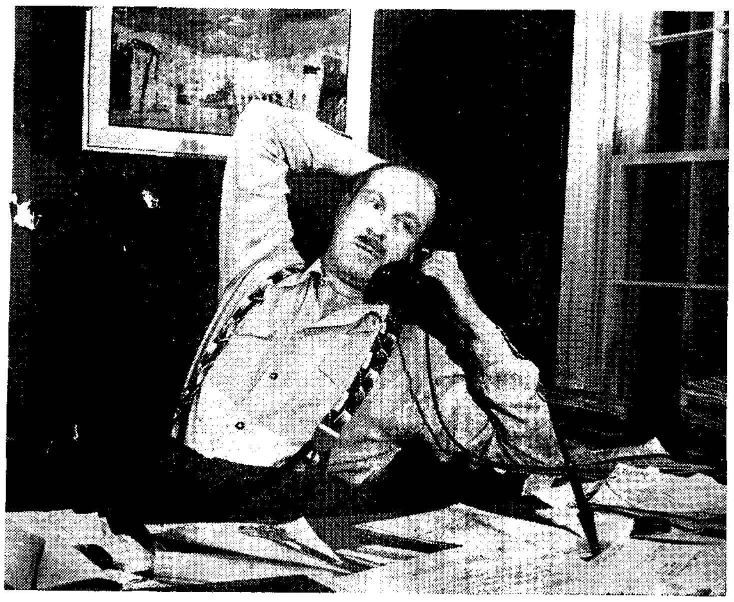
A White House correspondent—one of the group who are assigned daily to the White House (*Continued on page* 46)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY H. J. KNOPF-PIX

Bert Andrews (left) of the New York Herald Tribune stops to chat with Mark Sullivan (center) of the same paper and Roscoe Drummond of the Christian Science Monitor

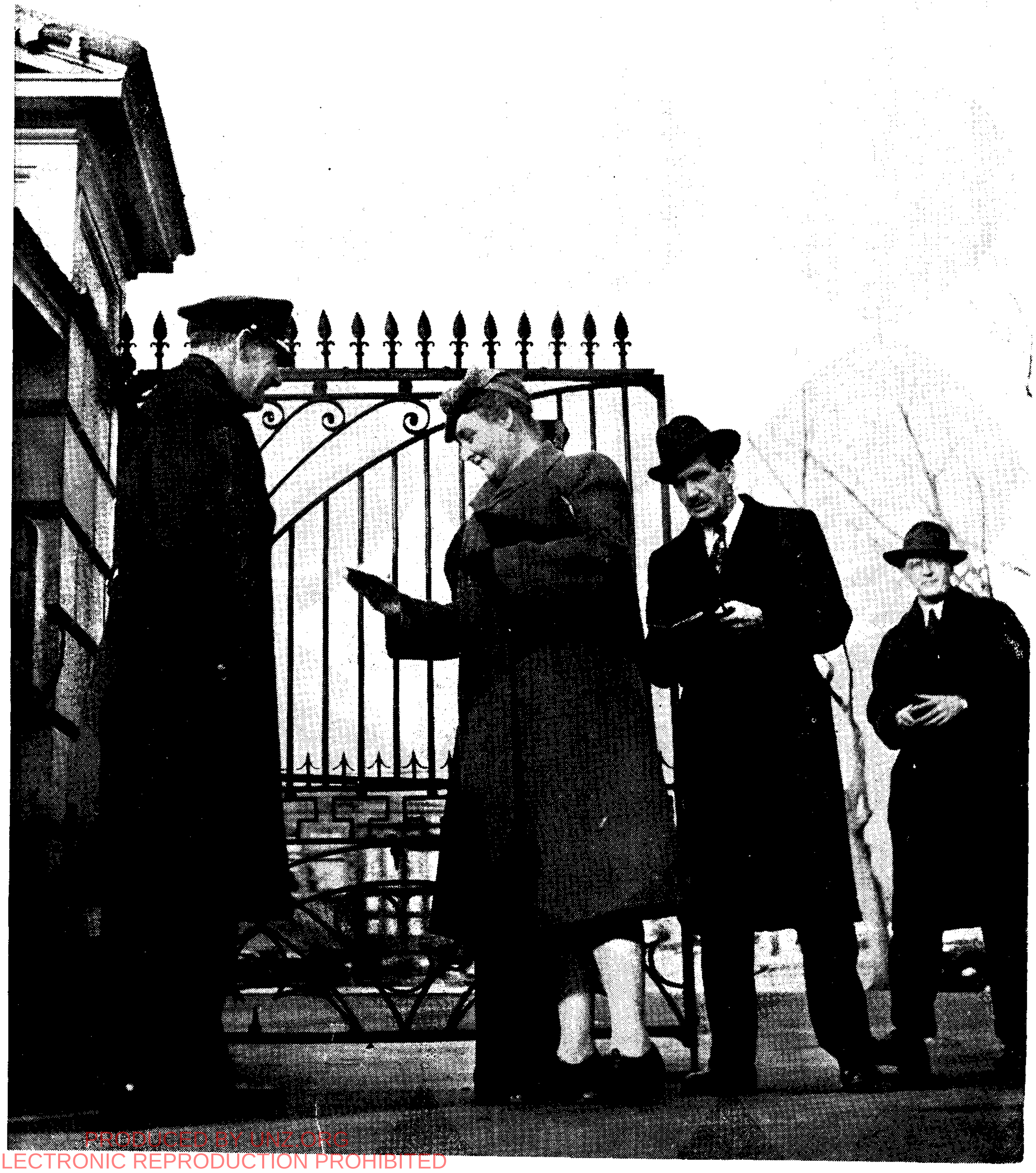
After the conference, the White House press room is always a busy spot. Left to right, clockwise, Peter Edson (with cigarette) of NEA, Robert Manning of United Press, Anthony Wiggin of BBC, Paul Scott Rankine of Reuters at left, Pierre Loving (with pipe) of INS, Dan Williams of Transradio

Drew Pearson sometimes condemns, sometimes sanctions the Administration's acts in his column and radio broadcasts



Photograph of the President hangs in office of John O'Donnell of the New York Daily News. For his frequent, bitter criticism of the President he was awarded an Iron Cross

Correspondents must show passes to guard at northwest gate of the White House to be admitted. Here Elizabeth May Craig of Maine papers and NBC's Richard Harkness arrive for conference



INTERNATIONAL

Somewhere behind the picture-postcard quaintness of Aussee in the Austrian Alps, thousands of Nazi youths and soldiers are training for guerrilla warfare

HITLER'S FINAL V WEAPON

By Major Erwin Lessner

AUTHOR OF PHANTOM VICTORY

Hostilities inside Germany will not end with defeat of the German army. The Nazis intend to terrorize their countrymen and harass their conquerors with guerrilla forces. This forecast tells how they may be expected to operate, and makes a conservative estimate of their chances of success

These elite SS troops are among the types chosen for the guerrilla army. Only men under 28, completely loyal and in perfect physical condition, are accepted

EUROPEAN

ON OCTOBER 4, 1944, Doctor Josef Goebbels shouted: "The enemy (invading German territory) will be taken in the rear by the fanatical population, which will ceaselessly worry him, tie down strong forces and allow him no rest or exploitation of any possible success."

On the same day, Das Schwarze Korps, mouthpiece of the Elite Guard, gave even more gruesome details: "The Allied soldiers shall find no peace. Death will lurk behind every corner. They might establish a civilian administration, but its leaders would not live a month. Nobody could execute the enemy's orders without digging his own grave. No judge could pronounce sentences dictated by the enemy without being crucified in his own window frame in the dead of night."

These stories are undoubtedly intended to intimidate the Allies into some sort of "negotiated victory" and to frighten Germans who might be disposed to co-operate with the invaders. However, they cannot be lightly dismissed as just another of Goebbels' inventions. The Berlin propaganda minister has managed to develop the only genuine German supertype—superliar—who blends whopping falsehoods with a smattering of truth, until no one can possibly tell which is which.

Information from inside Germany reaches the outer world only in small and incoherent bits to be put together with the help of logic, experience and guesswork. All the signs indicate that the Germans are preparing for intensive guerrilla warfare. Piecing the fragments together, this is how it is likely to work out:

Someday—the exact date is anybody's guess—the Wehrmacht's resistance will suddenly come to an end, without a formal surrender or even a request for an armistice. The Allied armies, advancing rapidly through Germany, will find only a few German soldiers, apparently on their way home. The civilian population will be sullen and uncommunicative —as it already is in the border regions—but there will be hardly any active hostility.

Then, all of a sudden, a guerrilla blitz will strike. On the German guerrilla D-Day, hundreds of raiding parties will strike Allied communications, stores, resting troops and ground installations, trying to inflict as much damage and as many casualties as possible. The raiders will hit and run with lightning speed before the occupying troops can recover from the initial shock. The first blow will be followed by rapid attacks at many points, designed to disrupt defensive measures.

The German guerrillas will be tough, well-trained and well-equipped youngsters. Each man will carry a light automatic weapon, and each platoon will be supplied with heavy machine guns, small mine throwers and a light antiaircraft cannon. They will ride light motorcycles with a 15-cubic-inch two-cycle engine, while the larger weapons will be carried on heavier motorcycles of the well-known BMW model.

Nazi Underground Doomed to Collapse

If the Allies are really caught napping, this guerrilla warfare could become a major headache for some weeks, perhaps for a couple of months, but no longer. No matter how well planned and prepared, the Nazi underground warfare has two basic weaknesses which will cause it to collapse. First, the German guerrillas will not have the hope which kept the undergrounds in Nazi-occupied territories fighting: liberation by the victorious Allied armies. Second, the German movement will be organized by highly antagonistic groups, pursuing different objectives and essentially eager to betray one another.

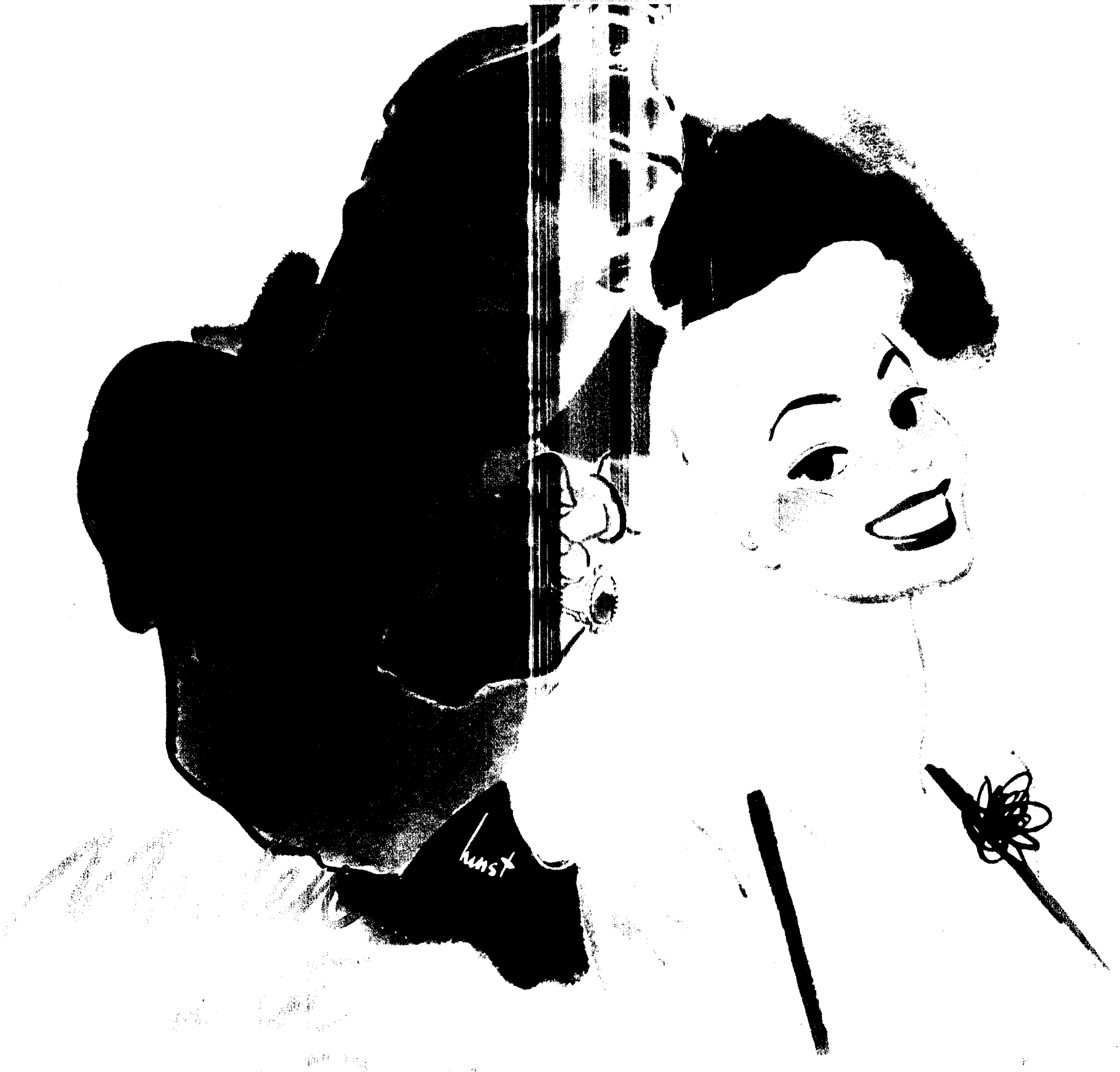
Guerrilla warfare will be prepared by both the army and the Nazi Party. The army, however, will let the Nazis have all the credit for it and will remain backstage, pulling wires. Himmler himself will not take the lead, either. The Gestapo chief prefers to wait and see what happens from a safe hiding place, provided he can find one. Everything we know indicates that the supreme guerrilla commander will be Elite Guard General Ernst Kaltenbrunner, successor to the late Heydrich the Hangman, of Lidice memory.

Kaltenbrunner's friends nicknamed him "the gorilla." He is about six feet two inches tall, heavily built, apelike, hairy, with over-long arms and clumsy hands. Only ten years ago, Kaltenbrunner, a native of Austria, then hardly thirty years of age, started out as a Nazi terrorist and did so well that he gained Himmler's favor and Hitler's attention.

Despite his exalted rank, General Kaltenbrunner never served in the army, never attended military school and had no basic military training even in the SS. The general never had any regular civilian trade, either, but he is said to have outstanding talents as an organizer. The first big coup which was to determine his career came in 1934 when, as leader of a small Nazi band, he supervised the blowing up of the Moll Bridge in Carinthia, southern Austria. This makeshift action was largely made possible by the complicity of some troopers. The rank-and-file bandits escaped on motorcycles to their unpeaceful homes, while their leader drove on to Germany in search of bigger opportunities, which he soon found.

As early as 1936, Kaltenbrunner urged a plan to have Nazi agents organize armed bands all over Europe to create a permanent state of civil war, thus undermining the future victims of German aggression.

The army objected that this was *(Continued on page 47)*



By TOM POWERS

Here begins the gay and delightful saga of a Chicago Cinderella, who unwittingly stepped out of everyday life into a modern wonderland

WELL, first, I am a girl sells cigarettes in Butch's Café in Chicago. And one night there was this gentleman came in and he was what they call an Indian. I always thought, and so did Millie, she's the other cigarette girl, that Indians was what we bought Manhattan from, with feathers on, and they was a kind of a red color with beads on. But this gentleman, he was more brownlike, and he spoke soft and was not like the most of the slickers that come to the café, but was more of a gentleman, with plenty of money and a ring with a red set in it, that Millie said was a bum flash.

But Moe, the waiter that used to be a jeweler where he came from, somewheres in Europe, said it was a ruby, and I guess it was.

Anyway, I didn't think much, when this gentleman came in that first night. I was trying to get past the big table, over next to the juke box, where the five smart guys was drinking some Mexican Tokeeya that Butch had sent out for. They had money all right, and sharp cut suits and watch chains. But they was always trying could they get near a girl to pinch her. And I didn't like the fat one with pimples at all.

Well, as I said, I was skirting around 'em, when Millie give me the eye and jerked her head toward this gentleman as much as to say look at the foney. And before I knew it I was looking at him with my mouth open.

He had a cup of coffee and a spoon across it and in the spoon was a lump of sugar and it was burning, like the lamp under Ma's curling iron, before she broke it and had to use the poker, back in Mattoon, when I was a kid. Honest, if the cigarette tray wasn't hung on me by the strap I would of dropped it right on the floor.

There he sat, looking into that blue flame, like a fortuneteller in a street carnival. And he looked up and says "Please," as soft as petting a sick kitten. And, "Cigarette," he says, holding the spoon steady with his right hand and reaching with his left in his vest pocket for change.

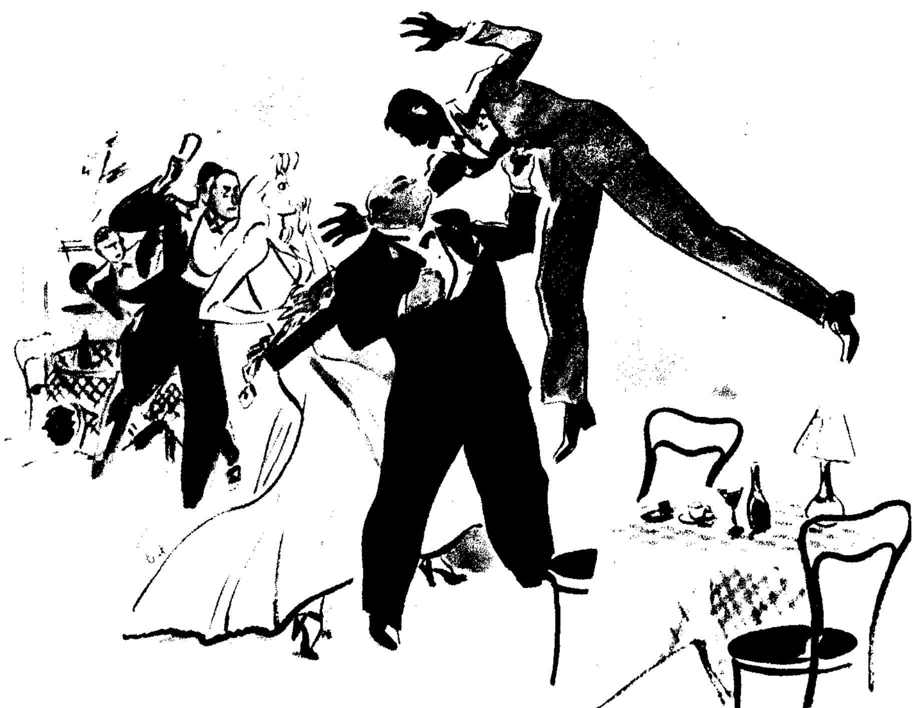
"What kind?" I says and "What kind you say," he says. And it seemed like I knew without him telling me, that he didn't know what kinds we got in this country, because of him being a foreigner, see?

So I give him a pack with filter tips on and opened it for him and stuck one out. And he took it, putting four bits on the table, and the flash from the red stone in his ring hit me right in the eye. Then he dipped the tip of the cigarette into the coffee and then put it in his mouth and leaned over and lit it in the blue flame that was beginning to sputter in the spoon. And the smoke came out of his nose, slow. And he looked up at me with big, brown eyes, just exactly like a spaniel dog my Aunt Helga had, of the name of Spot, and right then I knew this gentleman wasn't any foney, no matter what Millie thought. He never smiled at all, just looked straight at me and pushed the change back at me when I put it on the table. He had the saddest face I ever saw. He wasn't a big gentleman, or a strong-looking gentleman. Kind of little he was, and spindly in his black suit and a black tie. It was a kind of a tux, but not very, and he had a kind of a button in his lapel, only it wasn't like an election button, but was more like a water lily, lotus flower I guess they call it.

Well, there I stood in Butch's Café with the Indian gentleman looking at me as if I was the ghost of Lot's wife turned into a cellar of salt.

I guess I better tell right here about how I look. Pop's pop come over from the old country. Switzerland, I guess it was, if that's where the Swede's come from, because my grandpop he was a Swede. A squarehead, they call 'em. And Pop always said that's where I got my hair, and I guess it is. They

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



"I saw the little gentleman rise up off of the floor—"

all called me Cotton Top when I was a kid. When I was getting my education, I studied to be a beautician, you know, in a beauty shop. Too much beauty shop, I guess, is why I would never put a hot iron to my hair. Well, my hair is off platinum, and has got a natural wave. Millie was always telling me after I come up here, away from Mattoon, that I ought to do just a little more to it, and it would be on platinum, which is the rage. But not me, I won't even fix it, except to let it fall down on my neck, which is long and can stand it.

My nails look a good shape and they ought to after the study and the abuse I took, learning to do other people's, painting and polishing. But I never forgot Pop saying that a red-fingered girl, the first one I ever saw back in Mattoon, of the name of Bernice McGinnis, looked like she had been "clawing a cadaver." Well, that's why I wouldn't ever do my nails with red on 'em, and I don't use lipstick either.

So there I stood in the white satin uniform. Well, it wasn't exactly a uniform, just a white satin formal, plain, round neckline and long sleeves. Modest, see? But tight over the bust and hips. Butch said his customers had seen enough bare skin. So his idea was to cover up but make it tight.

And while this gentleman was looking at me and I was watching him light his cigarette in the blue flame, the fat pimply one of the guys drinking the Tokeeya had gotten up and followed me over but I didn't see he was following me, and then before you could think, there he was. And I felt his hand on me under the arm. And my stummick went all butterflies and I wanted to be sick, like always when I'm nervous about something.

Well, it must of showed in my face, for this little brown gentleman put down his cigarette and stood up. I wanted to say, "Sit down." But this pimply guy had seen him over my shoulder and then it was too late.

"What's the matter, tar baby?" he says to the little gentleman, who walked two steps toward us and took Pimples' fat hand in his slim hand and lifted it off of me. I didn't look around but I heard the other guys' chairs scrape back as they got up.

When the pimply guy took hold of the little man I heard Millie yell. And then the other guys was there. And I saw the little gentleman rise up off of the floor, with the pimply guy holding him up with his left hand. Holding both sides of the little gentleman's black coat he was. And I saw his right fist clinched up, fat and sleek, but big and strong, too. And I saw one of the other guys with the empty Tokeeya bottle holding it by the neck. And the little gentleman's brown eyes, not afraid at all, but just sad. And then Moe had gotten to the switch and the lights blacked out, and the place went crazy.

I heard the bottle break on what sounded like a head and I was knocked around like a train had hit me, and nearly choked till I could get my neck out of the strap on the cigarette tray. My little apron was tore off and my arm was twisted and somebody's fist shot past my face so fast I could feel the wind of it. Then I was kneeling on broken glass and I thought I was bleeding.

And then I had this gentleman around the waist and I remember how I thought "Gee, but he's a thin little man." And as I got up somebody stepped with a big foot right on my instep. But I felt my hands slide up under his arms and the little lotus flower cut my wrist, but I had aholt of him and I dragged him out from where they was all sprawling and kicking and hitting. And we was out the door and across the sidewalk to Jeff and his taxi and Jeff was swearing words he was always so careful never to say before us girls. Because Jeff was from Texas and had been a cowboy, and cowboys are very careful what they let womenfolks hear them say.

Jeff was scared about me, I guess, but he had never let on to me. And there I was praying to God about the butterflies in my stummick, and that I wouldn't be sick, and Jeff saying, "Who started the fight?" And me saying, "Never mind who started the fight, big boy, you start the cab." And him doing it, and me feeling the cold wind on me through that one layer of satin.

JEFF kept driving toward the lake but not going through a light because we didn't want to get hauled in. And he kept talking to me over his shoulder till we just missed, by a mudguard, being messed up by the Michigan Avenue traffic. "Which way now?" Jeff says, and "Hadn't we better take him and lose him outside some black and tan joint?" And a lot more, finishing up with he hoped this would teach me that Butch's was no place for a gal like me.

We passed under a light and I looked down and there was those two big eyes, looking up at me from the gentleman's head in my lap.

"Listen," says Jeff, "I don't know nothing about Uncle Tom's Cabin, but if there's like to be bloodhounds after you we better get rid of Little Black Sambo before they get to sniffin' us."

"Hush, Jeff," I says. "He's woke up." But I wasn't more than half right, the little gentleman wasn't there yet, not all the way.

He just kept looking up at me and his hand come slow, up to his chest—the hand with the ring on it. I could see the lights as we passed 'em, shining on it. It wasn't exactly red, see? Murkylike, it was.

Well, his hand come up and begin to pat around on his chest like it was looking for something he had thought was sure there and he just wanted to touch it to make sure.

Then I could feel the back of his shoulders tense up against my leg and he begun to feel around inside his shirt and around his neck and he sat up quick. "Listen," I says, "you're hurt," I says, "but you're all right. This is Jeff's cab," I says, "and I got money to pay for it. Besides, he's a friend of mine, so even if I didn't he'd let me pay him later."

But he wasn't listening.

"Oh," he says, not quick or scared like you'd see a dog run over, but slow like something was gone you'd thought would always be there.

Jeff pulled up under a light and looked back through the window.

"Is he bad hurt?" he says. "I know a doc," he says, "but he's on the South Side. He's a good egg, and if he dies, he won't let on we brung him."

Jeff talks what seems to be very bad grammar up here, but it's the way they talk in Texas.

The little man looked at him and, "Gone," he says.

Well, we didn't know what he was talking about. It wasn't his little flower button, the lotus, for there it was, still in his buttonhole.

"Gone," he said to Jeff and then to me.

"He's nuts," Jeff says. "Let's get rid of him."

"But, Jeff," I says, "he's lost something. Look at his face."

"Please," the gentleman said. "Something, please, is gone. We must go back."

"Go back where?" I says.

"That place, café," he says. "Please go back, quick."

"Listen, son," Jeff says. "If you want to get yourself took apart first and pinched next, just go back there to that café."

"Please," says the gentleman.

"Nuts," says Jeff. He slowed down. "Listen," he says, "ask him where he wants to go and you git out, and I'll take him there."

"In this dress?" I says. "And nothing else? I won't? You just keep going and I'll try to make him understand."

"Let me," says Jeff. "I speak a little Mex." And he spoke it to him quite a lot, and fast and loud, but the little gentleman couldn't understand Mex.

"Let me, Jeff," I said. "Listen, Mister," I says, as calm as Aunt Helga, when Spot was at the attic window and our house was burning down, and she was trying to get him to stay there till Pop could climb up the outside and get aholt of him. So she spoke, calm, to Spot, and so Pop saved him and I often thought that was one reason Aunt Helga asked us to come and live at her house after that.

"Listen, Mister," I says, quiet, "you don't need to worry. You're all right. And if you lost something in that fight with that bunch of hoodlums, just stop feeling around your neck," I says, "and feel on the sides of your head, and thank Jeff, here, you got both of your ears on where the Lord put 'em on."

But he wasn't listening.

"Trask," he says, "please, Trask Hotel."

"That's swell," says Jeff and stepped on the gas so that me and the gentleman grabbed onto each other and fell back.

"Excuse it, please," he says and let go quick.

IT'S funny how a thing like that will tell a girl things. I can't explain, but the men I've been in taxis with, gosh! So I know a gentleman when one lets go of me like that, after a taxi has started sudden.

"We'll drop him at the Trask," Jeff says, "and turn him loose and let them take care of him."

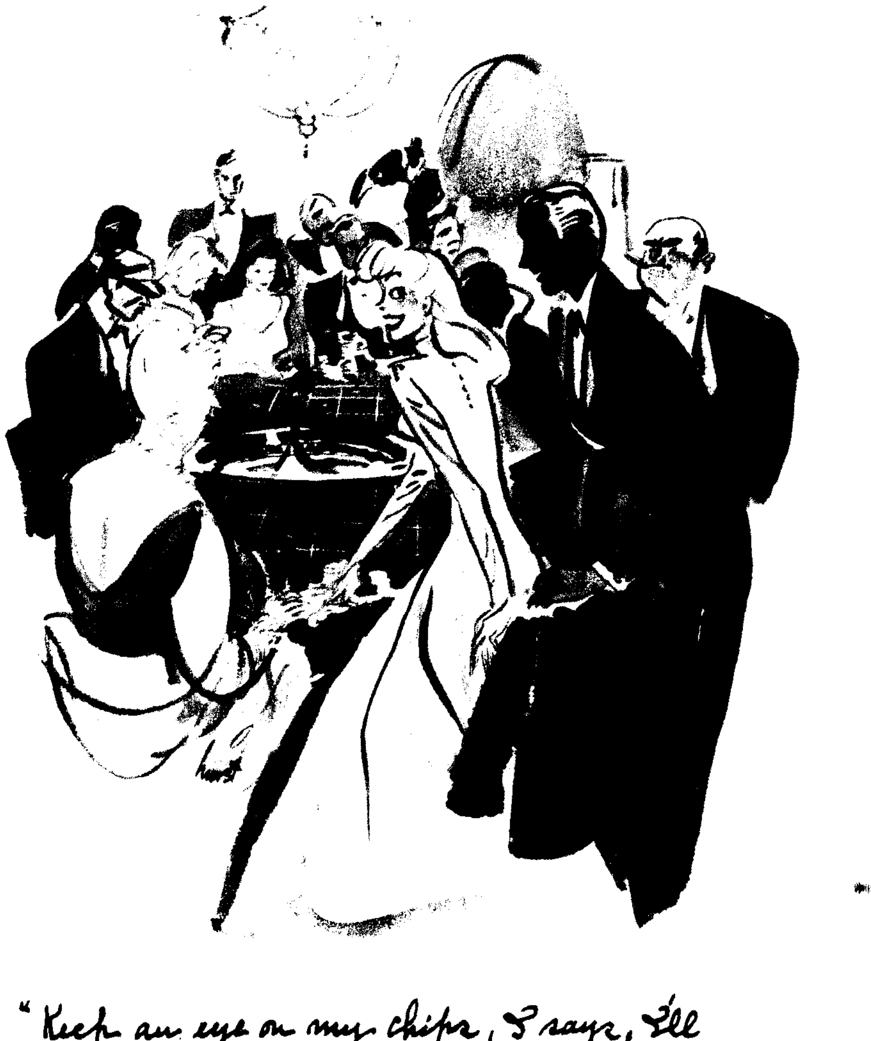
"That's it," I says, but I wasn't going to.

Well, we turned off of Michigan and shot around the block and come up to the big glass canopy from the lake side, and stopped.

The doorman opened the door, and the little gentleman got out into the bright light and then he turned back and put his hand out, for the first time, I saw the blood on his shirt front. Just a round spot, as big as a compact, but getting bigger.

I took his hand and he helped me out.

"Hey," Jeff said, "hey." But the little man helped me across the sidewalk where the wind from the lake made me feel like I had stepped into the big icebox Aunt Helga's husband, Uncle Ulrich, use to have in his



"Keep an eye on my chips, I says, I'll be right back. I started for the Ladies" butcher shop. And there was Jeff saying "hey" and the doorman saying, "What's the matter, Bud?" And Jeff not wanting to let on.

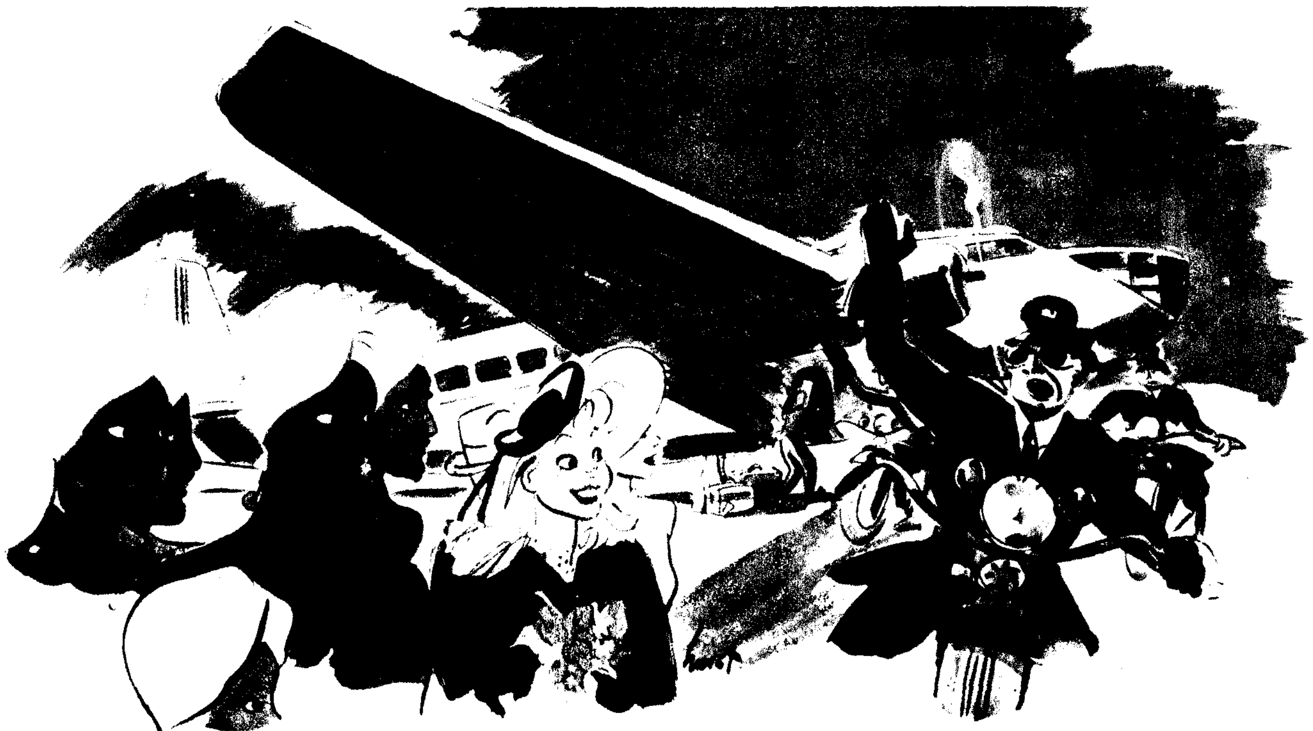
The gentleman took a bill out and handed it to Jeff and it was a hundred-dollar bill and that was a shock, I can tell you. And he took my arm and before I knew it we were inside the door going up the steps to the lobby.

As we went in the door I got a glimpse of a big black car driving up behind Jeff's taxi, and a lot of men jumping out. I remember I thought: Good Lord, maybe it's those zooters from the café have followed us. But a glance over my shoulder showed it wasn't them. Taller, a lot taller, they was and all with black overcoats and it seemed like black hats, too, but I couldn't be sure; anyhow, in we went.

It seemed there was a big party of some kind going on, and I was wondering how I could get the gentleman to a doctor when the swing door we had just come through swung, like crazy, and through come the four tall men that had gotten out of the black car. And for the first time I saw that they were black men or at least dark brown. And somehow I knew it was us they was after. And I thought: This time, there'll surely be no holding the butterflies.

The people in the lobby looked at us, as you can imagine. The four tall men came up to us and surrounded us, just like those quiet gangsters in the movies do. And the little gentleman said just one word in his language and took my arm and we went in the elevator.

I looked toward the door and there was Jeff just coming in through the turn-around door. The four men followed us into the elevator. The door shut, and up we went.



" We hadn't hardly got to the Airport when a couple motorcycle cops come roaring up hollering okay we got him "

WE WALKED out when the elevator stopped and along the soft carpet of the hall to a door, and the gentleman opened it and two smaller brown men that had been sitting down inside the little hall got up and rolled the whites of their eyes when they saw the six of us coming in. These two that got up looked like they was in a movie all right, with white things tied tight on their heads and tight, long coats buttoned up right under their chins, and tight pants.

You never saw such a room as we went into, big. And out of it opened a hall and some other rooms. It was like an apartment. Well, we come in and the two boys in white stood outside the door and rolled their eyes.

Nobody sat down and the leader of the four began to talk, soft and fast and pretty dangerous. And then the three others just as fast and just as dangerous. But, of course, I couldn't understand 'em, me not ever being educated in any language but our own.

The little gentleman never said a word till they had all said their say and stopped. Then he reached up and opened his coat and snatched open his shirt. And I saw where the blood had come from. Just below the hollow in his neck was a scratch about two inches long. It had stopped bleeding and, anyway, wasn't anything but a scratch and I was glad.

But would you believe it, those four big men looked and stared and their eyeballs stuck out of their sockets like they had seen their mothers killed in front of 'em. Their hands fell open at their sides and they just stared and stared at the gentleman's naked chest. It was lighter than his face, like smooth ivory, and full of little muscles like strong men in shows that lift weights and have a light on 'em when the curtain goes up, while they pose, back and front and sides, like that.

I watched 'em stand there gawking at him. And then all four at once, they let out their breath that they had been holding and I saw that something awful had happened. It was like as if somebody told you something had happened to God.

He told 'em what had happened, not excited at all, the little muscles tightening and letting go in his chest that was still bare. And then he showed 'em how, when he first come to, he had felt for something around his neck and it wasn't there. His eyes and his hands told it all as plain as if I could understand him; I knew that what he was telling them was gone was something that meant an awful lot. And then I remembered the pimply guy, the fat one, grabbing him by his coat, right there on his chest where the scratch was at.

"That was it," I thought. And so I interrupted 'em. "Listen," I said, "what is it you lost? Because if it's that valuable, to make these men look like they look," I says, and they sure did look like they had just come off of a rolly coaster, "if it's something you had around your neck," I says, "why, you better let me go back and look if I can't find it," I says.

I could see from their faces they couldn't understand a word, but he did. Anyway, he said no, I couldn't go back. But I made him him. I told him I worked there and if Moe found anything sweeping up after the cops come, I could get it away from him. Moe owed me a good turn, after the F.B.I. man trying to get me to tell him what I knew about Moe not being the cousin of those Russians he got into the country with, like he pretended.

I made the little gentleman see what I meant.

"Wait," he said, and he turned and spoke to one of the boys in the white suits. The boy opened a door and went out. Then the gentleman come over to me and "Cold," he said.

Then the boy came back and he carried a coat, just like the one he had on himself; tight, and made to button up high at the neck, and with wide, flaring skirts. Only this coat was all gold—not like a ring is gold—but gold cloth and was lined with silk, as soft as a rose, and the bluest blue you ever saw.

He took it from the boy and held it for me and somehow I knew it was his coat from his own country and I knew that the two boys were his servants. But I sure wished I knew whether the other four that was so mad at him was his friends or not.

I put it on when he held it for me, and it was like an evening coat that a rich social register debutante might wear over her formal and it was warm and, boy, did I need that.

"Money," he said, and pushed a roll of bills into my hand, and I started to the elevator.

"Wait," I said, "what is it I'm going to look for?" I said.

"A ring," he says and he showed me the one he was wearing.

"Like this," he says, "only bigger. On a chain. Gold," he says.

"All right," I says.

Then he touched my wrist where his coat sleeves were a little too short for me.

"Please. Do not you go into danger even for the ring. Better you not be hurt," he says, quiet and gentle.

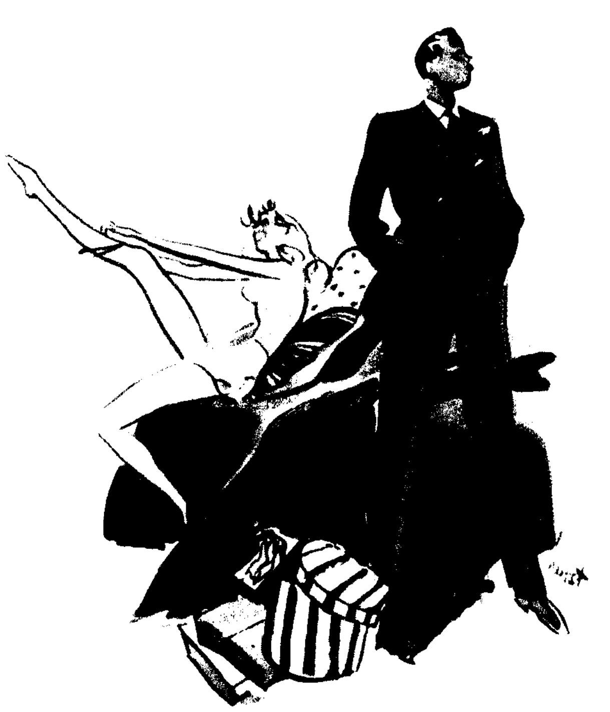
"I'm all right," I says, "I'll come back here, if I find it."

"I come with you," he says, but I knew that was the worst thing he could do. So I told him he'd have to stay right there, and I made him promise.

I looked at the bills and there was two hundred and some fives and some ones. So I pushed the hundreds back at him and he pushed 'em back at me. But I couldn't stand there all night playing handball with bills bigger than I ever thought I'd see, so I looked at the number on the door and started. Then I saw the four black hats was going with me.

"No," I says, "no." But they never even looked at me. "I'm going by myself," I says, "I've got to."

"Yes," he says.



" I was right about Mr. Weiss being all right. He kept right on looking at daylight "

"By myself," I says to the four tall ones that made him look so little.

"Go along," he says. "They will stay out of sight." And so I went to the elevator, and them, too, leaving him standing there in the door with the two boys peeking out over his shoulders. And when the elevator come we got in. And when it got to the lobby floor I got out. And there was Jeff, standing inside the turn-around door, looking halfway between scared and mad and smoking a cigarette, and was I ever glad to see anybody. I never even noticed where the four men in overcoats went to, I was so glad.

"Gosh!" says Jeff, "le's get out of here." And we did. As the door turned around with me in it, I heard him say "I didn't like to call the cops," but just then the door spanked me and I was out in the cold. And then out come Jeff, still talking. "Couldn't do a darned thing—what was I to do?"

I didn't say anything, so he kept on talking.

"Here's the cab down here. We'll have to use it. I don't know where to get a circus wagon for your troupe, or I would get one."

As we swung into Michigan he looked back and says "Gosh!" again. And there came the black car with the chauffeur and the four men in it.

"Are you all right?" Jeff says. "What happened, for Pete's sake?"

I COULD see he was more scared than anybody ever got about me, except Pop. But I couldn't say a word because I knew Jeff would never understand, and anyway what could I say? I knew if I told him that I was going to try to find the ring and take it back to the Trask to the gentleman without those other four seeing me, he would try to stop me. He was right to be scared. Me being pretty scared, too, because I didn't know, see, who these four were or who the gentleman was himself. But more than that I didn't know what they was to each other, or why they was following me.

So how could I tell Jeff what I didn't even know, and him already so worried about what I had got into? Though why he should be, us being nothing to each other except saying hi-ya as I come to work at midnight, or sometimes a cup of coffee at the Greek's after I got through work. But he was real worried, I could

(Continued on page 30)

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. NAVY

U.S.S. Kitkun Bay, one of escort carriers attacked by superior Jap force, fights back as enemy shell explodes in water off her port quarter in final day of battle

AMERICA'S GREATEST NAVAL BATTLE

QUENTIN REYNOLDS *with the Pacific Fleet*

GEORGE E. JONES *with Admiral Mitscher*

RALPH TEATSORTH *with Admiral Kinkaid*

FRANK D. MORRIS *at Washington*

For two days, the three-ring Second Battle of the Philippines had been going well for our side. A Japanese southern force in Ring One, in trying to slip through Surigao Strait at night to halt General MacArthur's invasion of Leyte, had been caught in a trap and annihilated. In Ring Two, the enemy's central force was attacked on October 24th by our carrier planes and finally was seen turning back through the Sibuyan Sea. And the most important phase of the entire battle—Halsey's attack on a powerful Jap carrier force approaching from the north in Ring Three—was progressing on October 25th, when word came of grave developments in the Leyte beachhead area, to the south

Conclusion

THE Japs had pulled another fast one. Dawn of Wednesday, October 25th, revealed a threat of disaster for the entire fleet of small carriers, transports and supply ships supporting General MacArthur's invasion forces on Leyte Island.

During the night there had been no hint of the impending crisis. Standing morning general quarters had now become routine for the crews of the baby flat-tops.

Morris Reporting

Aboard the Kitkun Bay, for instance, it was the same old stuff: turning out of a comfortable bunk, woozy-eyed when the alarm sounded a half-hour before sunrise, slipping into shirt, trousers and shoes before joining the lines of shipmates climbing up steel ladders to man battle stations.

Topside, the carriers were completely blacked out and, below decks, only the dim, blue glow of battle lights relieved the darkness on these hurried journeys. Sleepy men bumped into one another in the dark, mumbled apologies or curses and hastened on. The ship was waking up. In a matter of moments the last report filtered to the Kitkun Bay's skipper, Captain John Perry Whitney: "All battle stations manned and ready."

The Kitkun Bay was one of six CVEs (escort carriers) about twenty-five miles east of Samar Island under command of Rear Admiral C. A. F. Sprague. Seven miles farther south was another group of CVEs under Rear Admiral Thomas L. Sprague, over-all commander of the escort carriers, and a third group, bossed by Rear Admiral Felix B. Stump, was spotted thirty miles to the southeast. Planes from all three groups were giving air cover to the Leyte beachhead.

It was the ending of a black, unfriendly night. Frequent, brief rain squalls cut down the visibility of the officers and men standing watch on the bridge. But before the sun rose, Hellcat fighters and Avenger torpedo planes roared up the flight deck and over the bow ramp on the daily "milk run" to bomb and strafe Jap positions on Leyte. Then, without warning, it happened!

At 6:50 A.M., a lookout on the Kitkun Bay sighted the foretops of big ships on the northern horizon. None of our ships was in that area. There was only one answer: They must be Japs. Captain Whitney grabbed his binoculars and verified the lookout's report. Immediately he sounded a second call to general quarters and the public-address system echoed: "Stand by to repel enemy surface ship attack."

Below decks in the wardroom where a group of "airdales" (pilots) not scheduled to fly that morning were finishing their coffee, a flier ran in and shouted, "The whole damned Jap fleet is out there—battleships, cruisers—everything!" As the coffee sippers ran toward the flight deck, a second announcement came over the P.A. system: "Pilots, man your planes!"

Reynolds Reporting

What had happened was that the enemy central force, which had tried to reach San Bernardino Strait the previous day but had been seen turning back after an all-day attack by our carrier planes, had again reversed course under cover of darkness and had slipped through the strait during the night in a strike toward our Leyte beachhead.

Here was a real crisis. At this moment the Leyte beachhead was stripped of all naval protection other than the CVEs and their screen. The heavy Jap force was approaching at high speed, and the baby flat-tops had virtually no protection against their big guns. They had no real armor, and their escort screen was pitifully small and weak—three destroyers and four destroyer escorts. None of these mounted a gun heavier than five-inches, and this was puny firepower against the 16- and 14-inch rifles of the enemy ships. The CVEs called urgently for help but they could expect no immediate aid from ships in our Third and Seventh Fleets, which were far to the north engaging the Japs' northern force, or from our ships which had just turned back the enemy southern force in Surigao Strait.

Up on the bridge, Captain Whitney, his face shaded by a long-peaked baseball cap, watched the first Avenger move into launching position on the catapult. Beside him stood Rear Admiral Ralph A. Ofstie, commander of this jeep carrier division. The wind was from the northwest, which meant the ships had to head in that direction to "scramble" their planes. It also meant they were closing in rapidly toward the attacking Jap force.

Five minutes after the enemy ships were sighted, and while the Kitkun Bay was still launching planes, high-caliber shells began splashing into the water near her and the other jeep carriers in the northernmost group. These shells came from four Jap battleships in the van, which were followed by seven heavy cruisers and nine destroyers. The range was less than fourteen miles—duck soup for the enemy battleships. Everybody aboard the Kitkun Bay knew they were in for it then.

Jones Reporting

A young seaman, manning a telephone on the bridge, turned to the officer of the deck: "We're not out here alone, are we, sir?"

The officer nodded grimly.

But, no, they weren't entirely alone. There were the three destroyers and the four DEs forming the screen. These little guys didn't falter an instant. Forming in column, they laid down a smoke screen. Then the seven, destroyers and DEs, charged through this curtain and made torpedo runs on the enemy—like a handful of Chihuahuas attacking a bunch of bulldogs. Miraculously, all came back through the smoke screen—alive.

Salvos were straddling the Kitkun Bay and they were coming even closer to the Gambier Bay just ahead of her. These and other CVEs in that group finished scrambling their planes and turned south, away from the Japs, at flank speed—around twenty knots. Sometimes the wind blew gaps in the smoke screen, exposing the jeep carriers, and from the 16-inch guns of the lead Jap battleship came angry orange flashes and, seconds later, geysers of foamy water rose around the CVEs.

"They're firing on the White Plains," someone shouted, and just off the port bow, Captain Whitney saw her steaming through a line of geysers. The Gambier Bay also was drawing a concentration of fire. Considering the range, the Japs wasted untold amounts of ammunition before scoring hits.

The Jap commanders now tried a new tactic. They detached two heavy cruisers from their force and sent them south at high speed on the escort carriers' port hand. As soon as the enemy cruisers—easily able to outrun our ships—were in position, their main batteries subjected the CVEs to heavy fire.

Teatsorth Reporting

The Gambier Bay was the first victim. At ten minutes after eight, a 16-inch shell holed her below the water line. Water flooded one of her engine rooms. This cut the Gambier

(Continued on page 69)

In addition to four war correspondents who had been reporting the Second Battle of the Philippines for Collier's, Robert De Vore and Frank J. Taylor contribute to this final installment. Their material is based on interviews with the ship commanders who took an active part in the naval engagement

SEND BACK *Something*

BY NORBERT DAVIS

He owned a hundred front feet on Happiness Street in the City with a Friendly Future, but when the girl came along it seemed like Gloom Alley

THE bus pulled over to the edge of the highway and stopped, mumbling and grumbling to itself in aged indignation. Marcus Bledsoe peered uncertainly out of its open door. There was nothing much to see but a stretch of ditch full of discouraged-looking weeds and several million cubic feet of fog.

"Are you sure this is the place?" Bledsoe asked.

The driver was a lady. "Bub," she said, "I'm not sure of anything. I'm driving relief on this route. But the instructions say to stop for Lynco at the highway sign, and that's it right back of us."

"Well, there's nothing here," said Bledsoe. "I mean Lynco is a very beautiful little city."

"Listen, Bub," said the driver, "I've got a very beautiful little schedule to keep. Either pay me some more dough and go back and sit down, or else get out."

"Okay," said Bledsoe.

He climbed down and dragged his traveling bag out after him. The bus gulped once and burped twice and then waddled wearily off into the fog. Bledsoe stared after it for a moment, rubbing his chin, and then walked back to the square white highway marker and looked at it.

As the driver had indicated, the sign said LYNCO in neat black letters. It did not add any other pertinent information.

"Huh," said Bledsoe. He was tall and thin and stooped, and he would have looked very gawky if he hadn't been wearing a uniform tailored specifically to his dimensions by Duncan Dunbar of London. Duncan Dunbar and his descendants, collateral and direct, had been making military uniforms for some four hundred years, and as a result of all that practice they turned out a very classy job.

A cold wisp of mist tickled Bledsoe's nose. He sneezed once and then flipped a mental coin and started walking in the direction the bus had gone. The fog billowed and swooshed and did nip-ups all around him.

About fifty yards farther along he found a fill across the highway ditch that marked the end of a sort of drive. Bledsoe hesitated and then turned in. The drive had been graveled and rolled, but not recently enough to disturb the fine crop of weeds growing on it. He was walking against the breeze now and he could catch the faint perfume, made up of a blend of seaweed, salt spray and defunct fish, that marked the proximity of the Pacific Ocean.

And then, just ahead, a pair of enormously fat cement pillars loomed up out of the fog. There was an out-sized sign suspended high up between them. The printing on the sign was a little bleary and a little tired, but the words were still legible:

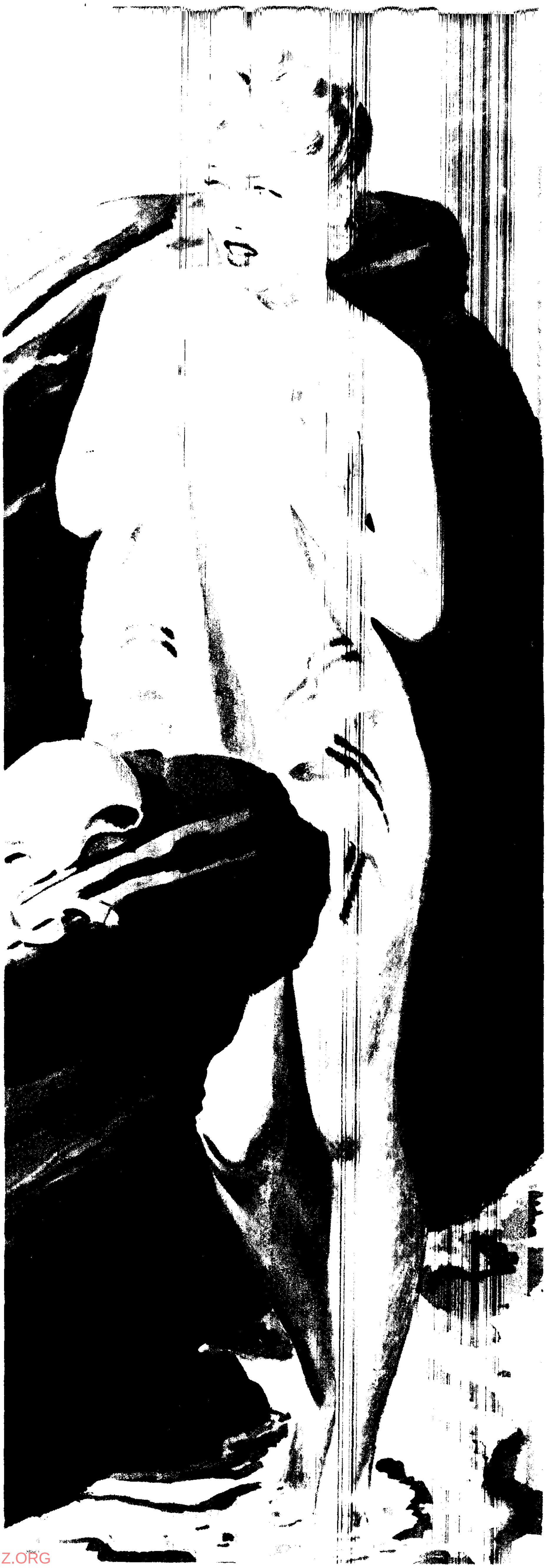
CONGRATULATIONS!
YOU ARE NOW ENTERING LYNCO!
(Love Your Neighbor, Incorporated)
THE CITY WITH A FRIENDLY FUTURE
A. Kittlebean, Founder and Developer

Bledsoe went somewhat hesitantly between the pillars and found himself in the middle of what was obviously a street, because it had curbs, like cement high-water marks, along both sides. Other than that its general composition didn't differ from the drive outside, except that the weeds on it looked healthier. There were no houses and no people visible.

Bledsoe walked on to where the curbing curved to indicate an embryo corner. He kicked the weeds away and learned that he was standing at the intersection of Golden Rule Boulevard and Prosperity Street. He studied that over for quite some time and then followed Golden Rule on past Peace, Faith and Hope streets. He stopped at Happiness and looked down it. It was short. It didn't have any curbs, but it had some rusty tin cans in the middle of it.

Whistling to himself in a very soft and ominous manner, Bledsoe began to pace down the street, counting his steps. At one hundred and eighty-one he stepped in a gopher hole and stopped counting and whistling and started seething instead.

There was a sullen, sodden grumbling noise somewhere ahead and to port, and he limped in that direction until he came to the top of a steep bank and looked out, as far as the fog permitted, over the slick battleship gray of the ocean's surface. *(Continued on page 57)*



"Swimming without a bathing suit?" said Bledsoe. "You'll catch cold." . . . "I am catching cold, you fool!" she shrilled. "Go away"

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

DO WE WANT NATIONAL HEALTH INSURANCE?

by Amy Porter

Congress will soon face the question of how we should try to improve our health, and here are the arguments which will be heard from friends and foes of the revised Wagner bill

THE state of health in the United States is nothing to brag about. Ours is not the healthiest country in the world, although we like to think it is. In the matter of life expectancy, often taken as an index of health, the U.S. does not make a very good showing. Prewar statistics, compiled by the National Resources Planning Board, reveal that we are outranked in life expectancy at various ages by Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, Australia, New Zealand, Germany, Italy and other countries. At age sixty, we rank below eleven other countries.

We lose at least half a billion working days each year to illness, one third of it considered preventable. Out of 13 million men drafted, almost four million were rejected as unfit. Of the unfit, at least one sixth suffered from "easily remedied defects," and a larger proportion from defects that were preventable. Methods and treatment are steadily improving, yet it is estimated that from 30 to 50 per cent more mothers die than would die if they all had good medical care. With proper treatment, probably 30,000 cancer victims could be saved each year. Syphilis could be wiped out with the knowledge we now have and do not fully apply; and tuberculosis, which claimed more than 56,000 lives in 1943, could be practically eliminated.

These statistics and estimates come from the U.S. Census Bureau, the U.S. Public Health Service, the Children's Bureau and other governmental agencies, and from studies made by private agencies such as the Rockefeller Foundation. A survey by the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care showed that at the peak of prosperity in 1929, one half the population was poorly provided with medical care. This result is borne out by the findings of the National Health Survey, made during the depression.

When people do not get adequate care, it generally is because they cannot afford it. Medicine is more effective and more widely applied today than it used to be, but full application is often more costly because it makes frequent use of expensive equipment, expensive laboratory procedures and expensive consultations with specialists.

Doctor Ernst Boas, of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "Medical knowledge has increased so much, it costs more to apply it. This is not the doctor's fault and it is not the people's fault. But we must find a remedy. Fifty years ago a man with a bellyache was content when his doctor gave him a few pills out of his little black bag. That was all there was to do for him, and it didn't cost too much.

"Now, the man who takes his bellyache to the doctor may get involved in X-rays and specialists and one thing or another until the first thing he knows he has run up a bill for $50 or $100 or $1,000. Or else, realizing he may run up such a bill, he stays away from the doctor, taking his chances on a ruptured appendix or stomach ulcers. And when you consider the cost of caring for long-drawn-out illness, such as rheumatism or heart trouble or cancer—well, we all know cases where such costs have brought a family to ruin."

Lack of money is the reason, again, for the scarcity of doctors in farm communities and in the poorer sections of the country, especially the South. This scarcity is not merely a wartime condition but a settled trend which can be expected to continue after the war. Doctors in private practice must live by fees, so naturally most of them gravitate to cities and prosperous communities where more people have more money. In peacetime, New York—a center for specialists—had one doctor for every 487 inhabitants. But Alabama had one doctor for every 1,500 inhabitants (since the war, one for every 2,800).

The regions that are short of doctors usually have too few hospitals and inadequate supplies and facilities such as X-ray services and laboratories. This, in turn, keeps doctors away, for a modern doctor prefers to practice with the aid of the equipment he learned to depend upon at medical school.

In general, the distribution of medical care in this country is spotty, with the well-to-do and sometimes the city poor getting good care, and the middle and lower income groups, especially in rural areas, often getting inadequate care, or no care at all. This spotty distribution is reflected in various statistics. Last year 200,000 women gave birth to babies without any medical help. Out of every 1,000 babies born in the United States, 40 die during their first year of life, but that is the rate for the country as a whole. In ten states, only about 30 babies out of every 1,000 fail to live out their first year. At the same time, in ten other states, the infant death rate was nearly double the average for the best states.

In the ten states where the fewest babies died, over four fifths of the births occurred in hospitals. Physicians attended nearly every birth. But in the ten states where almost twice as many babies died, less than a third of the births were in hospitals, and only about three fourths were attended by doctors. In the same way, the poorer areas of any city will fall behind the city as a whole in health.

We all know these things in a vague sort of way. We shudder when some especially pathetic case is brought to our attention through a newspaper story or through personal knowledge. We shudder and perhaps we send in a contribution to a health fund.

We Americans, who can boast of the finest doctors and hospitals in the world, do not

ACME

Dr. Morris Fishbein, American Medical Association spokesman and bitter opponent of national health insurance, says: "Under our system of free enterprise many plans for providing adequate medical care are being developed without paying the price of governmental control and socialized medicine"

The old-fashioned doctor did his utmost, but he had neither the knowledge nor the equipment that enables the modern doctor to win so many battles against disease

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HUSTON—PIX

Dr. Ernst Boas, head of a group of AMA doctors actively working for passage of the Wagner bill, says: "Fully 50 per cent of our population cannot afford to buy adequate medical service and do not receive it. . . . Medicine, run as a private enterprise for the benefit of the doctors, is not meeting the problem and cannot meet it. Only national health insurance can meet it. The proposal is not to socialize medicine but to spread its benefits to all"

like to think that our neighbors actually suffer and die because they do not have access to good medical care. Doctor Alan Gregg, medical director of the Rockefeller Foundation, says, "Because the doctor's services are purchaseable and yet almost beyond price, they are coming to be regarded like life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—a civic right, a public necessity."

It is generally agreed that something must be done—and nearly everyone concerned with the problem agrees that that something will have to be insurance of one kind or another, public or private. Individually, most people cannot budget the unpredictable costs of illness. Collectively, they can do it in the same way they budget fire or car insurance.

The most far-reaching insurance proposal so far is the Wagner-Murray-Dingell Social Security bill, a revised version of which is to be considered by the present Congress. In its medical provisions, the bill goes beyond all earlier ones and proposes to pay the cost of complete medical and hospital care for some 110,000,000 U.S. citizens, from birth to death, from measles to eyeglasses.

The measure proposes to pay for this and other health measures with the expenditure of approximately the same amount of money, or perhaps a little more, than we pay out now for private medical services—between two and three billion dollars. The money would come from insurance taxes instead of through fees paid privately to doctors and hospitals. All of us, sick and well, rich and poor, would pay according to our earnings to make up a great insurance fund out of which all of our medical needs would be met.

The medical provisions are the most controversial part of the bill, which is sponsored by Senators Robert F. Wagner and James E. Murray and Representative John D. Dingell, and is designed to extend social security all along the line. It provides for a single payroll deduction of 6 per cent on incomes up to $3,000, with employers paying a like amount. Self-employed persons such as grocers, farmers, doctors, would pay seven per cent. One quarter of the total funds would be applied to medical care costs, the balance going to insurance against old age, unemployment, maternity, temporary illness, permanent disability.

Thus, if you are employed, complete medical care for yourself and your dependents would cost you one and one half per cent of your income up to $3,000, or not more than $3.75 a month. An average, middle-income family now pays out 4 per cent of income on medical bills alone, or about $120 annually on $3,000. Of course, most of us would not pay the maximum $3.75 monthly, or $45 annually, for medical and hospital care, because three fourths of us make less than $3,000 a year.

The bill has passionate friends and violent foes. They have argued themselves hoarse since 1939 when the first compulsory health insurance proposals were put before Congress. The foes charge that the bill is "Communistic," "un-American," "a stab at free enterprise," and a scheme to provide an inferior kind of "political medicine" to the people.

Led by the American Medical Association, they include several large national drug chains, some private insurance companies, a group of patent-medicine and drug manufacturers, the American Bar Association, and the American Hospital Association. Prominent doctors opposed to the bill include Doctor Morris Fishbein, editor of the AMA Journal, Doctor James C. McCann, president of the Massachusetts Medical Service, Doctor W. P. Morrill, research director, American Hospital Association, and many others.

The bill's friends argue that tax-supported medicine is no more un-American than tax-supported education.* They are led by the social-minded legislators who wrote it, and by a minority group of doctors within the American Medical Association. Friends include organized labor, both A.F. of L. and C.I.O., some farm groups, the National Lawyers' Guild, the Association of Interns and Medical Students, and the American Public Health Association. Prominent doctors and specialists who favor the bill include Doctor Hugh Cabot of Boston, formerly of the Mayo Clinic, Doctor Ernst Boas of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons; Doctor Miles Atkinson, eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, of New York University, and many others.

The arguments of the opposition are: 1) The bill would rob the patient of his right to choose his own doctor. 2) It would lower standards of medical care. 3) It would make doctors "slaves" to bureaucrats. 4) It would cut the doctor's income by ending the fee-for-service system. 5) The bill is unnecessary because anyone can get the medical care he needs right now, privately, or through voluntary insurance or through charity.

Those in favor of the bill reply that: 1) The bill does not limit free choice of physician, rather it extends the privilege to those who have not had much choice before. 2) Standards of care would be raised because a physician would be able to make free use of costly equipment, specialists' services, and laboratory tests which now are often beyond the ability of his patient to pay for. 3) Doctors would be as independent as they are at present, practicing as they do now, except that they would be sure of getting paid. 4) Most doctors' incomes would be raised, and

(Continued on page 65)

HOW WOULD YOU RECEIVE MEDICAL CARE UNDER THE PROPOSED LAW?

Senator Murray illustrates as follows:

Q. Will the medical care I receive depend upon how much I have paid into the insurance fund?

A. *No; if you have paid the minimum amount so that you are insured, you are entitled to all the medical care you need.*

Q. Will I be allowed to choose my own doctor?

A. *Yes; you can choose from among all the doctors in the community who participate in the insurance system, or you may choose a group practice center. You may change doctors if you are not satisfied.*

Q. Can I continue to go to my present doctor?

A. *Yes, if he is participating in the insurance system. He will be paid for his services to you. A great majority of the medical profession presumably will participate, since practically our entire population will be insured. If you go to a nonparticipating doctor you will have to pay him yourself.*

Q. Will the doctor come to my home if I am too ill to go to his office?

A. *Yes. The doctor will be available to you in his office, in your home, or at the hospital according to your need.*

Q. Will my dependents be taken care of without additional fees?

A. *Yes.*

Q. What if I should need an operation?

A. *You will be entitled to the surgical, hospital and laboratory services that you need.*

Q. What if I already have a chronic or incurable disease?

A. *You will be entitled to medical or surgical care, and to hospital care up to 30 days, with possible extension to 120 days.*

Q. Will it be possible for me to see specialists?

A. *Yes.*

Q. What kind of medical care would I receive?

A. *It should be better than what you receive today, since your doctor could use all needed laboratory, specialist and hospital services.*

Q. How will my doctor be paid?

A. *According to the method the local doctors choose—by salary (part time or whole time), fees, or so much per insured person who chooses him.*

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*Doctor Fishbein of the American Medical Association says: "Take a look at tax-supported education.

"We have in the United States 108,000 one-room schools—in Illinois 67 per cent of educational facilities—where one teacher teaches all the subjects to pupils of all ages and acts at the same time as school nurse, physical educator and supervisor of recreation. Among the medical profession there is a feeling that national compulsory sickness insurance would provide an equally low quality of medical care for most of the people served."

Advocates of the Wagner bill reply that because the bill is national in scope, it would tend to eliminate state inequalities in health facilities, pulling up low-standard areas to higher standards.

Mrs. Knappenberger can't understand how her 20-year-old son became a hero, dispatching 60 Germans singlehanded

[illegible]

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Why is a hero? Bemedaled Pfc. Alton Knappenberger, whose family is pacifist, doesn't know. All he knows is he doesn't like being one

ON THE brow of the hill was the firehouse, and cater-cornered across from it was a little square brick building that turned out to be where the hero lived. Rather carelessly attached to the front was a frame porch with a swing and a couple of forlorn chairs.

When we reached the porch, "Knappie," the one-man army, was there to welcome us. This was Pfc. Alton Knappenberger, hero of Anzio, winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Italian Military Medal, the young man of twenty who singlehanded killed sixty Germans and so discouraged the enemy that they retreated and allowed him to get back safely to his own lines.

Inside were his mother, his stepfather and his new wife, the 16-year-old Ruth Eickhoff of Tatamy, near Nazareth, Pennsylvania. Knappie was grinning in his crooked-faced way, looking for all the world like an Italian. He is swarthy-complexioned and reacts in the quick, sure way of a boy who might have been reared in the spaghetti belt of upper East Side New York. One look at his mother, however, dispels that idea, for she is equally swarthy and is very decidedly Pennsylvania Dutch and a Mennonite, in the bargain.

The mystery of the house was also cleared up. Once a schoolhouse, it had been turned into a dwelling by beaverboard partitions. There was a living room, rather small and cluttered, with a combination kitchen-dining room beyond. It was heated by a large kitchen stove, on which sat two large simmering pots, looking as if they never left the spot.

The first thing was to get Knappie's story of the feat that brought him the medal, and that wasn't easy. It wasn't fake modesty, but the thing was confused in his own mind. The company had been ordered to retreat and he just hadn't gone back; that was all.

"Too lazy," said his mother, "that's what it was; just too lazy."

Everybody laughed at that, as at a joke that had grown ripe with overtelling. But when Knappie went into explanations, it didn't seem too much like a joke. He still wasn't sure why he hadn't retreated with his company. He had just got a little bored with retreating and wanted to take a shot at a few of those Heinies.

"How'd you feel in that foxhole?" he was asked.

"There wasn't no foxhole," he said, with surprise. "I was out there in a little field, on the ground."

"What'd you have—a small arsenal?"

Knappie looked doubtful. "I had a BAR (Browning Automatic Rifle)," he said.

"Hand grenades, of course?"

"Naw," said Knappie. "Never carried them. Too heavy."

When the Knappenberger one-man war began, he had thirteen magazines with twenty rounds to a magazine. Later in the battle he crawled through German machine-gun fire to one of his own company who had been killed about fifteen yards away. From the body he took additional magazines. In all he had 600 rounds and he killed sixty Germans.

What was left of his own company was in a woods about three hundred yards back of him. Out of a company of 240 men that had gone into battle, only twenty-three were left.

"All the officers and noncoms had been killed," he said.

He couldn't remember how he felt in battle. After he found himself there alone, he knew the only thing he could do was keep shooting. He was too busy to think much about anything else, and the only bad memory he has is of the German machine pistol. It's as short as a pistol and acts like a rifle, and it got his goat.

"Made a terrible noise," he said.

He had cleaned up two machine-gun nests, and then they came after him with hand grenades.

"I didn't see them until they were almost on top of me. They snuck around a little knoll and were about thirty yards away when they let go. There were two guys and I go 'em both. The grenades went off and knocked a lot of dirt in my face but they didn't hurt me. The only thing they did that whole time was dent my helmet." He paused and looked up. "That don't count," he said.

Mrs. Knappenberger has four boys and three girls—Elmer, Monroe, Frank, Alton, Edith, Frances and Laura. They used to live at Green Lane, near Coopersburg, where they made a precarious living by cutting wood on a farm owned by a man from Philadelphia. They haven't been in Springmount, their present home, for long and still seem to consider Green Lane their home. Alton is the youngest, being eighteen when he was drafted. He had six months at Camp Jackson and was sent then as a replacement to Italy. He was there only two days when he took part in the Anzio landing.

The Bewilderment of Mamma

"The others I could have believed it," said his mother, shaking her head in bewilderment. "But not Alton." She turned around to him, and he grinned at her. "You know yourself, Alton—"

Alton grinned again. The chances are remote that Knappie will ever be set up as an example for American youth, because a less ambitious man never lived. He left school in the seventh grade and wants to own a farm after the war, but he is as far ahead in the Army as he ever wants to get.

"They make you a corporal or something and then you got to work," he says.

Asked what he wants to do, now that he is a hero, he looked curiously at the questioner and said, "Sleep." Asked further if he had been an athlete in school, he said, "Naw," in a tired sort of voice. When that seemed to occasion surprise, he perked up and said, "Huntin'—that's what I like."

He has done some hunting since coming back from Italy but had to confess that he had been out three times and had got only one rabbit and one squirrel. "You know what I think," he said. "I believe that BAR ruined my shootin'."

His mother is proud of him but is still opposed to war. The Mennonites are pacifists and have never wavered in that stand although it has brought them exile from several countries. Many of the boys in the neighborhood of Springmount are in C.O. (conscientious objector) camps.

"Six years ago, he drifted away," says his mother, nodding at Alton sadly.

Nothing more was said about it, but it could be seen that it had been a great issue in the house. The older boys also seem to have left the church, but if this grieves Mrs. Knappenberger, it does not sway her loyalties. The Mennonite church is at the little town of Finland, and the congregation works on a community basis to send food to the boys in the C.O. camps. According to Mrs. Knappenberger, conscientious objectors are not paid by the government. For that reason the Mennonites take care of their own people.

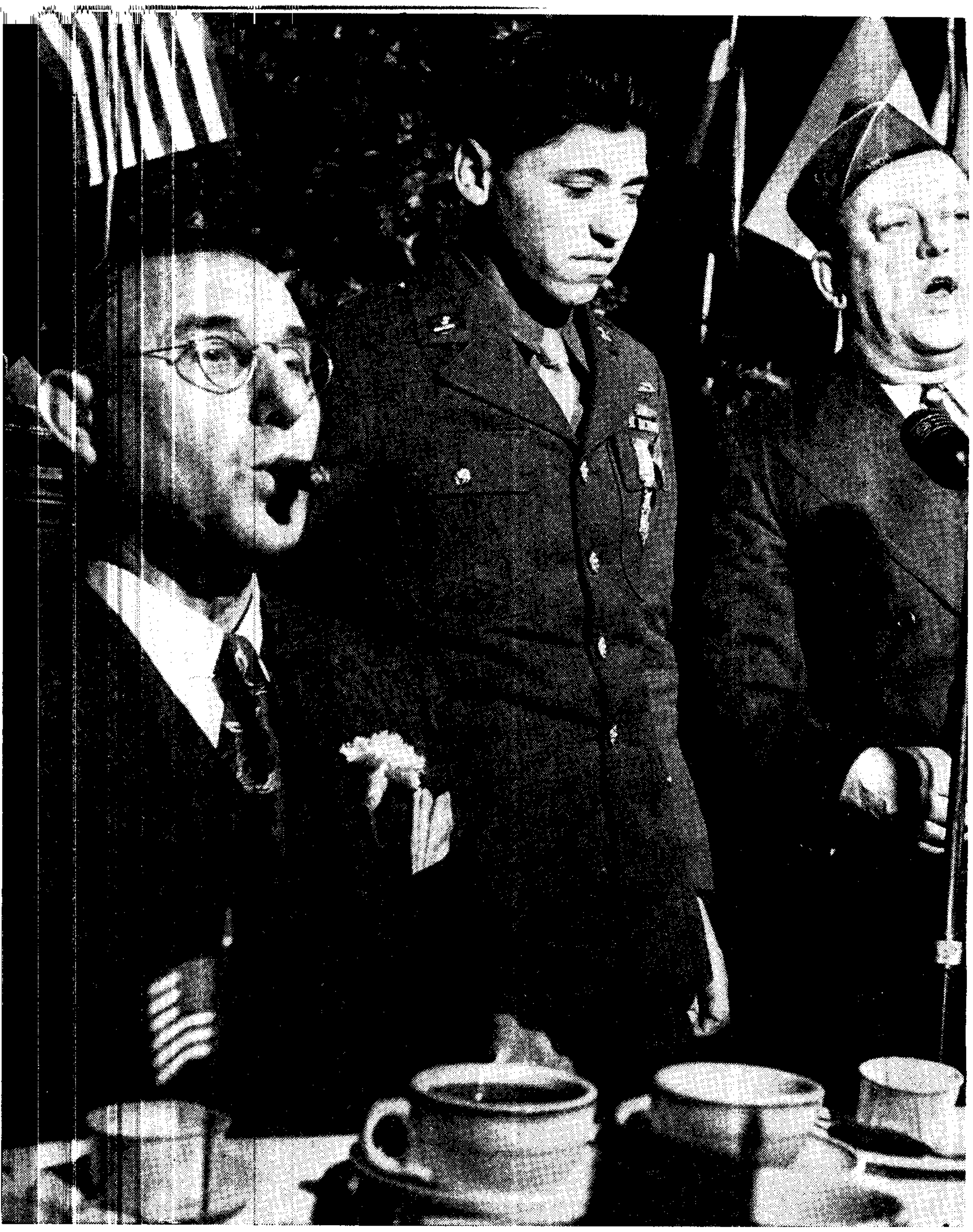
"Thousands of cans we put up this year," she says proudly. (Government officials

(Continued on page 68)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY H. J. KNOPF–PIX

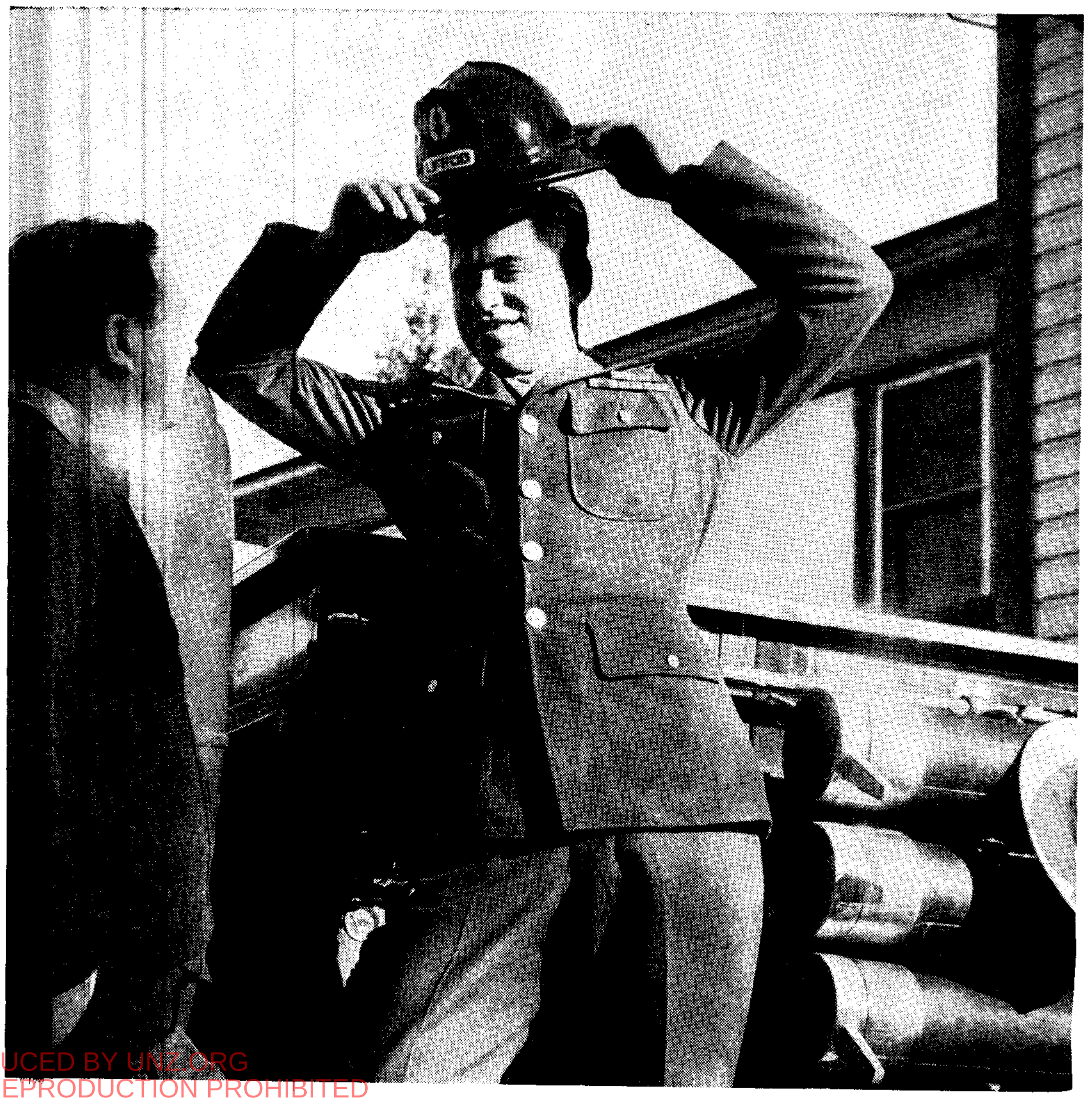
Knappie's wife, the former Ruth Eickhoff of Tatamy, Pa., waits while her husband catches up on his favorite diversion—sleep. He is perfectly content being a private; above that rank you have to work

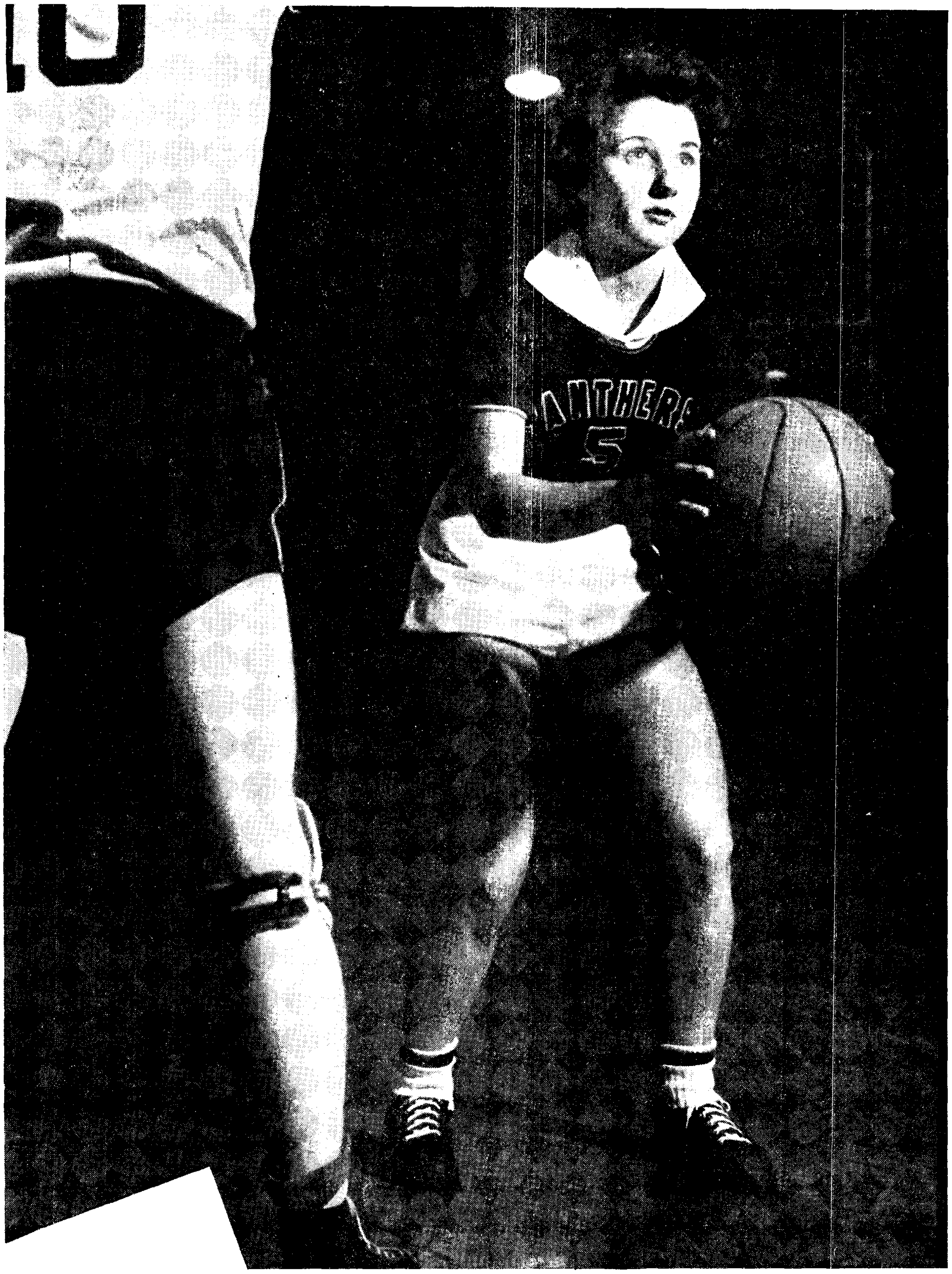
Pfc. Knappenberger, with his wife and mother, leaving the Mennonite church. Like all Mennonites, his mother is a pacifist, and while very proud of her son, she has not swayed in her religious loyalty



Typically the American G.I. Joe, Knappie is glum and uneasy at an American Legion banquet. He doesn't know exactly why he is a hero, but doesn't like it because of all the spit and polish it entails. After the war he just wants to own his own farm

Next to his Congressional Medal and Italian Military Medal, Knappie ranks his life membership in Lower Frederick Fire Company. When he came back from Italy, he was installed on front seat of engine, given the privilege of working the siren





Have a look at the first female ever to play basketball on a boys' college team. And she's good, too

IT COULDN'T have happened at Pitt or Purdue or in the Ivy League for any number of reasons, but it did happen at High Point College in North Carolina. There Miss Nancy Isenhour, nineteen years old, pretty and healthy, has achieved the national distinction of becoming the first girl to win a berth on a boys' college basketball team. Things have hardly been the same since. The boys like it, the girls adore it—but definitely; and no less a personage than the college president shows up before game time to make sure Nancy has been okayed by two medicos and that written permission to play has been granted by her parents in New London, North Carolina. Other women athletes, such as "Babe" Didrikson, have played basketball against men, but never as regular members of college teams. We saw Nancy play against the ORD Officers' Club team of Greensboro, North Carolina. The game was proceeding nicely for the ORD boys. Then High Point's Coach Virgil Yow sent in Nancy.

She darted onto the floor, kissed Dillard Freeman (the boy she was replacing) lightly on the cheek, amidst cheers that Sinatra's greatest efforts could never bring forth, and began to play a fast, heads-up game. It completely unnerved the ORD boys, who, although they eventually won the game 44-30, gaped, stumbled and fumbled for the next five minutes. This was one problem no one had ever prepared them for. They knew what would break up a fast-breaking pivot play or how to upset a zone defense. But this was a pretty sure-footed girl who cut, charged, pivoted, fought for the ball.

Not until Nancy fouled one of them did they recover. From then on, they played as though Nancy was simply another boy. A few minutes later, she was fouled, sent slithering across the floor on the seat of her pants. The agonized screams of the crowd so upset her that she missed the foul shot.

Like most boys, Nancy began shooting baskets in her own back yard under the tutelage of her older brother, Bud Isenhour, who later played for North Carolina State and is now overseas. But she owes her debut in college basketball to the manpower shortage and the enlightened views of Coach Yow, who believes that if a girl is good enough and healthy, she should be allowed to play against anyone.

Though a small college, High Point has had some good teams in the past, winning the Southeastern championship and going to the national tournament in Kansas City in 1939 and again in 1942. But this year, only 300 of the college's usual 500 students showed up, and only 80 were boys. The Panther football schedule was abandoned. Its basketball prospects looked gloomy; only one of last year's team returned.

Then Coach Yow remembered something he had seen last spring, namely: Nancy Isenhour beating the pants off Ray Forquer, star of W & J's flashy 1943 team, in a game of "Twenty-one." She shot seventeen consecutive baskets. Yow had known that Nancy, a physical education major, was a good shot, for she was eternally practicing. But her little game with Forquer, then attending the Air Force Preflight School at the college, gave him a yardstick on how good she really was. He told her to report for the varsity team.

Interest in basketball soared immediately. Nancy's modesty won the boys on the team over immediately; she made it clear that she didn't want to be on the team unless she was good enough and, with great feminine tact, she made every boy feel that he knew much more than she did. Thus, the "experiment," as it was known in those days, got off to a good start.

Nancy, from years of playing basketball under the restrictive girls' rules, had one bad weakness. She couldn't dribble the ball; under girls' rules you're not allowed to bounce it more than once. On the other hand, she is a good passer, her floor work is smooth and fast, and she is an excellent shot. "Better than any of us if she has a chance to get set," the boys say frankly.

"The Sweetest Gang in the World"

Along with the coach, the boys have worked hard to teach Nancy to dribble, to pivot and to feint. They have also corrected her failure to follow through after shooting, without upsetting her style.

"I still have trouble dribbling with my left hand," Nancy confesses, "but the boys are teaching me." She thinks the boys are "the sweetest gang in the world. They'll spend hours and hours coaching me, practicing with me."

Coach Yow has built his strategy around her shooting ability, the idea being that the boys will cut and screen her while she gets set and does the shooting. "As yet," he says, "they don't screen her enough. They're green, but they're learning. If Nancy had been on the team I took to the Kansas City tournament in 1942, she'd have been one of the leading scorers in the country."

To keep from getting bumped and banged around in rough, under-the-basket melees, Nancy plays guard when the Panthers have the ball and forward when on the defensive. Theoretically, this should keep her in the open spaces and out of the scrambles. That is how Coach Yow has planned it. But Nancy's fighting spirit makes her a little forgetful and she sometimes charges under the basket to try for the ball. She comes out looking guiltily toward the bench.

"The important thing about Nancy," says the coach, "is the spirit of the team. I've never had a team with so much team spirit. Having her on the team has somehow made everyone realize they have to play together, that they can't win unless they work together, cut and screen one another. It's even changed the spirit of the school."

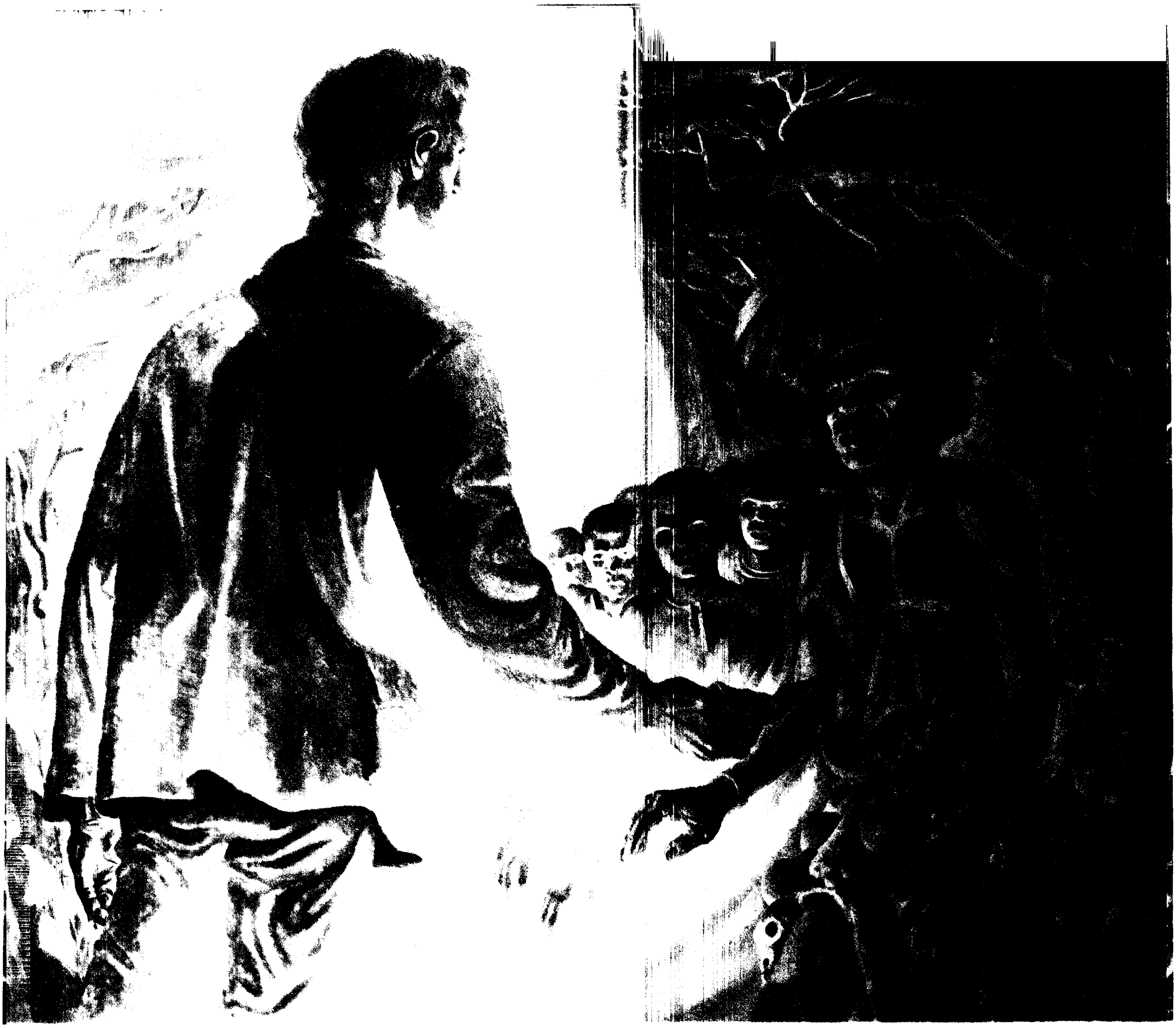
Nancy only smiles at this. She is so completely feminine that no one would think of calling her tomboyish. She enjoys playing with the boys, and their meals at the training table are completely hilarious, most of the jokes being how Nancy will win the night's game by flirting with the opposition. We asked if any of the boys was her particular boy friend.

"Oh, they're all my boy friends," she laughed. "I play the field."

But we like best what she said to a reporter who covered her opening game and, upon being introduced to her, said, "Oh, so you're the Panther Woman!"

She smiled and then said gravely, "Better make that Panther Girl." ★★★

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHORS



Not a sound from the people standing around the fire as Shearforth handed over the cupped leaf of blood to the witch doctor

THE WHITE ANTS

BY E. ARNOT ROBERTSON

He fought for the soul of a district against witchcraft and deadly superstition. But between darkness and light stood the listening people and a shrewd challenge of death

THE chickens were reeling about between the huts, drunk from eating hopper locusts; and the laughing black children were imitating the chickens. An advancing swarm of locusts, still in the voracious wingless stage, had unaccountably missed the millet crop in the most benevolent way; only enough hoppers to give the chickens a glut of food had come as far as the huts, and none had reached the cultivated land, on the farther side of the Tanganyika village. The main body of the swarm had passed on; it was safe to laugh, for the moment.

The women, pounding meal before their huts, called to one another in cheerful voices, discussing the closeness of the escape. Even the village schoolmaster agreed with a grin to the graceless remark of a stranger. Nothing, he suggested, was nicer than the last sight of hoppers making off toward someone else's millet.

"Especially when they fatten one's chickens on the way!" said the schoolmaster.

The stranger was a Kikuyu houseboy, passing through the village in charge of a file of porters bearing headloads.

"But watch that you don't lose some of your nice fat chickens," said the Kikuyu, "when these fellows are on the way home!" In this remote part of the interior, the two Africans used English because of the difficulties of dialect.

"They won't be going home yet a while," the schoolmaster said. "You're taking the white man's goods to his house?"

"The district officer's place, making it ready for him to move in at once."

"Then you'll have to stop and build it," said the schoolmaster. "The house no longer exists."

"But it was there—five days ago!"

"So were the white ants," said the schoolmaster. "They've been there a long time, only nobody knew. Not till the wind came, and the house crumbled. Like that." He made a flattening movement with his hand. "Locusts—at least you can see what they're doing. But the white ants—eating away in secret—in the dark—eating away the foundations—when no one knows—"

He stopped abruptly. Two figures were crossing the clearing in the center of the village: one an old man, and one who might have been any age, with a cavernous face like a skull. The latter wore a shirt of wildcat skins, and charms about his arms and legs.

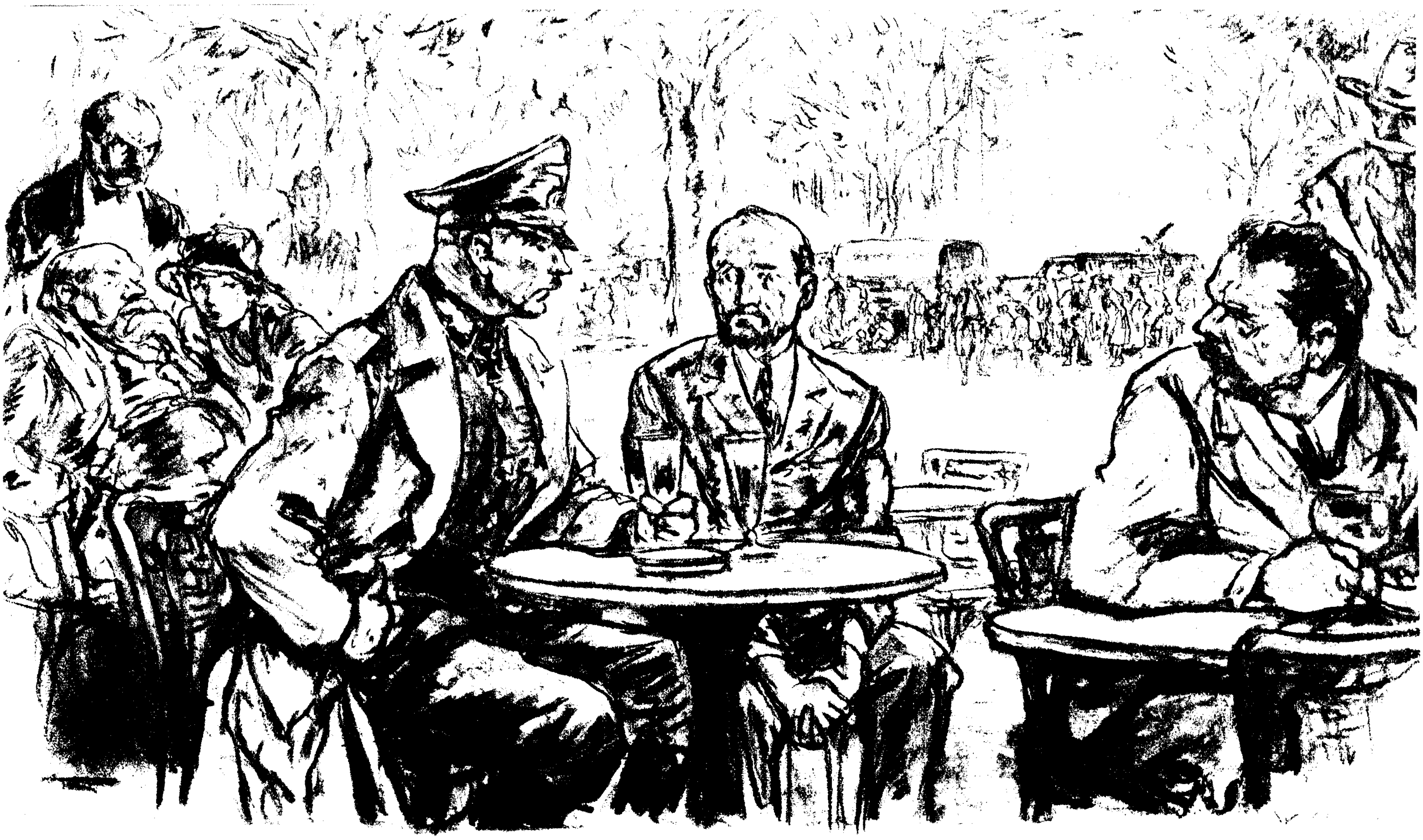
"Here come the chief and his witch doctor," said the schoolmaster. "You'd better ask him for help with the building if the district officer is coming at once. It should not take long to put up another, with enough hands."

At a sign the porters put down their loads, and either went to sleep against them or sat digging thorns out of their feet. In a moment, the village street was empty, save for them and the group about the chief, to whom the houseboy was explaining that by now Mr. Shearforth would already have left Tanga, on his way here.

"You see?" said the chief. "My people have

(Continued on page 51)

ILLUSTRATED BY LYND WARD



"You're a Jew," the major said quietly, "aren't you?" Segal put his hands under the table to hide their trembling

Retreat

BY IRWIN SHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

The perceptive reader will find a disturbing moral in this story of a "good" German and a Jew in Paris, by a man who has been there

THE column of trucks wound into the little square beside the Madeleine and stopped there, under the trees. They were furry with dust, the black cross almost indistinguishable even in the bright Paris sunlight under the harsh, dry coat they had accumulated in the retreat from Normandy.

The engines stopped, and suddenly the square was very quiet, the drivers and the soldiers relaxing on the truck, the people at the little tables in the cafés staring without expression at the line of vehicles, bullet-scarred and fresh from war against the trees and the Greek columns of the Madeleine.

A major at the head of the column slowly raised himself and got out of his car. He stood looking up at the Madeleine—a dusty, middle-aged figure, the uniform no longer smart, the lines of the body sagging and unmilitary. The major turned around and walked slowly toward the Café Bernard across the square, his face grimy and worn and expressionless, with the dust in heavy, theatrical lines in the creases of his face and where his goggles had been. He walked heavily, thoughtfully, past his trucks and his men, who watched him dispassionately and incuriously, as though they had known him for many years and there was nothing more to be learned from him. Some of the men got out of their trucks and lay down in the sunshine on the pavement and went to sleep, like corpses in a town where there has been a little fighting, just enough to produce several dead without doing much damage to the buildings.

The major walked over to the little sidewalk tables of the Café Bernard, looking at the drinkers there with the same long, cold, thoughtful stare with which he had surveyed the Madeleine. The drinkers stared back with the guarded, undramatic faces with which they had looked at the Germans for four years.

The major stopped in front of the table where Segal sat alone, the half-finished glass of beer in his hand. A little twist of a smile pulled momentarily at the German's mouth as he stood there, looking at Segal, small and pinned together with desperate neatness in his five-year-old suit, his shirt stitched and cross-stitched to hold it together, his bald head shining old and clean in the bright sun.

"Do you mind . . ." the major indicated the empty chair beside Segal with a slow, heavy movement of his hand.

Segal shrugged. "I don't mind," he said.

The major sat down, spread his legs out deliberately in front of him. "Garçon," he said, "two beers."

They sat in silence, and the major watched his men sleeping like corpses on the Paris pavement.

"For this drink," the major said, in French, "I wanted to sit with a civilian."

The waiter brought the beers and set them down on the table and put the saucers in the middle, between them. The major absently pulled the saucers in front of him.

"To your health!" he said. He raised his glass.

Segal lifted his and they drank.

The major drank thirstily, closing his eyes, almost finishing his glass before he put it down. He opened his eyes and licked the tiny scallop of froth from the beer off his upper lip, as he slowly turned his head, regarding the buildings around him. "A pretty city," he said. "A very pretty city. I had to have one last drink."

"You've been at the front?" Segal asked.

"Yes," said the major. "I have been at the front."

"And you are going back?"

"I am going back," the major said, "and the front is going back." He grinned a little, sourly. "It is hard to say which precedes which." He finished his beer, then turned and stared closely at Segal. "Soon," he said, "the Americans will be here. How do you feel about that?"

Segal touched his face uncomfortably. "You don't really want a Parisian to answer a question like that," he said, "do you?"

"No." The major smiled. "I suppose not. Though it's too bad the Americans had to meddle. However, it's too late to worry about that now." Under the warlike dust, his face now was tired and quiet and intellectual, not good-looking, but studious and reasonable, the face of a man who read after business hours and occasionally went to concerts without being pushed into it by his wife. He waved to the waiter. "Garçon, two more beers." He turned to Segal: "You have no objections to drinking another beer with me?"

Segal looked across at the armored vehicles, the two hundred sprawling men, the heavy machine guns mounted and pointing toward the sky. He shrugged, his meaning cynical and clear.

"No," said the major. "I would not dream of using the German army to force Frenchmen to drink beer with me."

"Since the Germans occupied Paris," Segal said, "I haven't drunk with one or conducted a conversation with one. Four years. As an experience, perhaps, I should not miss it. And now is the time to try it. In a little while, it will no longer be possible, will it?"

The major disregarded the jibe. He stared across at his command stretched wearily and incongruously in front of the Greek temple Paris had faithfully erected in her midst. He never seemed to be able to take his eyes off the armor and the men, as though there was a connection there, bitter and unsatisfactory and inescapable, that could never really be broken, even for a moment, in a café, over a glass of beer. "You're a Jew," he said quietly to Segal, "aren't you?"

The waiter came and put the two beers and the saucers on the table.

SEGAL put his hands under the table, to hide the trembling and the terror in the joints of the elbows and knees and the despair in all the veins of the body that the words had given rise to in him, each time, every day, since the bright summer days of 1940. He sat in silence, licking his lips, automatically and hopelessly looking for exits and doorways, alleys and subway entrances.

The major lifted his glass. "To your health!" he said. "Come on! Drink!"

Segal wet his lips with the beer.

"Come on," the major said. "You can tell me the truth. If you don't talk, you know, it would be the easiest thing in the world to call over a sergeant and have him look at your papers. . . ."

"Yes," said Segal. "I'm a Jew."

"I knew it," said the major. "That's why I sat down." He stared at his men with the same look of bondage, devoid of affection, devoid of warmth or loyalty or hope. "There are several questions in my mind you can answer better than anyone."

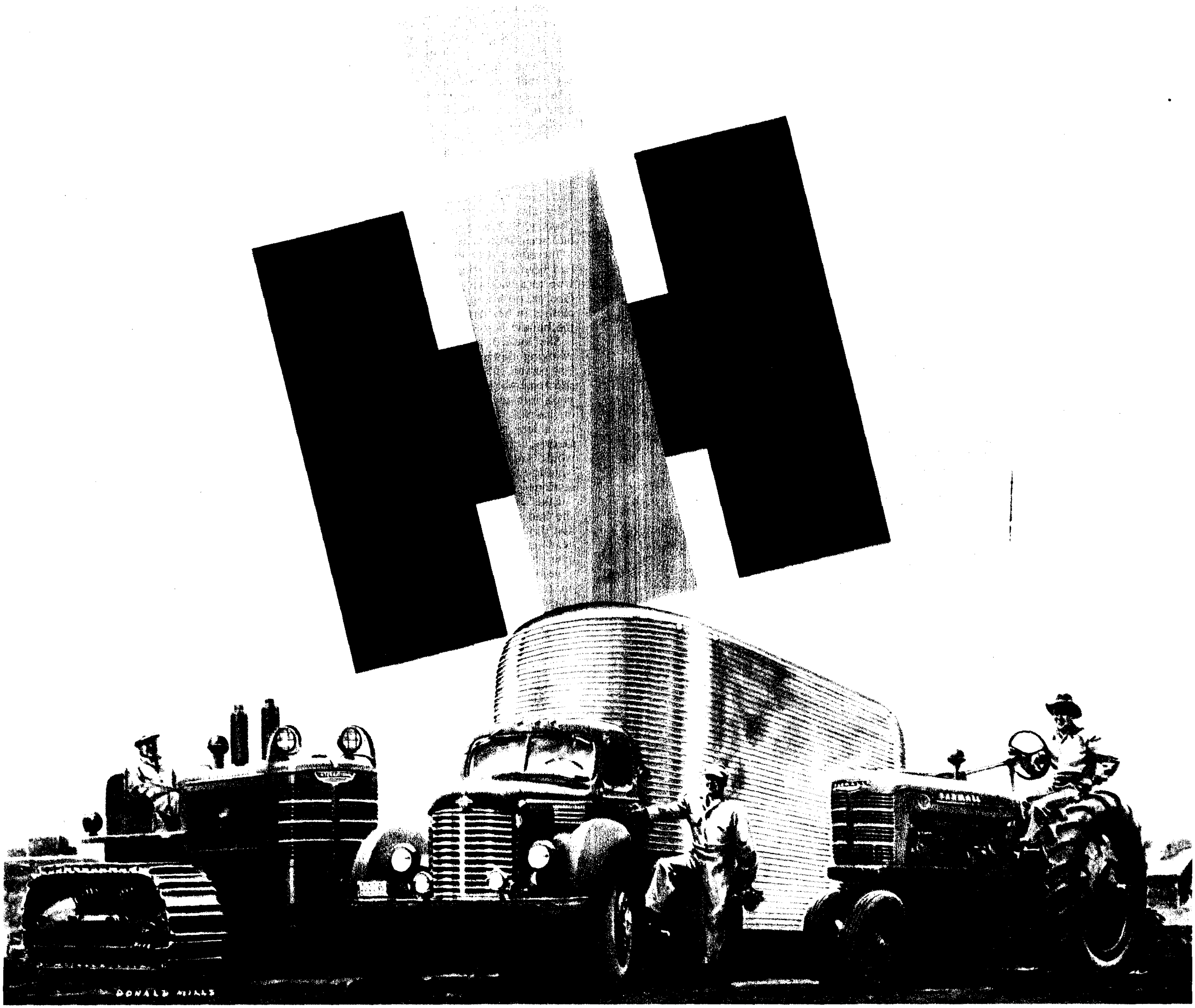
"What are they?" Segal asked uneasily.

"No rush," said the major. "They'll wait for a minute." He peered curiously at Segal. "You know, it's forbidden for Jews to enter a café in France?"

"I know," said Segal.

"Also," said the major, "all Jews *(Continued on page 56)*

PRODUCT OF INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER



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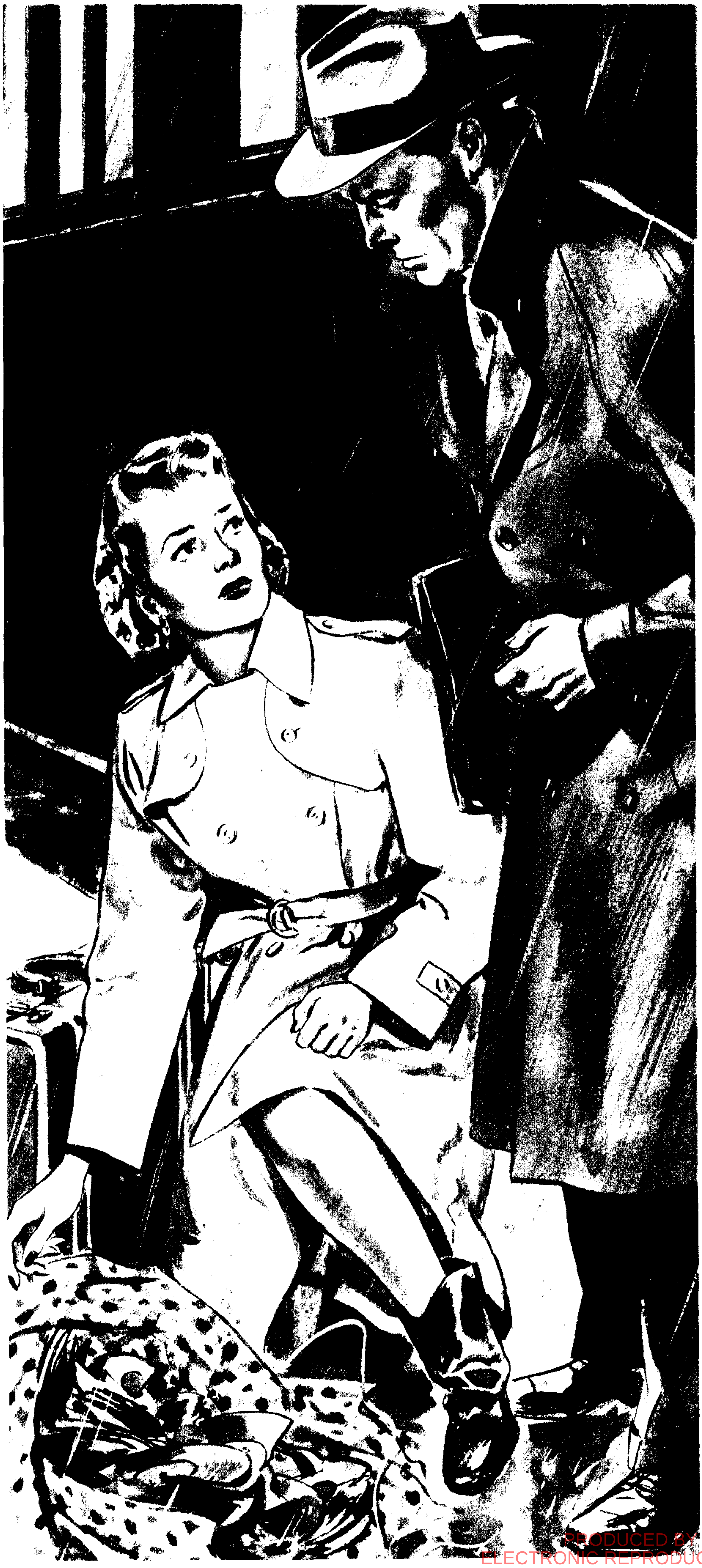
The Bundle

BY JUNE WETHERELL

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



"Every one of them," Pauline said. She waited for Fred to say it was a foolish way to have wrapped them

SHE was slim and pretty, and the bundle beside her on the train seat was incongruous . . . wrapped in an old tablecloth and tied with the clothesline. The whistle screeched as the train plunged through the sheets of rain, and the plunging was as endless as her hurt. She was going away, away, away to make a new life, she told herself firmly. But her arm closed about the bundle, protectingly, as if it were a child. The bundle was yesterday, and she couldn't bear to leave yesterday and George behind.

She had been so comfortably happy as George's wife. He had been such a sure, calm, positive man; he had made her whole life like that. But from the first, George had wanted a part in the war. And although he had been afraid that the Army might consider him overage for any duty outside the country, he had gone overseas after all. He had seen action; he had been killed.

Incredible, but in the two short years he had been away, she had changed from a safe wife to a widow, with no ties whatever. No George, no house, no belongings—except the clothes in her bag on the rack overhead and the bundle beside her on the seat.

She looked up and saw Fred McLennon swinging down the train aisle. He was the last person she had expected to see, but then she remembered that this was the early express into town, and of course he would be on his way to work. She had known Fred for a long time, and, although he had been George's best friend, she was sure that he would laugh when he saw the bundle. He wouldn't think of it as a symbol, but as possessions—Fred was amused by possessions.

Like their house, for instance, the house she had just sold. Fred had been there the first day they moved in. He had bumped his head on a low rafter that stuck out uselessly over the front hall, and when George had gone down to the basement to investigate the oil burner which wouldn't work, had said, "New Year's is a helluva moving day."

"I suppose," she admitted, "but it seemed like a good idea—the first day of the New Year and our first real home."

"You're crazy," said Fred, "but I love you."

"That's just what George said," she answered, and then wondered what had made her say it, for it occurred to her that George had never been articulate enough to say, "You're crazy, but I love you."

But they had been very proud of their house that night; perhaps too proud.

"Don't get too fond of the old manor," Fred, in his deep, soft voice, had warned. And when George demanded "Why not?" he had said, "I'm leary of possessions, in the sort of world we're living in nowadays."

"What are you afraid of?" George asked.

"I'm not afraid," Fred said quickly. "But I've always felt that people can't let themselves get too involved with . . . things, that they ought to be prepared to start from scratch . . . if necessary."

THE train whistle screeched again and Pauline's arm tightened around the bundle. Fred had stopped beside her seat.

"Hello, Pauline. Moving day already?"

She nodded.

"I'm sorry. I'd planned on helping, and I've thought of you often, but the office has been a madhouse. Was it a lot of work?"

"Not really. You see, I sold the house and everything."

"Everything?" He looked at the bundle.

Quickly she said, "Leftovers." Fred would laugh at her choice of salvage: phonograph records. He had never appreciated the phonograph. George had bought it to fill in a cubbyhole in the living room and then they had fallen in love with it. Perhaps because when they first went out to buy records they stumbled on an old favorite—Beside an Open Fireplace. From then on, they spent days scouting for other old ones and playing them over and over. But Fred had never listened. He always wandered about the house restlessly, until the record was finished.

One summer evening he had looked so impatient that Pauline finally asked, "Don't you like Bach, Fred?" and he had said, "Yes, my darling, but in the big outside world there's a little thing called a political convention going on and being broadcast, too."

George had sighed, "Nuts to you, Fred. It was nice listening to music and forgetting what a messy world we live in."

"I don't want to forget about the world," said Fred, "because I intend to live in it."

After Fred left, they sat alone and she moved close to George and said, "Sometimes I get afraid. Maybe we're too comfortable."

"We'll hang onto it, darling," George said, but there had been uncertainty in his voice.

WHEN George left for the Army, Fred, who had been classified as "essential," was just the same gay friend—until one night he brought her home from a party, and she invited him in, the way she and George always had, and on the way through the hall he had bumped his head on a low rafter.

Pauline stopped beside him, looking up consolingly, and his laughing complaint died to silence as their eyes met. Then he bent and kissed her, and, although the kiss was light and easy, he was no longer the gay, kind friend, and she knew he never would be exactly that again.

"Fred," she said, her voice breaking, and she leaned against him for a moment, realizing for the first time how much he meant to her. Then she walked to the phonograph.

His eyes pleaded and then he said, "All right, play your damn' phonograph!"

"It's just—" she tried to say. "I want to keep everything the way it is, till George comes back."

But when the news came about George, all the warm, excited feeling of that evening was washed away in a flood of remorse, and she loved George so terribly in retrospect that she regretted even that innocent moment . . . because of the thing it might have become.

Fred understood. He called and he took her to dinner, and he said, "You've got to live through it, Pauline . . . somehow . . . I could help you . . . there's nothing I'd rather do, but it's up to you to decide." . . .

Now he asked, touching her bundle, "What have you got there?" But even as he spoke, he must have felt the outline of a record, because he pulled his hand back. "But you told me you sold the phonograph."

"I did." She turned toward the window and the beating rain. "But I couldn't leave them behind. I just couldn't."

He was frowning. "Sometime, you're going to have to leave the past behind."

She shook her head because she could not speak, and Fred said, "Sorry," and out of the corner of her eyes she saw him move away.

When the train pulled into the station, she was on the train steps before she heard Fred say, "Pauline, wait a minute." But she didn't look around, until someone took her arm. She half turned her head to protest. The steps were slippery. She could feel her ankle turning, and then the crowd pushed again and she fell. She saw the bundle slip, heard it strike the platform.

She knelt in the rain, tugging at the clothesline until the knot was loosed. She reached out her hand and touched the jagged pieces; not one record was unbroken. She held tight onto herself and then she heard Fred's voice and felt his hand on her shoulder.

Suddenly her mind flashed back to something he had once said: "People ought to be prepared to start from scratch. . . ." She looked up into his face.

"Every one of them," she said.

She waited for him to say it was a foolish way to have wrapped them; waited for him to be gay or funny or perhaps practical. He didn't speak for a long moment, but, when he did, she knew that it was the real Fred.

"Pauline," he said at last, slowly, "we can make a list. We can replace every one of them, exactly."

She got to her feet and put her hands into Fred's and let him hold them tight.

"New records," she said. "Of new songs. All new."

There was a train whistle somewhere, still screeching in agony. But it was moving farther and farther away.

a short short story complete on this page

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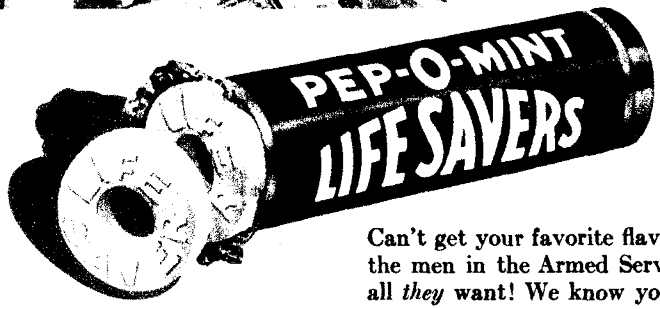
When YOU want to dodge like this . . .

TRY THIS

MORAL: *Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.*



Can't get your favorite flavor? That means the men in the Armed Services *are* getting all *they* want! We know you'll understand. Please try one of the other Life Savers . . . they're all swell!

Maiden with Butterflies

Continued from page 17

see, and somehow I didn't seem to mind.

"Take me back to the café, Jeff," I says.

"What for?" he says.

"I work there, stupid," I says, "and I don't want to get fired. I can tell 'em I hurt my knee and you took me to a doctor."

"Didja?" he says, looking around.

"Nothing to bother," I says, "just knelt on some broken glass," I says.

"Is that blood on your dress, where you knelt on it?" he says.

"It ain't rosebuds painted on it," I says. And then he cussed some more and wanted to take me to a doctor sure enough. But I made him stop just before we got to Butch's place. And while he was getting out of his side I got out of mine and he couldn't catch me till just at the door he caught me and held me tight, for a minute.

And suddenly I felt weak as water, because I knew, see, that Jeff wanted me not to go ahead with what I was getting into. And I wanted all of a sudden to let him tell me what to do about everything. But "No," I says and saying it to both of us give the strength to go ahead.

"What will I do with this hundred-dollar smacker?" Jeff says, to cover up that he was holding me and that we both knew I had won.

"Well, keep it," I says. "Have you got a pin?" So he gave me one. And I pinned a tuck in my dress where it was torn across the knees so the blood didn't show. And it looked right nice. Like a new style it looked. And I went in and left him.

There sat Red, Millie's steady feller, still sitting at the table where he always sat when he came in to see her, and there was the café, just as if nothing had happened. Butch likes it that way. He wants to always run a respectable family place, he says, and whenever there's a fight, he has taught Moe to switch off the lights. So then while it's dark Butch he cleans up whatever's there. So then when the cops come, the lights are on again and everything quiet.

There was Butch behind the bar, doping horses, and there sat four of the zooters at their table with their heads all close together and not drunk no more. One of them had a black eye, a real shiner, and the others looked mad. But the pimply one, he wasn't nowhere to be seen. All this I saw, in my first quick look through the door, and I saw other things too, all in a flash.

There sat the broom in the corner, not where it stays in the closet, but out in the café. It was leaning up in the corner and on the floor was a little pile of broken glass and some damp, dirty sawdust to help sweep it right there by the broom.

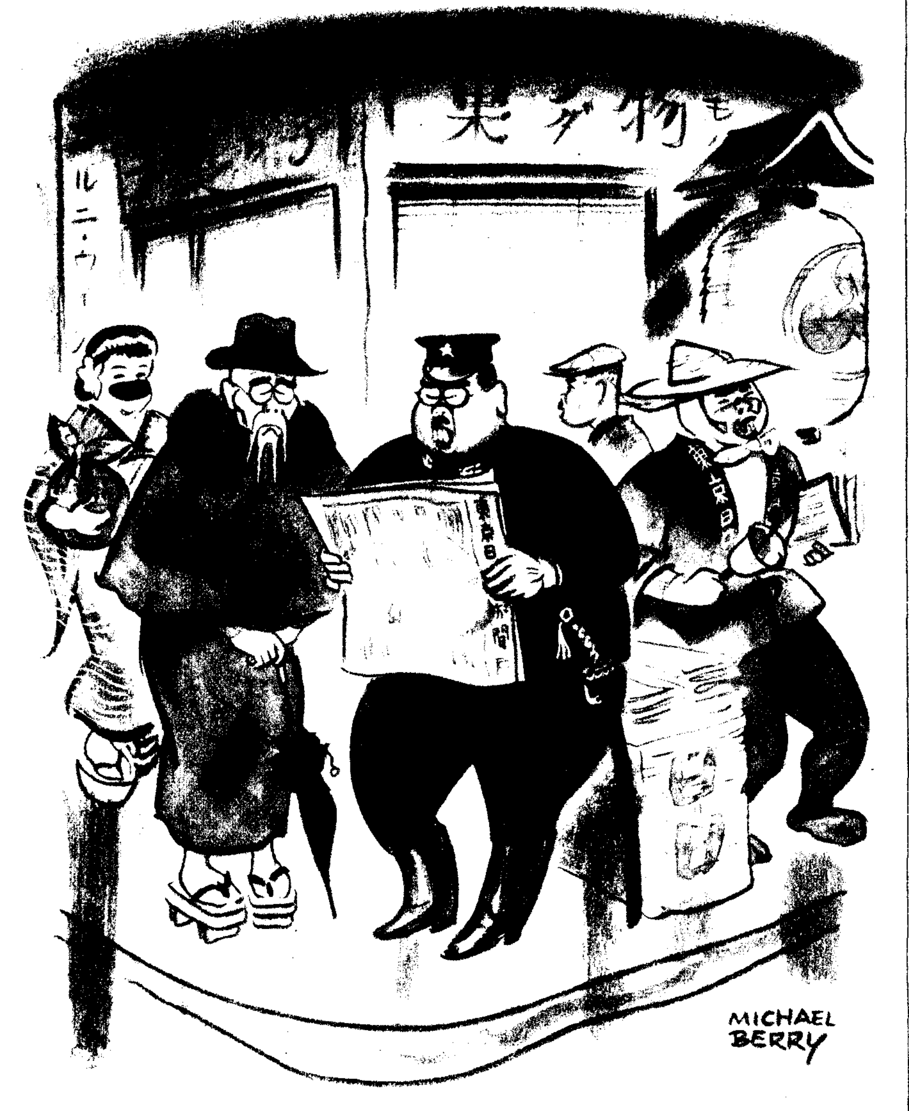
YOUR brains are a funny thing. I remember, I thought was it Moe, or Butch, that swept it? No, it wouldn't be Butch, he'd be busy pulling the zooters off of each other, looking for anybody that couldn't get up. So my brains knew that it had been Moe had swept up the glass and I started out toward the back to find him.

"Well, look who's here," Millie says, as she passed me coming back from the Ladies, where she had been when I come in. "For Pete's sake, where'd you get the evening coat?"

"Shut up," I says, quiet, and took it off and Moe give me the cigarette tray while I patted my hair, and then Butch seen me.

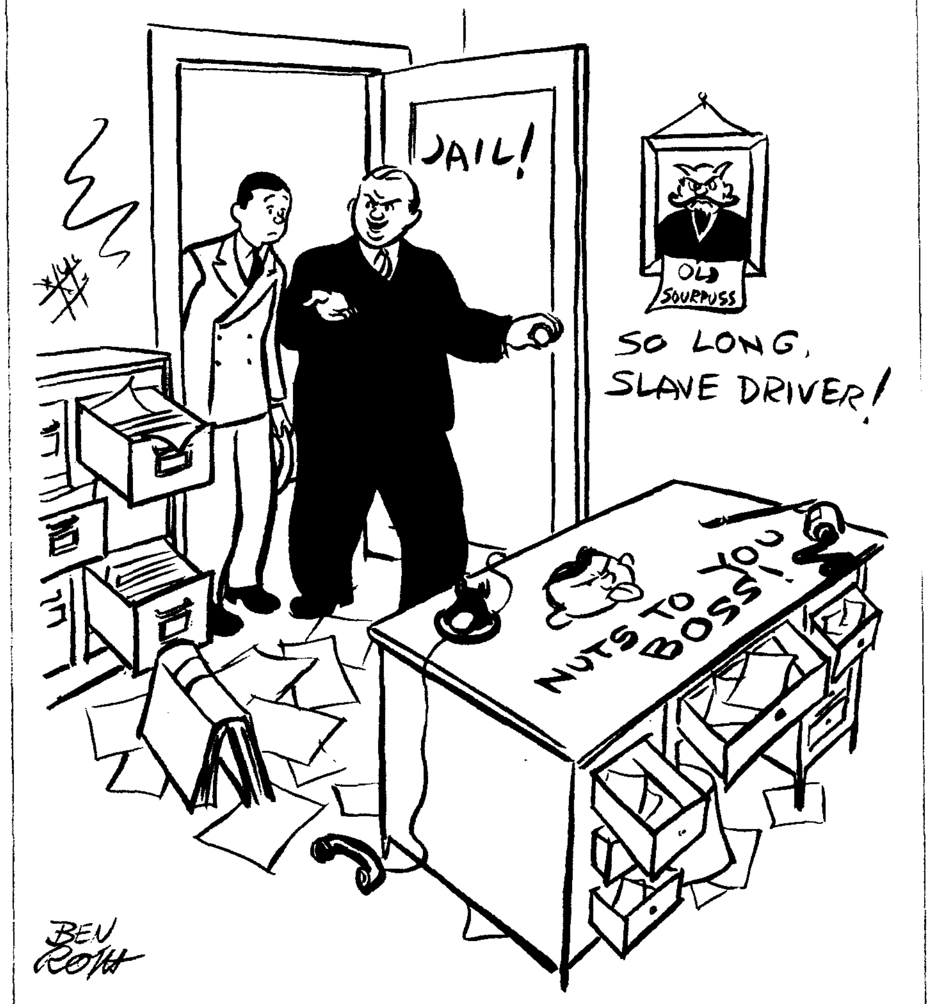
TOKYO TALKING

by MICHAEL BERRY



COLLIER'S

"Some of our planes failed to return, but most of the pilots succeeded in joining their ancestors"


JAIL!
OLD SOURPUSS
SO LONG, SLAVE DRIVER!
NUTS TO YOU BOSS!
BEN ROTH

COLLIER'S "Here you are, Inglesby—your same old job and office, just as you left it the day you went in the Army" BEN ROTH

"Here's your money box," he says. "Where you been?"

"Doctor," I says, "to sew my kneecaps back on. Them Mexican bottles cuts deep." By this time the zooters quit talking in their huddle and listened.

"What happened to the minstrel show?" Butch says. "Did you take him to the doctor, too?"

"I never seen him," I lied. Lying to Butch was easy but to Pop I never could. "I thought they'd killed him," I says, "and you'd throwed him in the alley, out back, like last time." I knew that would get him and it did.

"Shut up," he says, "and sell your stuff." And then soft, polishing a glass, he says, "Pimples busted one of his guys in the snoot and then took something off of him and beat it, and I guess they're electing a new pastor for their flock. Looks like trouble," he says.

So I goes past their table, saying, "Cigarettes, boys?" And nobody made a grab for me, so I knew Butch was right and there was trouble brewing.

Millie had sat down with Red and when I got over to them, they told me the guy with the shiner had found something on the floor, after the lights come up, and pocketed it and Pimples had asked what was it and the other guy had said, "None of your damned business, finders keepers." And the others said so, too. So Pimples knocked him right out, and went over him and there it was, whatever it was, in his pocket. So Pimples took it off of him and smacked one of the other guys, too, and made his lip bleed and says, "You punks can pay for my drinks," and waddled out.

So I knew I wouldn't have to look in the damp sawdust and the broken glass by the broom or out in the can in the alley.

"What was it he found?" I says.

"Tencents store jewelry," Millie says. "I seen it, close, for a minute. It was a ring," she says, "with a glass set in it as big as your eye; bigger," she says. "Too big it was, this set, to be mistaken for anything cost anything. Anyway, what could it be but glass, being red?" she says.

"Them punks is nuts," Red says. "They drink Mex liquor and they smoke marywanna," he says, "and they fight over Harlem jewelry wouldn't fool a blind cat," he says. Red's a plumber and strictly labor union, see? Plays handball at the Y.M.C.A. twice a week and don't approve of the customers at Butch's Café but seldom says anything, because he ain't there to fight, but only to see Millie.

I went on around with the cigarettes, and finally I got to where Moe was wiping off a table now, and he showed me right away a chain out of his pocket that he had swept up with the other stuff and I had to give him five bucks for it, and he tried to get more but I thought five bucks was enough to buy back what may have been the gentleman's mother's neck chain or even his grandmother's, who could tell? The links were flat oblongs with tiny foreign writing on 'em and gold.

"Don't you tell, or I'll kill you," I said to Moe and he looked as if he thought I meant it but I wouldn't kill anybody, he ought to know that.

WELL, I went back to the zooters' table and "Gosh," I says, "that stuff you was drinking is sure bad for the eyes," I says. No answer.

"Where's teacher?" I says.

"Whose teacher?" one of 'em says.

"Yours," I says. "Seems like somebody didn't raise their hand before speaking," I says, "and had their chewing gum took away from 'em," I says.

"Chewing gum," says Black Eye, "that's about what that jewelry come with," he says. "That's a hell of a cheap trinket to go busting your gang in the puss for," he says. "He's washed up as far as I'm concerned. That's the last I take from that so-and-so."

"I know how you mean," I says. "The thing he took off of you wasn't worth nothing," I says, "but still it gets you sore to think of him having the satisfaction of feeling he did make you give it up."

They didn't say a word, or hardly look at me.

"Wouldn't it be funny," I says, "if he was to lose it?" I says.

Still they never took no interest hardly. "I mean," I says, "if he was tricked out of it to make him look a little small, not just to himself," I says, "but in front of you four, that he's took such pains to make look pretty

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small, right here, where people will likely hear about it."

That got 'em all right.

"How do you mean?" one of 'em says.

"Well," I says, "of course, I don't know where he's at now."

Then they was all anxious as anything to tell me. "He'll be at Harry Mulloy's," they says, all of 'em at once. "He's got a room there in the hotel part. He's been staying there for a week."

And I says, "Suppose somebody, I won't say who, went there and was to get to talking to him, a girl I mean, in the gambling part, I mean."

"Yes," they says, "go on."

I went right on.

"And suppose she got him to thinking that this foney ring had kind of got under her skin, see? And that maybe if he wasn't too crazy about that ring, see, that maybe she could forget about his pimples and his fat, do you see what I mean?"

Well, they saw all right, and it didn't seem to occur to them to wonder why I would do all this for them.

But Pimples wasn't no high school bandit, not by no means he wasn't, nor not by no police blotter neither, and I felt that old flutter of wings in the pit of my stummick when I thought of me going to Harry Mulloy's after him.

Familiar Families

The diagram below provides space for the name of the male, the female, the young, and the sound they make, of 12 families of domestic animals. As a guide, some of the lines have been filled in. Complete the others and score yourself as follows: 31-36 is excellent; 27-30 is good; 23-26 is fair but you'd better ask a few more questions on your next vacation; 19-22 is above average. Answers on page 58.

MALE	FEMALE	YOUNG	SOUND
1. Hog			
2.	Goose		
3.		Chicken	
4.			Bark
5.		Lamb	
6.	Dove		
7. Goat			
8.	Mare		
9.		Calf	
10.			Bray
11.		Kitten	
12.	Duck		

—Gerard Mosler

"What's the conference for?" says Butch, moving down to that end of the bar to get a clean towel. "You running for election as the chief gun moll for these guys?"

"Sure," I says, "that's it." And then when he turned away, I told 'em quick and quiet what to do.

They said, yes, there was a switchboard at Mulloy's and I said to fix the phone girl and when I took the pimply face's phone off of the hook she was to give 'em the go-ahead and they was to come up quick. I thought I could handle it.

So I took the gold coat and went into the Ladies and hid the tray and the cash box away up on top of that square tank, up over the john. And I put on the coat and came out and sidled along the little hall to go out the alley door, but it was locked, but I got out the window and there I was in the alley.

Black as your hat it was, till away down at the next street. So I hurried toward that and I could see there was nothing between me and it. I couldn't see a thing behind me where there wasn't no light to see it against.

After I had passed the back of the Greek's and heard dishes rattling, getting washed, I come to the corner. Just as I turned I took one more look back in that black alley and a cold chill run up me thinking how dark it was. Then as I turned the corner, it seemed like I heard a car start back up in there, but I couldn't be sure.

To get to Mulloy's I had to go past Butch's, but I crossed to the other side and hoped nobody wouldn't see me go by. Of course I could of gone around the block, but anybody that knows what's around that block would sure understand why I just couldn't do that, not ever.

"What'll I do when I get there?" I thought, and "What do you mean," I thought, "going on this wild goose chase? That little gentleman is nothing to you, what if he has got eyes like Spot? That's not enough to make you go to Mulloy's where you've never been but once, and swore never to get into nothing like that again."

Mulloy's is a kind of slumming place, see? It's a hotel and what they call swell people come there late at night to gamble, and for all sorts of stuff, I'll say. And these socialites, or whatever they are, sure spend money like pouring it down a rat hole.

Well, I was walking fast now, to outrun a drunk that fell out of a dark doorway and took after me. Only he kept running into things so that way I could keep ahead of him. And just about then I began to feel like maybe I hadn't only hurt my knees, which was smarting pretty bad where I had washed 'em off, after hiding the tray on top of the john. There didn't seem there was any glass in 'em when I had looked, but now I felt something up about my left knee, and then suddenly I knew what it was.

It was that wad of bills the Indian gentleman and I had been playing pitch and catch with. I had stuck it in my stocking in the taxi. So I got the bills out of my stocking and by that time I was nearly to Mulloy's and I knew what I was going to do.

A big party of North Side people drove up in their cars as I got there, some of 'em dressed up in boiled shirts, and women and girls in long dresses. They was calling back and forth to one another, all a little drunk and silly. And so I just fell in with them, so it didn't look like I was coming in all alone.

"What a lark," one old gal that ought to have been in bed kept croaking. "Isn't it?" she said to me.

"I don't know yet," I says and there was Mulloy. I knew him but he didn't know me. It was crowded at the place you got the chips for the roulette game, and he was helping the ladies.

"Reds," the old dame says, and she fished two twenties out of her gold bag and gave 'em to Mulloy. When she got her reds she moved on and he looked at me.

"Blues," I says, and crackled a new hundred-dollar bill into his palm. He bowed and I could of laughed in his face, he was so polite, but I just said thanks and went on in to where they were playing.

Roulette is where a little ball jumps around in a round deep wheel with sides to keep it from jumping out, and a lot of numbers and things on it, and it turns, but stops after a while and then the man takes a little hoe and scrapes in some of your little pile of chips and then they do that all over again.

Roulette is different from stories about roulette. In stories about roulette, people put their last white chip on the red and then see an old friend and turn to say hello, and when they turn back, they can't see over the pile of chips that has grown up where they put that last white chip. But roulette is more like I told you.

While I was standing there by the wheel, one of Mulloy's slickers with a white bat wing, fixed up trying to look like society, but with too much oil on his hair, come up and tried to help me in case I really was Somebody. But I put him off of me by saying, "Please, if you want to be nice, go and help Mrs. Swift, she's simply losing thousands." He got pretty excited.

"Which Mrs. Swift?" he says.

"As if you didn't know," I says, and he went off to find out.

Names like that make those boys jump like a flea had bit 'em where it would do the most good.

Well, when I had lost about half of my chips, a real society boy eased over to me.

(Continued on page 34)

Here's Why Fire
De Luxe

SYNTHETIC RUBBER ARE SETTING NEW PERFORMANCE RECORDS

PRACTICALLY all tires, before the war, were made with the same type of natural rubber. And you know how much farther and safer some tires ran than others! Today, all new passenger car tires are made with the same type of synthetic rubber. Still there is a big difference in their performance!

Yes, it takes more than good rubber, synthetic or natural, to make good tires. It takes good cord fabric, good compounding, good construction, good workmanship and that priceless ingredient that we Americans call "Know-How." That is a vitally important fact for you to remember when you get permission from your ration board to buy new tires.

With new tires so hard to get, it is more important than ever to get the best tires that money can buy. And today, as in years gone by, this means Firestone DeLuxe Champions, the only tires built with Extra Values that assure Extra Mileage, Extra Safety and Extra Strength — all at no extra cost.

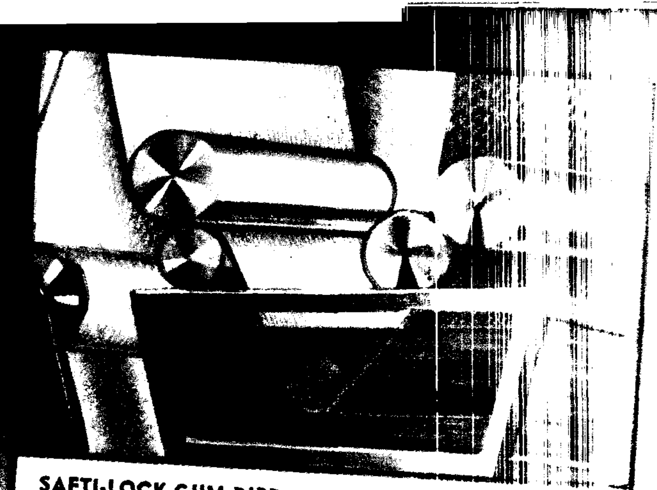
So, when you get a certificate to buy new tires, go to your nearby Firestone Dealer Store or Firestone Store and get Firestone DeLuxe Champions, the tires that stay safer longer.

Many Departments to Serve You at Your Nearby Firestone Dealer Store or Firestone Store

TIRES AND TUBES • AUTO SUPPLIES • RADIOS AND SUPPLIES
HOME APPLIANCES • HOUSEWARES • HARDWARE • FARM, LAWN
& GARDEN SUPPLIES • WHEEL GOODS • RECREATION SUPPLIES
TOYS • PAINTS • CLOTHING • LEATHER GOODS • BATTERIES
SPARK PLUGS • BRAKE LINING

For the best in music, listen to the "Voice of Firestone" with Richard Crooks and Gladys Swarthout and the Firestone Symphony Orchestra conducted by Howard Barlow every Monday evening over NBC network.

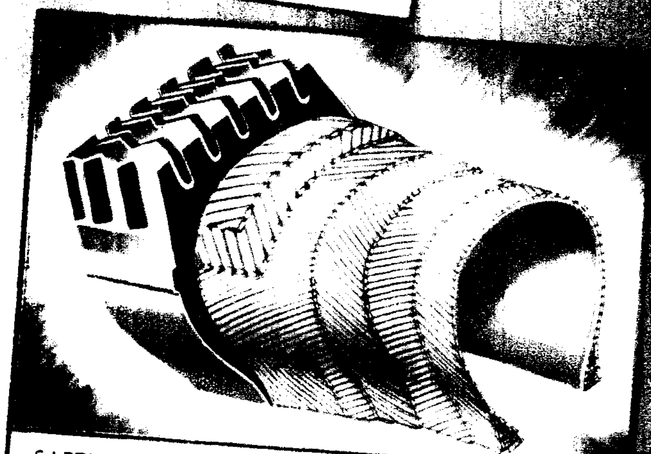
Copyright, 1945, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.



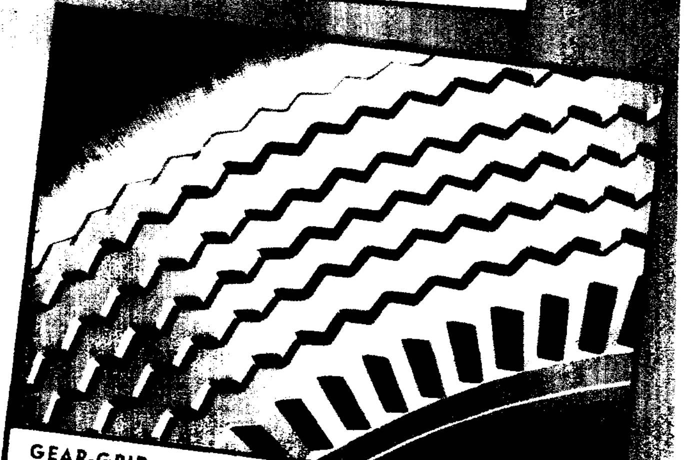
SAFTI-LOCK GUM-DIPPED CORD BODY. The [illegible] cotton fibers of every cord are locked together f[illegible] ext[illegible] strength. These cords are then dipped in a speci[illegible] [illegible] solution for extra protection against blowouts.

[illegible] [illegible]ead and [illegible]cking [illegible] and k[illegible] [illegible]oped by [illegible] weather- [illegible]ve and tough.

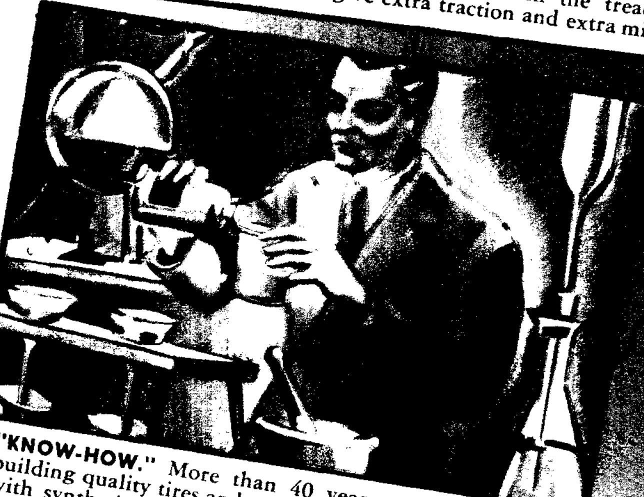
stone
CHAMPION
TIRES



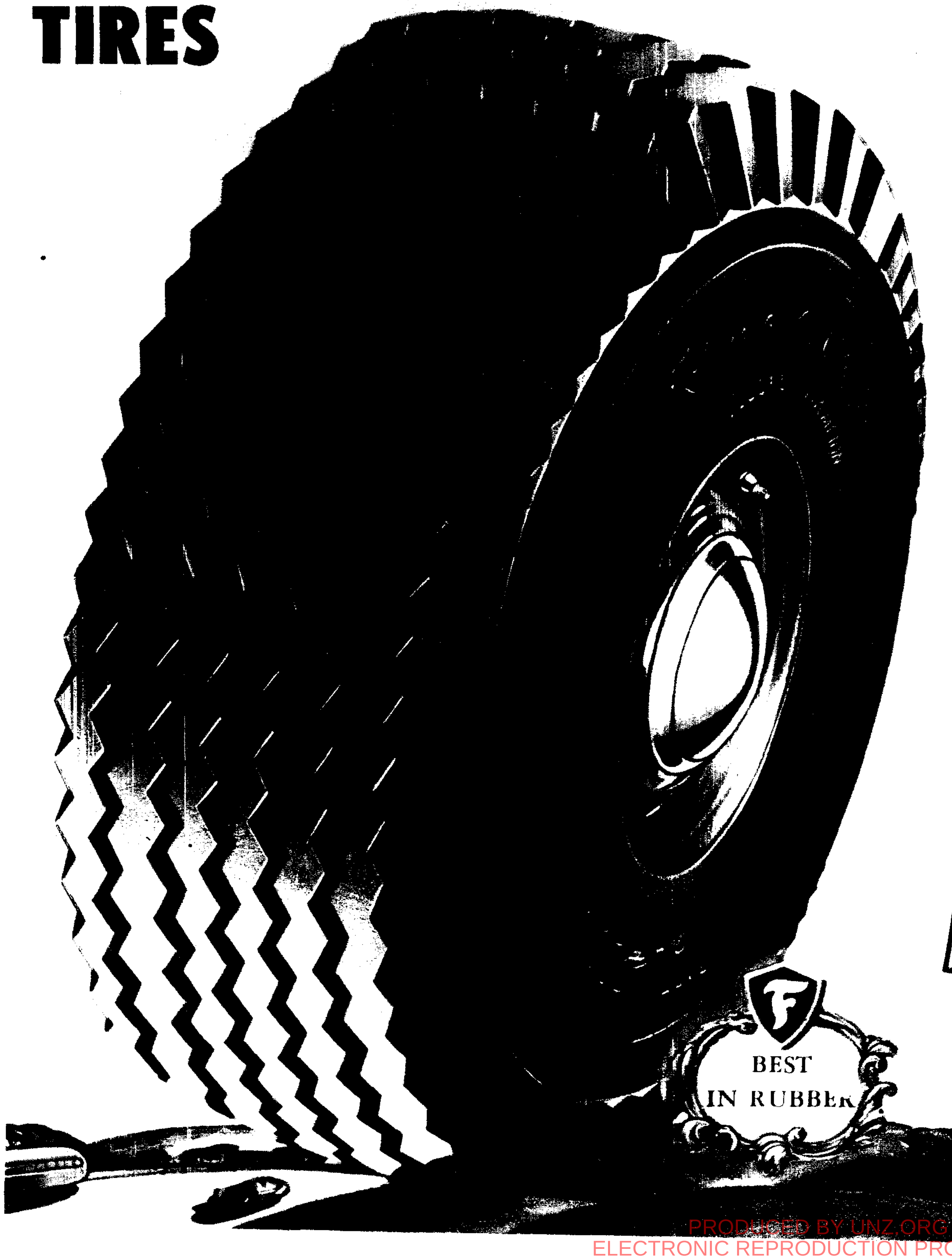
SAFTI-SURED CONSTRUCTION. There are two major parts of a tire—tread and cord body. Safti-Sured Construction means that the tread and cord body are welded together inseparably into a unit of extra strength.



GEAR-GRIP TREAD. 3,456 sharp-edged angles in the tread design provide extra protection against skidding. Greater non-skid volume of rubber in the tread and greater tread width give extra traction and extra mileage.

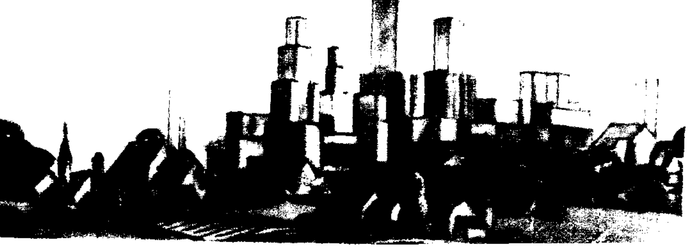


"KNOW-HOW." More than 40 years of experience in building quality tires and more than 20 years of working with synthetic rubber are your best guarantee of extra quality and performance in Firestone Tires.



F

BEST
IN RUBBER



by Kenneth Swezey

Take a tall glass of water and a small vial or bottle. Invert the unstoppered vial in the water, after letting just enough water into it so it barely floats in this upside-down position. Make sure the glass is filled to the brim, then place the palm of your hand firmly on the rim of the glass and press against the water. Curiously, the bottle sinks. Release the pressure, and it rises again. With practice, you can make it rise, sink, or hover motionless. Most people can't figure out what gives. Can you?

EXPLANATION

Air is easily compressible, while water is not. Pressure on the water, therefore, does not squeeze the water, but squeezes the air remaining in the vial. With more water and less air in it, the vial loses buoyancy and sinks.

●

Hold a yardstick, a foot rule, or even a pencil, across your two extended index fingers, letting one end protrude much farther than the other. If you now slowly draw your fingers toward each other, which way do you think the stick will fall? The average guesser will say at the protruding end. A contrary few will bet on the other. But the stick won't fall either way. Instead, it will wind up balanced on your two fingers—which always meet in the middle. If this seems unfathomable, look below.

EXPLANATION

It's all a matter of weight governing friction. The amount each finger can slide under the stick depends upon the proportion of the stick's weight that bears down upon it. As the finger nearest the center always supports the greater proportion of the weight, this finger cannot slide until the other finger has come equally near the center. Then, both fingers can slide uniformly toward each other, meeting finally in the middle.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

Paradoxical Yardstick

Maiden with Butterflies

Continued from page 32

"Hi," he says. And so, "Hi," I says, right back at him.

"Pretty smart," he says, "the way you got rid of that stooge of Mulloy's," he says.

I looked him over. Maybe he wasn't a society boy, after all, but he sure was a good imitation. Tie just enough mussed, handkerchief clean and good linen, but just stuffed in his pocket, not measured so the four points stood in a row.

"You seem to be losing a lot of your chips," he says.

And, "What of it?" I says. "My father can buy me some more." And he just looked at me and laughed.

"That's a pretty coat," he says.

And, "Yes," I says.

"India," he says.

"Yes," I says, and he kept right on looking at me.

"You don't wear any makeup," he says.

"Neither do you," I says, and he laughed again and suddenly he looked quick at the green cloth with squares and numbers painted on it and red and black and a lot of other stuff, and he reached out and took a mess of blue chips off of the little hoe the man was pushing 'em with, and I had won.

AND then I saw Pimples. He was watching me, so I made up to the society kid, and he laughed a lot at what I said, and he seemed to think I was a lot of fun. He kept his hands on top of the table, too, so I went on talking and playing, and Pimples went on watching.

So I says to this boy, "Keep an eye on my chips," I says. "I'll be back." I started for the Ladies and passed by Pimples. And I saw the ring I had come for.

It was too big for him, the ring, I mean. He had to cramp his other fingers against it to keep it from falling right off.

I stopped as I passed him. "I see you ain't bad hurt, Pimples," I says.

"What do you mean?" he says quiet. He was drunk. "Where'd you get to?"

"I had to go on to a doctor," I says. "I cut my knees on that bottle, but when I got back," I says, "and saw your pals, I kind of got the idea they had ditched you," I says, "and though they didn't say so, I got the idea they had messed you up some and sent you off," I says. "I'm glad you ain't no worse hurt than what you are." Then I went on to where I had started to go to.

When I come back, I skirted around a table where some people was doing something with playing cards in a little box, and so back to the roulette and my boy friend.

He didn't know I was behind him at first and he won quite a lot of blue chips.

"You're doing pretty good," I says.

"You got to watch the spins," he says. "This is no joint to look the other way when he's paying off. Who's your fat boy friend?" he says, without looking up.

"He's no friend of mine," I says, "just a hoodlum I know."

"I'm glad you've come down to earth," he says. "I saw you come down the street a while ago and join us at the door. You're all right, but you're funny," he says.

"Why?" I says.

"Never mind," he says, "but you ought not to leave your chips with strangers," he says.

"I choose my strangers," I says.

"Thanks," he says.

Just then Pimples put his fat hands on my shoulders.

"How're you doing?" he says and, looking at this kid, his little eyes got even littler.

"This is my friend Pimples," I says to the kid. "What's your name?"

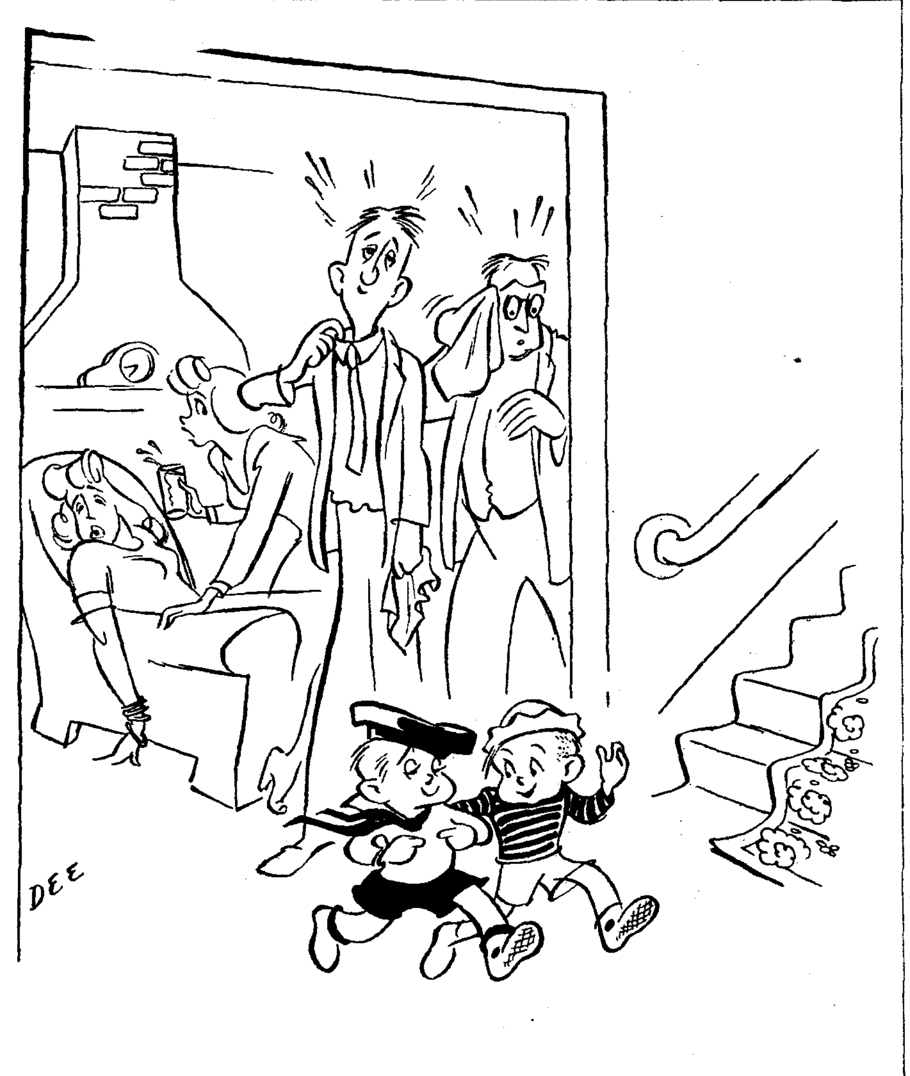
"Wens," he says, and nobody says anything more till I had lost that pile of blues.

"Your money?" says Pimples, suspicious.

"His," I says.

"Have a drink," Pimples says.

"Don't mind if I do," I says. "See you later,



COLLIER'S "Boy! You certainly can ask the questions!" DOTI FAIRCHILD

Treasure behin

It's pure silver that "gets the picture" on Verichrome and other Kodak Films

MILLIONS of dollars in silver ingots—great bars of silver piled from floor to ceiling . . . You might expect such a scene in the vaults of the U. S. Mint—but this vault is at Kodak Park.

Here is a hand truck loaded with ingots. Try to budge it—brace your feet and put your back into it! There's a ton of silver on the truck. *Two truckloads—two tons—are a day's supply . . .*

Next to the U. S. Treasury, Kodak is the biggest buyer of silver. As for purity, the Treasury standard, high as it is, is exceeded—every ounce of silver for Kodak is a "special melt" refined to a purity higher than for any other use.

It's this pure silver—combined with certain other substances in one of the most delicate, most carefully controlled series of processes known to science—that gets your pictures on Verichrome and other Kodak Films. With the right treatment, nothing else responds to LIGHT as silver does.

Silver is only the starting and finishing point. In its life cycle between silver ingot and developed photographic negative, its nature is repeatedly changed. By the action of chemicals it is broken into parts so tiny that only with the wonderful electron microscope, magnifying 25,000 times, can they be clearly distinguished.

In that split second of exposure when you press the button of your camera, the light-sensitive crystals undergo a shock. Millions of them reached by the light reflected by your "subject" respond by forming a "latent" image.

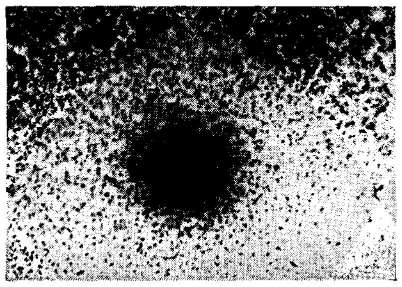
To bring this latent image to life the silver must be freed from its chemical partners—must return to its original state—*pure metallic silver.* This is done by chemicals used in "development." When you see the developed film—there's the negative of your snapshot! The grin on that kid's face, the gleam in his eye . . . it's all on silver!

Buried treasure that has come to light—that, literally, is what you have in your negatives made on Verichrome.

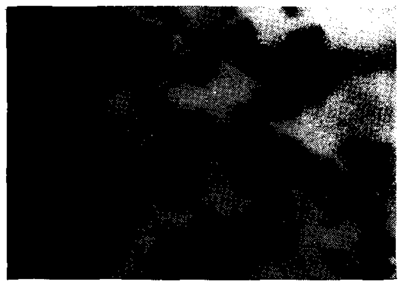
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The image on developed photographic film . . .

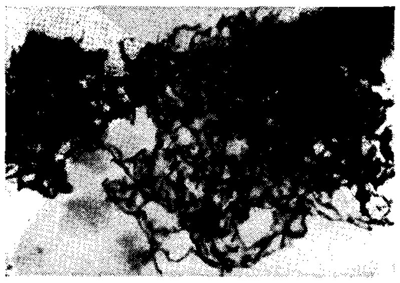
Magnified 25 times, one small section—the eye—is seen to be grainy . . .



Magnified 250 times, the separate grains become more apparent . . .



Magnified 2,500 times, the individual grains are seen . . .

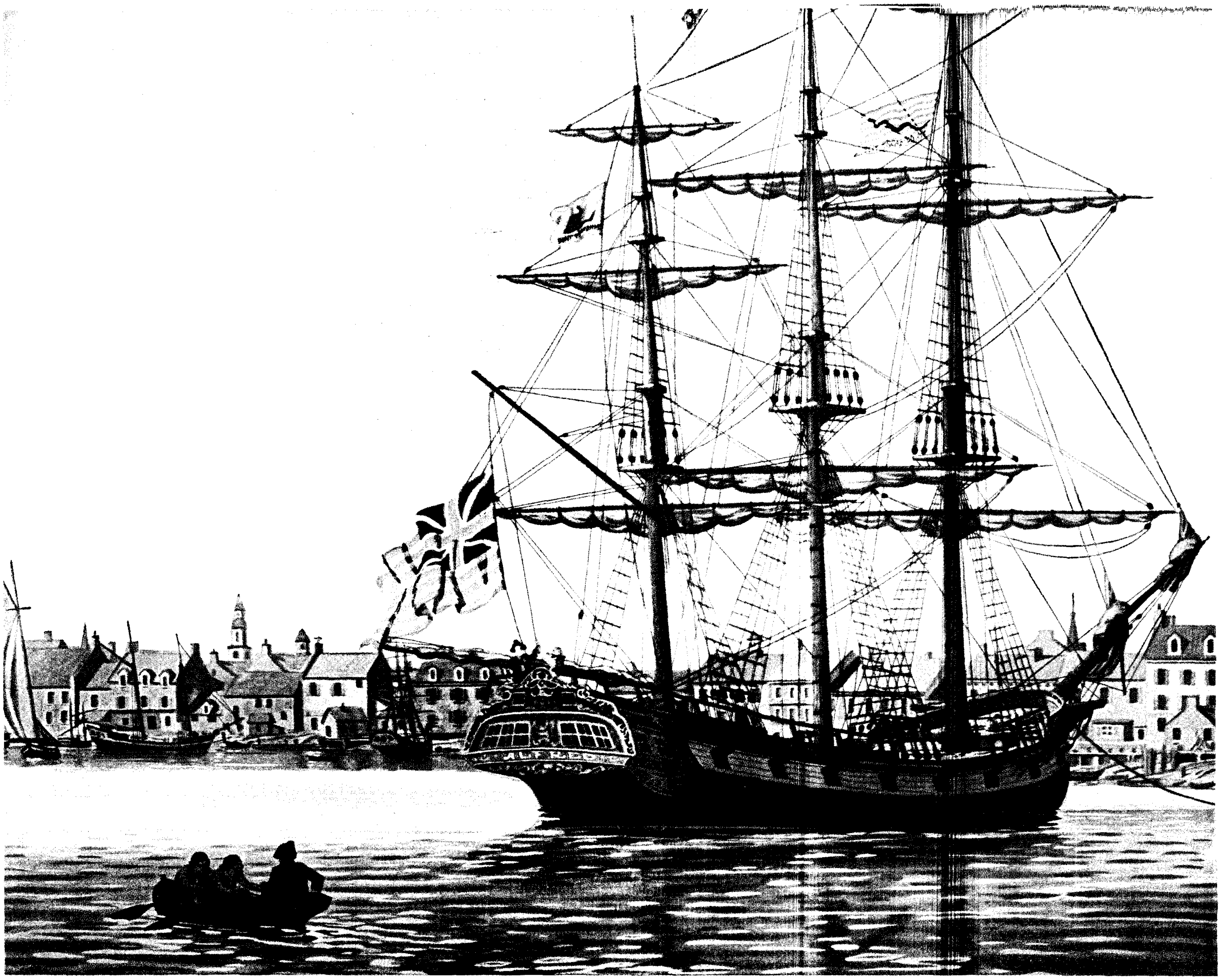


And magnified 25,000 times, the developed grains are shown to consist of filaments. These filaments are pure metallic silver—the same silver that started from the vault at Kodak Park.

REMEMBER WAKE ISLAND? . . . It has been three years now since that little band of Marines . . . their last patched-up plane shot down . . . sent their last message: "The enemy has landed—the issue is in doubt." A stern example for us at home.

BUY—HOLD—MORE WAR BONDS

Serving human progress through photography



Raising the first American flag on an American Man-of-War, the "Alfred", Philadelphia, 1775*

Philadelphia

The Heritage Whisky

FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
Continental Distilling Corporation

"And many an eye has danced to see
that banner in the sky"...
Oliver Wendell Holmes

Many of America's hallowed traditions were born in Colonial Philadelphia, the city that launched the first of America's gallant naval fleets. Time-honored, too, is the "heritage of hospitality" that flourished in this thriving seaport with its expanding luxury trade. Today this honorable tradition is upheld by a superb whisky, Philadelphia Blend. A taste treat you might rightly reserve for special occasions, yet one you can afford . . . regularly and often.

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

*CONTINUING, BY POPULAR REQUEST, THE SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS FOR PHILADELPHIA BLEND...*THE HERITAGE WHISKY*...FAMOUS SINCE 1894

"Mr. Wens," and me and Pimples goes toward the bar.

"Hey," says Mr. Wens, "what if I should lose all this?"

"Never mind," I says over my shoulder, "your father will give you some more." And we left him.

"I never seen you around this dump before," Pimples said.

"I just started," I says and we kept walking past the people at the tables.

When we got to the bar I was scared, because I don't drink beer or anything at all. I often wondered why I don't do a lot of things. Other people do 'em, but when it's me, it either makes me sick, or I just wouldn't want to.

Well, there was a crowd around the bar and Pimples says, "What's all this so-and-so about me being let out by them stumble bums?"

"Somebody might hear us," I says. "I guess you don't want people to know you got kicked around."

"I never," he says pretty loud, and two little pink spots come out on his greenish white face and his little pig eyes looked like he was going to cry. "I blacked the Beaver's eye and I poked Yanci in the mouth and I took it away from 'em, didn't I? Look there. I got it, ain't I?"

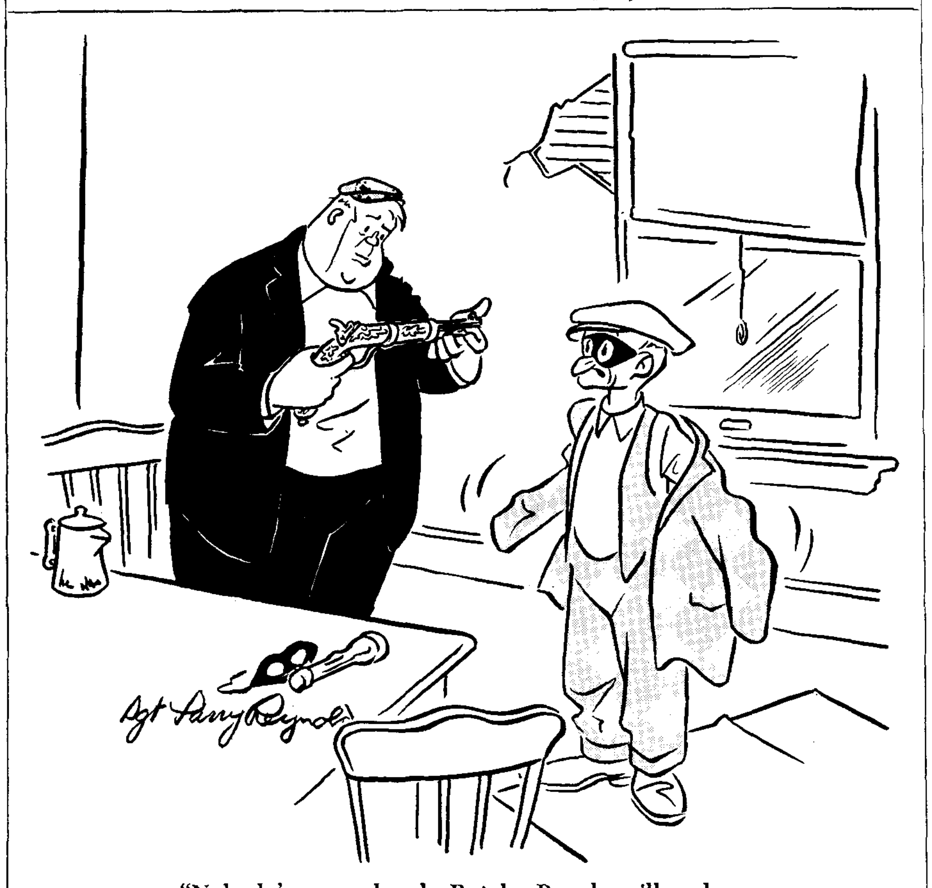
"Don't talk here," I says, "it's too crowded and we can't get no service. I better go back to my friend."

"No, wait, listen, girlie," and I saw he wanted to talk about it. I knew he was worried about getting kicked out. They are all like kids, these boys, before each other, that is. Who is leader, and who ain't, they'll shoot and stab over that. I've seen it, real often.

"Listen," he says, "I gotta talk to you. Come on up."

I said I couldn't leave my friend, but he was determined.

BUTCH by **SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Nobody's gonna laugh, Butch. People will understand how hard it is to procure firearms now"

So, "Listen," I says, "you're just trying to fool me. I bet that's a fine ring you swiped off of somebody. Lemme see."

"Nuts," he says, "it's just a foney, like them giants' rings they sell in the circus for a dime. I don't know nothing about no jewelry jobs. You know me, I work on alcohol, exclusive, me and my guys."

"Your guys?" I says.

"Sure," he says.

"That ain't what they say," I says.

"Listen," he says, "I'm drunk," he says. "I never rightly looked at you before, but when I get a dirty deal, like that squirt Yanci trying to take this off of me, right there in Butch's place before everybody, I get my feelings hurt. And when I get like this I gotta have somebody be nice to me, see? I got a room here, see? Come on up."

"And be nice to you?"

"Sure, I'll treat you right, what do you want?"

"What'll you gimme?"

"As much as that mush you was rouletting with. Don't stand there looking big-eyed; come on up, kid."

"Come up and what?"

"And be nice to me, you dope."

HE DIDN'T know about the butterflies. I was just standing still for a minute, while they turned into eagles.

"What are you stalling for? What's the matter, you think I ain't got the dough? Look." And he showed a roll.

"I don't want your money. I like jewelry," I says. "Will you give me the ring, if I'll be nice to you, like you said?"

"Listen," he says. We was going by the switchboard, and I could hear the girl saying, "I'm sorry, but Mr. Grossi can't be disturbed."

Pimples was still talking:

"This is a foney, see? And I gotta keep it to show those mugs that when I'm boss, they can't even pick up a Lincoln penny without asking my permission."

"I know," I says, "but if they was to gang up on you to take it back off of you, wouldn't it be better," I says, "to be able to say, 'I give it to a girl'? That's why I want it. If I'm going to be your girl, maybe I want to let them see I got it from the boss, like they do in the movies."

"Say!" he says. "You ain't so dumb at that," and he started into the elevator.

"Is it a bargain?" I says.

"Come on in the elevator," he says. "We'll talk upstairs."

But I just stood there and the colored elevator girl looked at me half asleep. Then when he stood in it and me outside she turned and grinned right in his fat face. It's funny how easy these small-time bad men can be tripped up.

"Okay," he says quick, "get in," and I did.

His room was like all rooms in Mulloy's, I guess—bed, chairs, bureau, one window, propped open by a red-edged black Bible. Pushed out of shape it was because the window cord had broke.

Pimples hadn't more than switched on the light in the ceiling till I quit breathing. There I stood in the middle of the floor while he slammed the door. My heart quit, and two words kept hitting against my forehead from the inside of my head, "No telephone, no telephone."

There had to be one, but there wasn't. I just stood there with my back to him, which a half-witted baby ought to of known enough not to do. But I was brought out of it with a bang, I can tell you. For I was grabbed, tight, from the back.

First I saw the ring on his left hand coming around my left side, and then I saw his right hand coming around my shoulder. He pulled me back and started kissing me and suddenly I thought, I can't stand it, I'm going to be sick right now. And I started to be.

He had a bathroom all right, and he must of been glad to see me go into it. When I shut the door I saw there was no bolt on it and no lock either, and as soon as I had a minute to think, "What am I going to do now?" I says to myself.

You see what I had planned was this: I thought I'd get up here, let Pimples tell me all his troubles about the gang, and then when he got ready for me to be nice to him, I'd take the phone off of the hook. And when the boys come up I'd play them off against each other.

"You certainly planned to be clever," I say to myself. "Well, sister, now's your chance."

"Hurry up," Pimples yelled through the door, and I went to the bathroom window for a breath of air and to look out. It was as black as the alley out back of the café. I turned my back to the window and leaned against the wall.

When I heard a knock on the outside hall door, I kept quiet to listen. And I heard Pimples say, "What do you want?"

I couldn't hear what was being said out in the hall. Then after a minute the bathroom door busted open and Pimples says, "Stay in here, see? Don't open your damned trap or I'll close it for keeps." And he shut the door again.

I COULDN'T bear the thought of standing there in that bright bathroom, with I didn't know who maybe seeing in, so I switched off the light and stood there in the dark, listening while Pimples opened the outer door.

It feels funny when you're in a little strange bathroom standing in the black dark, as if all the whole world had died, and you had died, and you was all alone. I stood there with my hands on the wet marble washstand behind me, and I got myself into this and I got nobody but myself to blame, I thought. And that was when it first come over me that somebody else, besides me, was in that dark bathroom. Somebody sure was in there. It didn't take hold of me. It just touched my elbow and stayed there.

I didn't move or yell. And then the butterflies began to act up in my stummick again. But I didn't feel sick because I had already been that—good.

When he spoke close to my ear, cold chills went up my arm and right on up the back of my neck. It was sure just like those horror pitchures.

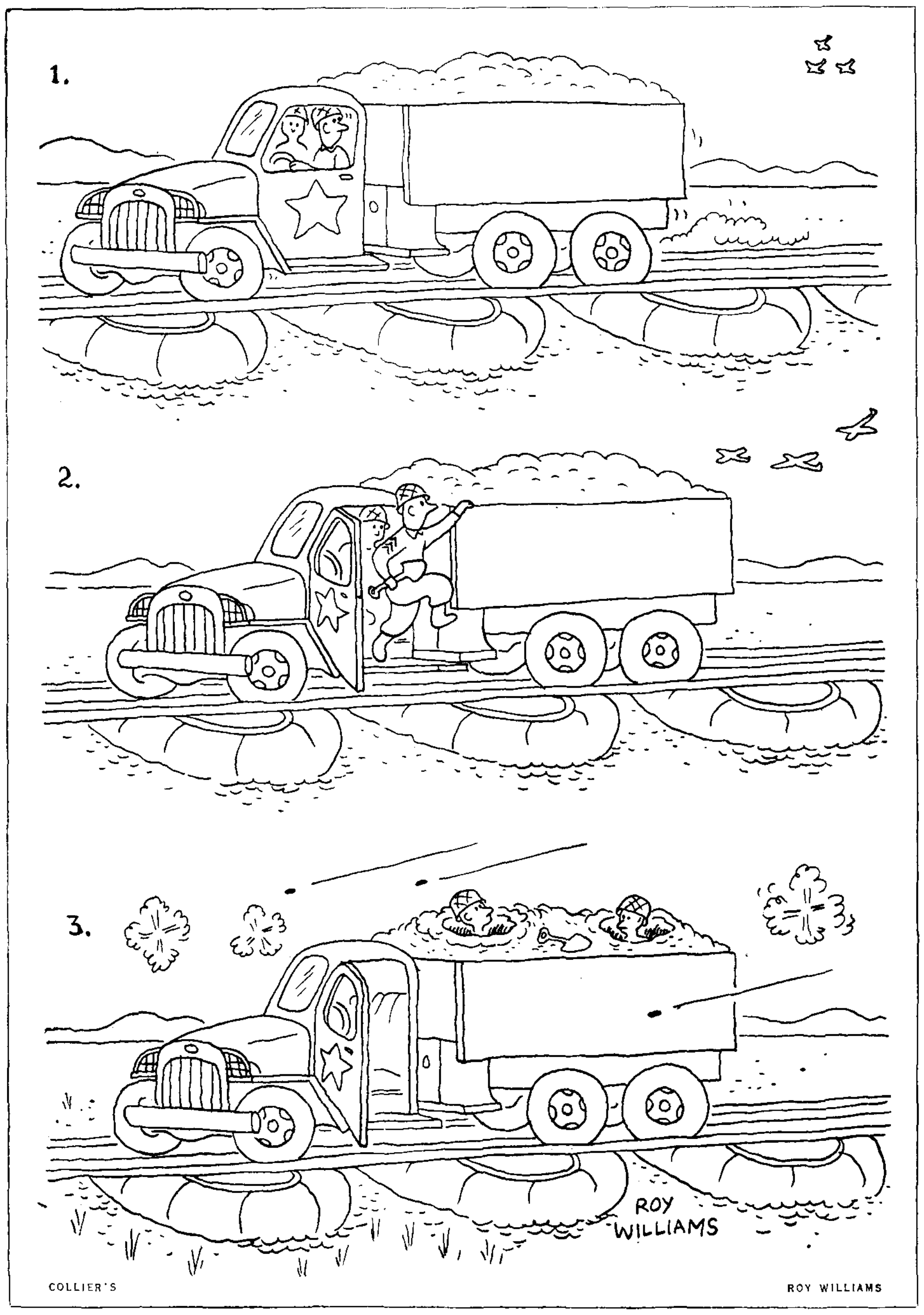
"Keep still," he mumbled.

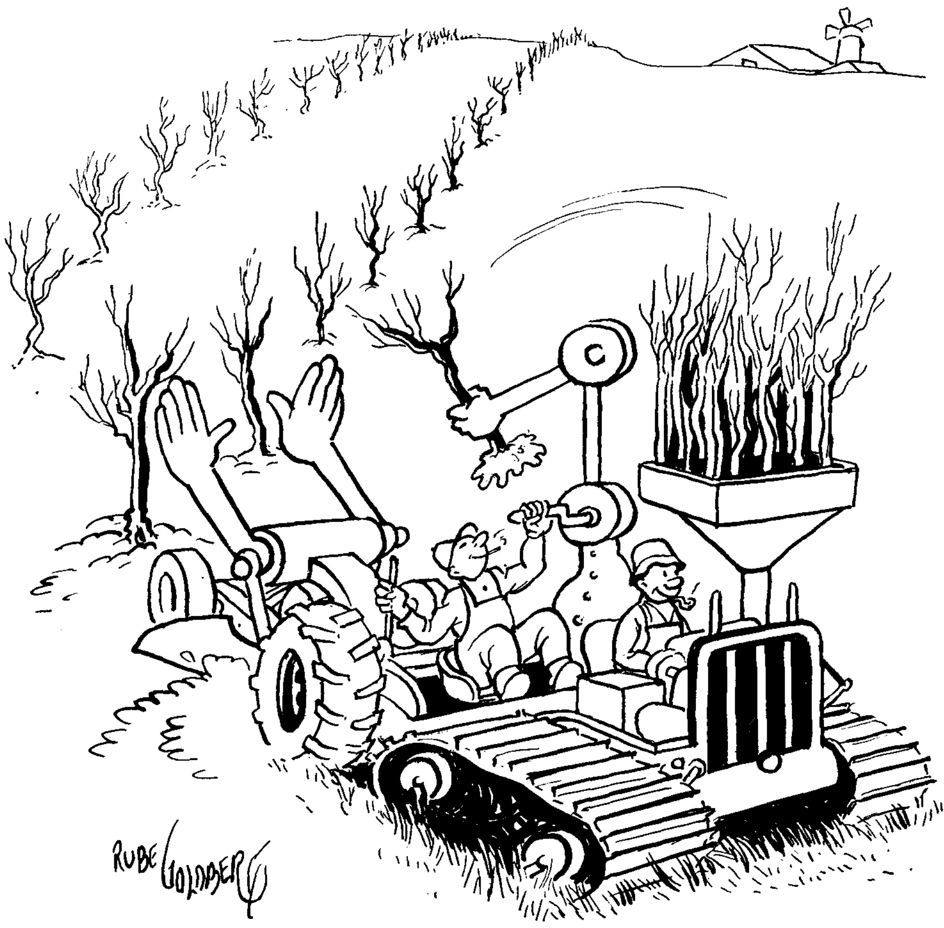
"Who are you?" I says.

"Yanci," he says, and then I knew why he couldn't talk plain. Yanci's was the lip Pimples had busted.

"I come in the window," he says. "When we started to fix the operator, she gives out that this is a cheap room, see, and that these cheap rooms here ain't got no phones in, so I come up. But there was another guy come up in the elevator with me, and he got out at this floor, too, a little bit ahead of me, and he stopped at Pimple's door, so I clumb out of

(Continued on page 38)





YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Production-Line Tree Planting

Ingenious minds in a Middle Western tree nursery have found a way to defeat the manpower shortage and at the same time plant seedlings by the thousands with only a two-man crew. While one man drives a standard tractor towing the planting machine, the other feeds the young trees over the rear. Between them they can set out three miles of saplings in a single hour.

The machine is simply a double plow which opens a narrow trench to receive the trees. Behind it is a pair of flat-tired wheels which roll the earth back into place and firm the roots in the ground. The device is not patented and can be made out of spare parts common on any farm, for about fifty dollars. Not only will it be highly valuable to nurserymen but to ranchers and farmer co-operatives, for setting out rows of trees for windbreaks and soil anchorage. Detailed plans for building the planter are already available to anyone who wants them.

Counting Noses from the Sky

The gigantic job of taking future national census counts is soon to be much simplified when the census men begin ferreting people out with aerial maps. The toughest problem in getting an accurate count is met in rural districts which include our six million farms. A large number of American counties do not have accurate maps, and thousands of farms nestle among hills and woods and are not shown in the records at all. To get at them, officials must cruise for weeks along little-used roads. But several government map-making bureaus are coming to the census taker's aid. Covering enormous territory in a short time by plane, experts will bring back photographs from which perfect scale maps can be made. Armed with these, the census men can go straight to their objectives without loss of time.

Along with this new aerial method will go the photographing of crops and cultivated areas of all kinds. Knowing in advance a farmer's acreage and crops more accurately than he does himself, the census taker will need to ask only a few simple questions to make his records complete. And the farmer will benefit greatly from the detailed crop statistics that could be gathered in no other way.

Visual Train Orders Flashed by Radio

A promising new radio aid for the railroads is being tried out in the Middle West: Picture transmission of train orders—actual images of written documents sent from engine to caboose on freights, or from dispatchers' offices along the line to fast-moving passenger trains. Recording machines at the receiving end will turn out duplicates of everything sent, down to the last comma.

Radio communication is a postwar certainty for important railroads, and it is expected that "facsimile" transmission of orders will be even speedier and more accurate than simple radio telephone. Facsimile messages can be taken by machines on the train automatically and held in readiness on a continuous paper strip while the conductor or engineman attends to other duties. Mistakes caused by faulty hearing will be ruled out.

A train equipped with facsimile service will offer many advantages to passengers as well as crew. A telegram can be sent while under way, or a business document of prime importance can be "moved" to or from the train through the air in a few minutes. A speeding train is the only major conveyance that is entirely isolated from contact with the outside world. That isolation will soon be ended.

Facsimile on the railroads will use the same principles as the familiar wirephoto and radiophoto services over land and sea. Complicated problems are added, however, by the high speed of the train. These problems are just about solved.

Fairy Tale for War and Peace

One secret of American war success is the uncanny ability of our scientists to apply physical principles to unexpected uses, producing weapons the enemy can't match. Some of these principles are old-timers in the laboratory; some are as old as the world, suddenly borrowed from nature in a flash of inspiration.

An ingenious example of the latter is the invention of a new way to drop bundles of food, ammunition and medicines to ground troops working deep in the enemy's rear. This new container, thrown from a speeding airplane, will land supplies almost on a dime in any ordinary wind, as gently as a floating leaf.

Small parachutes were formerly used for aerial supply. But they often drifted into treetops or came down in unexpected places. When a better way was urgently needed, an officer at the Army's Wright Field happened to remember the little maple seeds he had watched as a child, twirling down on their single tiny wing and landing lightly under the tree. He tried building a model of one of these seed pods, blowing it up to the size of a man and loading its hollow container with cargo. It spiraled down vertically and could safely bring 100 pounds to earth from any height. The single vane and container, made of light metal or plastic, could be used again and again. The device, now nicknamed the "skyhook," is fluttering down on many Allied battlefields.

This chance invention has important applications for tomorrow. Air mail and express can be delivered by it to small towns along plane routes, accurately falling at regular receiving stations. Food and supplies can be pin-pointed to construction crews in the wilderness; rescue outfits can be dropped within reach of lifeboats at sea.

Some day, perhaps, even human passengers can alight this way more safely than with parachutes.

Watch for These . . .

Color charts for the farmer to compare with his alfalfa fields and other growing acreage, to spot plant diseases at a glance.

Quick-action hormone spray for your garden, to produce larger, faster-growing tomatoes with no seeds. ★★★

Maiden with Butterflies

Continued from page 37

the hall window onto the fire escape, see? And I come to listen at this window, and it was open and dark, so I got in. What's cooking?" he says.

"He knocked on the hall door," I says. "He's talking to Pimples now."

"Who is he?" he says.

"How would I know?" I says. "What did he look like?"

But just then we heard Pimples' voice, mad as a hornet, yelling, "Get the hell out of here before I poke you, see?" And we both kept right still and listened.

This other man, whoever he was, laughed loud and drunk sounding, and then we heard something that sounded like somebody had crashed on the floor hard. Then there was a hand on the knob of the bathroom door and Yanci, like a cat, was back in the dark corner down under the window, and the door opened and the light was hitting me in the eyes so bright I couldn't see right away who it was standing there, laughing like a silly drunk, saying, "Come out, Lady Teazel, come out."

First I thought he said Lady Teaser, but it wasn't that, I heard it plain. And it was Mr. Wens, drunker than you would think anybody could ever have gotten in such a very little while.

So I came out and there was Pimples upside down, where Mr. Wens must of pushed him into a chair that fell over backward. So I shut the bathroom door and Mr. Wens kept laughing. I could see Pimples must of hit his head hard against the wall, because he sure looked groggy. And then I saw the ring on the floor. Wens was weaving back and forth and laughing.

"Look at him," he says. "Just a little push. I came up to give you your winnings," he says, "and he wasn't polite, so I pushed him." And he took a double handful of blue chips out of his coat pockets and "Here," he says, and he poured 'em into my hands.

"Look," he says, "you sure were lucky."

I took 'em and poured the blue chips all over Pimples.

"There!" I says, and I picked up the ring.

"Good!" says Mr. Wens. "Come on," and he opened the hall door.

As we went out, I turned around. "That'll more than pay you, Pimples," I says and I followed Mr. Wens out in the hall, and he shut the door, but not before I saw Yanci come darting out of the bathroom like a ferret and start scooping up the blue chips.

Just as we got to the head of the stairs the elevator door opened down the hall, and the Beaver got out with the other two zooters close behind him, but they didn't see us because Mr. Wens grabbed my hand and pulled me down the steps faster than any drunk could possibly go.

As we got to the second floor and started down toward the lobby, we heard a loud slap from inside one of the rooms, and a girl's voice come over a transom, "Stop, Mr. Grossi, stop."

"Quite a place," says Mr. Wens, and he wasn't drunk at all.

WE SLOWED up as we got to where people could see us and we walked out of the door onto the dark sidewalk. As we came out a motor made a quick speeding-up sound and a big, black car slid up and stopped. The door opened and Mr. Wens pushed me in.

The door slammed, and the car slid away from Mulloy's and there we sat on the two jump seats, and I was just about to heave a sigh of relief when I looked in front of us at the backs of two big men in black coats and hats, and I saw their necks was brown.

I glanced at the two men in the seat behind us, and they was brown men with black coats and hats, too, and so I knew what car it was we was in.

I looked at Mr. Wens and he was grinning. "Where did they come from?" I says.

"You like to of run over 'em in that dark alley back of the café," he says.

"Who are they?" I says.

"Indians," he says, "not the cigar-store kind."

"Do you know them?"

"We never was properly introduced," he says, "because they can't speak English, but we nod to each other in passing."

And that's how it went, he kept kidding and wouldn't tell me nothing.

"You're quite a gal," he says. "And I got to ask you something before we get to where we're going. Do you know what you got in your hand?"

"Yes," I says.

"Do you know what it's worth?"

"No," I says.

Just then we was going north over a Michigan Avenue bridge.

"Well," he says, "it's worth about as much as that," and he pointed to the Wrigley Building.

"Do they know that?" I says, nodding at the quartet that was all around us.

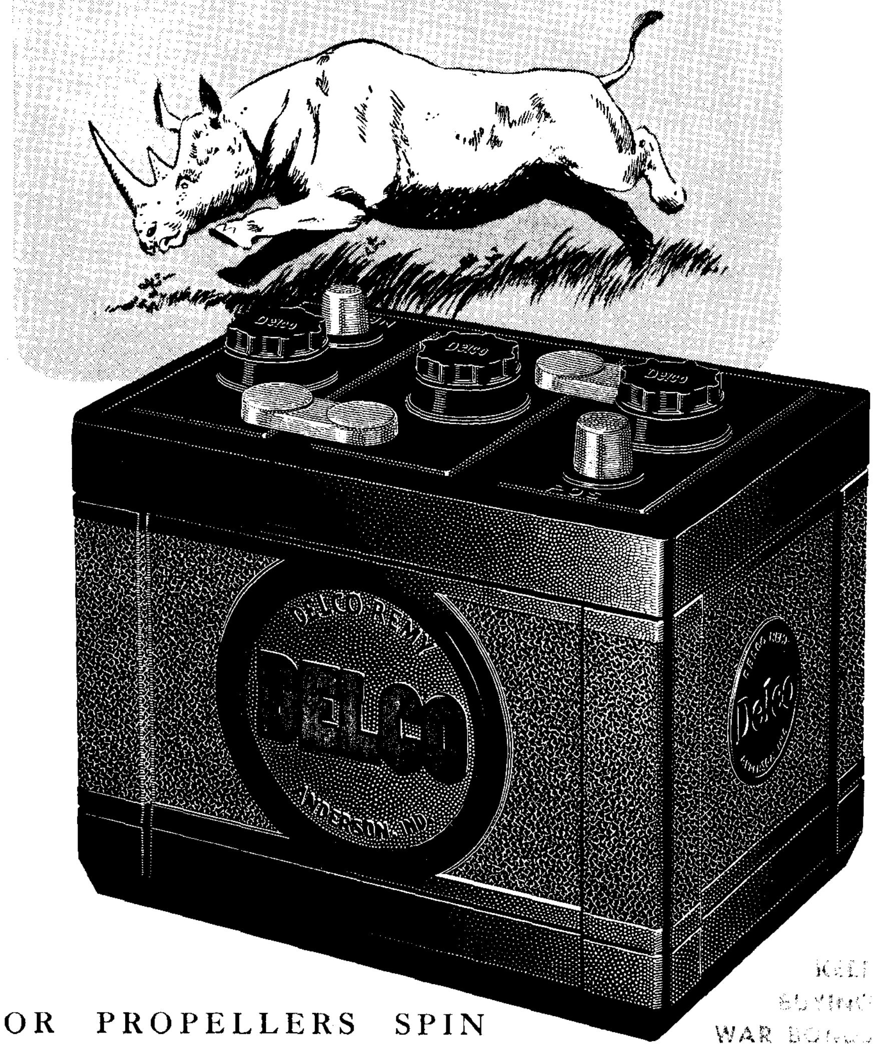
"Yes," he says.

"Do they know I got it?"

Faithful as a . . .

Powerful as a . . .

Rugged as a . . .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ORIGINAL EQUIPMENT ON MORE CARS . . . SOLD BY MORE DEALERS THAN ANY OTHER BATTERY

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KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS

SURPRISE PACKAGES

THE LOCALE	THE PACKAGE
Cranford, New Jersey	**A divorcee asked the judge to reduce her alimony allowance one third.**
Windber, Pennsylvania	**The Borough Council asked the government for a grant for a new sewer and received one for a new post office instead.**
Detroit	**A man walked into the public library and returned a book that had been borrowed in 1829.**
Bougainville	**A soldier got a letter from his girl containing a picture of her being married to another fellow.**
Kansas City	**After he had been in the Army for a year, his draft board notified a soldier that he was a 4F.**
Los Angeles	**A lady sued her husband for divorce on their golden-wedding anniversary.**

—W. E. Farbstein

"They hope you have, but don't show it to 'em or they'll all four kiss you at once."

"Do you know the little gentleman that had it hung around his neck?" I says.

"Yes," he says, "he does speak English, so we got formally introduced."

"Are you working with these men?" I says.

"Yes," he says.

"And you and they," I says, "must of been trying to get it away from him," I says.

"We was watching him," he says.

I couldn't make him out. He still looked like some society playboy; no hat, and his tux not like either a waiter that rents it, or a movie actor with too wide shoulders and too pinched waist.

"Was you with them back there in the alley?" I says.

"I was watching the front of Butch's place," he says, "so if you was to come out that way. They picked me up as they followed you around out of the alley. That's how I got to Mulloy's before you did."

I remembered reading in stories that jewelry thieves was different, better educated than them that deals in other stuff—more genteel, they got to be.

"I guess these men would kill me to get it away from me," I says.

"You're all right, as long as you don't try to run away," he says, and he lit a cigarette. "Oh, sorry," he says, "have one?"

"No thanks," I says.

"You are a game kid," he says, "and I want you to do something you may not want to."

"What?" I says.

"How'd you like to go to Mexico?"

"I can't," I says. "What for?"

"Well, now listen quick, before we get to where we're going. I feel flattered you'd think I had brains enough to be the master mind of these mystery-story Indians, but I got to tell you the truth. I'm not the boss. My boss is a pretty smart guy. He's a gent of the name of Hoover," he says, "and his boss is his Uncle Sam."

Before I could say a word, the car stopped, and it was the Trask again.

Mr. Wens got out and reached in for me. The four men sat still, looking like statures, and I went with him straight to the elevator.

It's stolen, I thought, and I've got it, I thought, and he's got me. Poor Pop; now when he's really beginning to get a little old, here I am, being took into this big hotel by a federal man with a ring worth the Wrigley Building that he seen me grab off of a drunk gangster. And him taking me now to the owner of it to identify it before taking me off to jail; though I didn't know we had jails in Mexico.

He took my arm, and we stepped into the elevator, and it started up. There was morning papers in neat piles on the bench across the back of the elevator. I just looked down at them, and what was looking up at me, from a pitchure on that morning paper, but the little gentleman to whose upstairs parlor Mr. Wens was taking me.

MR. WENS looked, too, at the paper, and then he looked at me and grinned. So he picked up the paper and gave the man a quarter and held the paper so I could read what it said over the pitchure.

SON OF INDIAN PRINCE VISITS CHICAGO, it said over it, and under it, "Prince Halla Bandah Rookh," it says, "second son of ruler of Indian principality was greeted by Mayor at airport, breaking his journey to Mexico and South America by private plane before he returns to"—and so on.

The elevator stopped and Mr. Wens took the paper and pushed my elbow and we was walking along that soft carpet toward the door.

"Listen," I says, "can I ask you something?"

"Later," he says, knocking on the door.

"This can't be happening," I says to myself. "I seen too many movies, I read too much in them magazines at the beauty parlor. This can't be happening. It just can't."

But it was. There was the two boys in the white head things and there was the gentleman, standing under the light, smoking a cigarette. And there was us, and me holding out my fist and opening it, and there was the ring with the little beads of sweat on it and there was the broken chain in my other hand, and there was the gentleman that I had just found out about as being a prince, and he was on his knees and kissing the toe of my slipper and the two boys with their foreheads on the carpet and their backs up in the air, and that's all I remembered, except that I knew I had gone and fainted for the first time in my life.

THEN the first thing I knew was a burp of the fumes of the liquor they must of poured down me that was sure unladylike. I laid still, but kept right on being conscious. After a while I smelled whisky and my head seemed to spin around. But I could see I was laying on a soft bed with my shoes off, in the prettiest bedroom you ever saw. Soft rose-colored lights and heavy rose silk curtains pulled all the way across the windows.

Pretty soon the door opened and one of the boys come in with a little tray with coffee in a teeny little doll cup. It come over me when I saw the little sandwiches that I was empty, and no wonder.

The boy sat down the tray on a little table and touched his forehead with his fingers and bowed and went out.

I began to get my senses back. I knew I would have to think in a minute, but before trying that I thought I better eat the sandwiches and drink the coffee. It was black and sweet and strong enough to go out and work for a living. There was a little skinny pot with more in it and three little pieces of candy that was soft and spongy and tasted like roses smell. So I ate it all and drank it all. So by that time I was wide awake and all ready to start thinking, and about time, too.

But before I could more than get up and look at myself in the glass, the door opened and somebody says, "May a chance acquaintance come to call?" And I knew it was Mr. Wens.

"Sure," I says. "How long was I out?"

"Long enough," he says. "Did you find the clothes?"

"No, I didn't," I says. "What clothes?"

"There," he says, and points to a sofa that had only one arm, and there was a black dress and a cute little black hat and a fur coat that could of fooled a mink, and gloves and a black handbag; and, beside it, a little traveling bag, black, too; and under the couch, two black pumps, and one of my slippers, and when I looked back at him he was grinning.

"Who's dead?" I says, but I don't feel like joking. "Whose are they?" I says.

"Yours," he says. "We'll get you some more in Mexico City," he says. "Better get dressed," he says. "I'll turn my back and watch the daylight come up over the lake."

"Will they fit?" I says.

"They ought to come near it," he says. "I took your slipper and that coat that seemed to fit you."

"But this time of night," I says, "or morning?"

"There's shops in the hotel," he says, "and the manager at my urgent request woke up one of his guests who owns one of 'em. He seemed to enjoy choosing things for you."

"I hope he chose some underwear. I haven't got any on," I says.

"So I noticed," he says, but he never turned around.

So I started dressing, and was I surprised to find everything a near enough fit.

"Listen," he says. "I want you to go, anyway as far as Mexico with the prince, and I don't want you to ask too many questions why. You are a godsend to the Department," he says.

"What department?" I says, pulling on stockings as thin as cigarette smoke. "You must of spent all of your money for these things," I says.

"Mr. Hoover's money," he says. "And Mr. Hoover's Department," he says. "Do you want to see my identification?"

"You're all right," I says.

"How do you know?" he says.

"I know," I says. "Go on."

"Well," he says, "I'll fix it so the prince will ask you to fly to Mexico along with him and his sweet."

"Who's she?" I says, and he told me that a lot of people that travels along with a prince is called his sweet, all of 'em.

"How will you fix it?" I says.

"Never mind, I think it's a good thing for you to be out of town for a while, anyway," he says.

"Listen, Mr. Wens," I says.

"Who?" he says.

"Wens, ain't that your name?" I says. "I remember when I says this is my friend Pimples, what's your name, that you said Wens."

He laughed kind of soft for quite a while.

"Listen," I says, "are you arresting me or not? I gotta understand some things."

"Arresting you?" he says. "What for?" he says.

"About the ring. I thought first those four brown gangsters in the big car was after him, the gentleman, you know, the prince. Then you was with 'em, then I thought you was arresting me; now I don't know. I never heard of dressing anybody up in mourning to take 'em to jail, and besides I didn't know we had jails in Mexico."

THE brazeer was too loose, so I was tying a knot in it. I was right about Mr. Wens being all right. He kept right on looking at daylight.

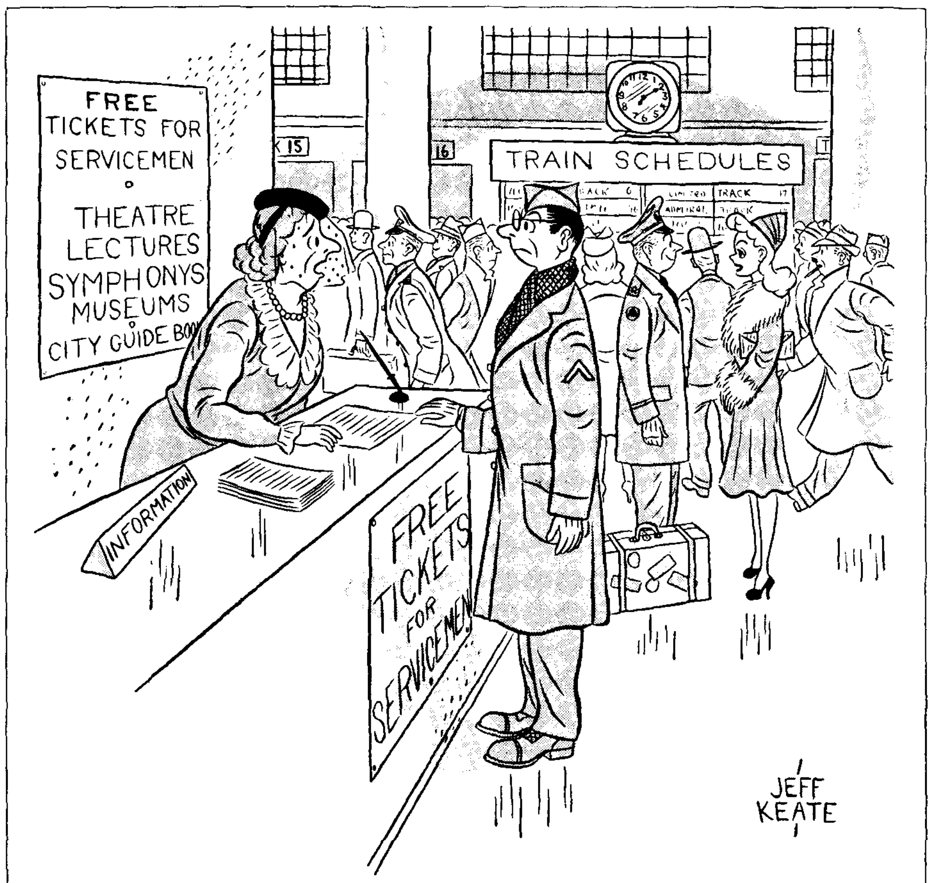
"Baby," he says, "you're wonderful. Forget it. You've done us all a greater service than we could ever thank you for. You see the prince just got tired of people last night, after the mayor's dinner, and somehow he got away from his sweet, and into Butch's place. And while we was looking the town over to find him so we could keep on watching over him till he gets across the border, he disappeared. But God was sure good to us," he says. "He found a little angel without any underwear on to guard the little prince and his rubies, too. You're a heroine," he says, "and I wouldn't be surprised if the English king didn't make you one of his Dames," he says.

"You can turn around now," I says, zipping the dress up at the side, and stamping my feet to see if the shoes was all right, and they was.

"Gosh," he says.

"Why ought I to go to Mexico?" I says.

"Well, for one thing," he says, "this paper here says that it is reported that the prince came to America to sell about a bushel of emeralds and diamonds and rubies. Just why he sold 'em I can't tell you, yet. But from what I hear of your friend Pimples


FREE TICKETS FOR SERVICEMEN
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15
16
TRAIN SCHEDULES
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FREE TICKETS FOR SERVICEMEN
JEFF KEATE

"I haven't a single ticket to the poultry show left—all I have is a few tickets to Oklahoma!, The Voice of the Turtle and Mexican Hayride!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

POWER

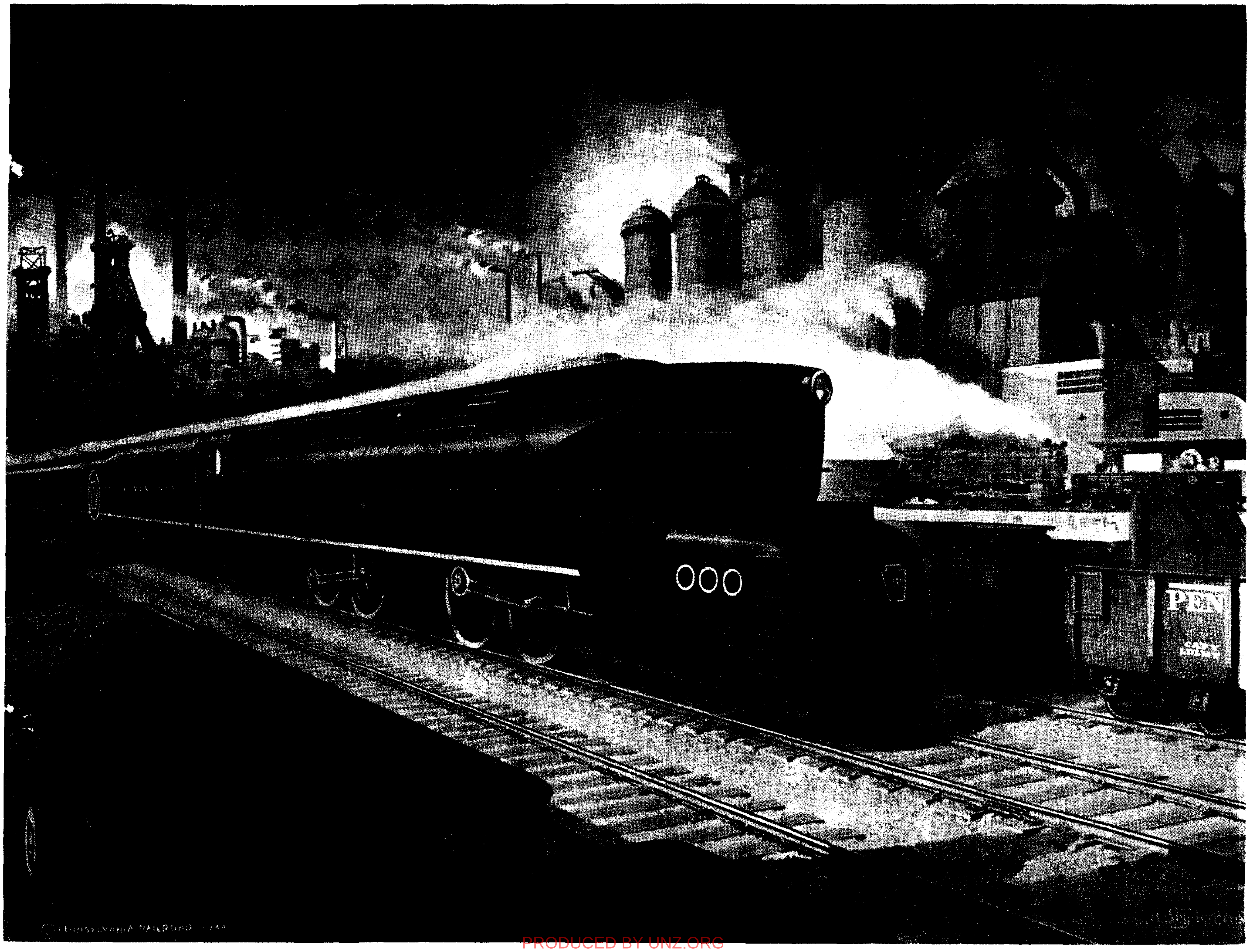
TO PACE THE FUTURE

Here's the drama that comes off a drawing board . . . first of a series of new engines now in service on the East-West route of the Pennsylvania Railroad! Capable of speeds up to 120 miles an hour . . . different in design . . . this long streamlined giant not only marks another forward stride in the science of railroading — it is indicative of the spirit of progress in an industry vital to the welfare of America, now and in the future.

Pennsylvania Railroad
moves ahead

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

★ *50,265 entered the Armed Forces* ☆ *492 have given their lives for their Country*



VE DID IT AGAIN

"Forget the parades—there's work to do!" urged Elsie

"Rubbish!" rumbled Elmer, the bull. "This war is in the bag. I want to wave a flag and hear the bands. What's wrong with that?"

"Practically everything," sighed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "When you're winning is the very time it's hardest to keep going at full speed. It's been a great year for the Allies, and we have every right to feel proud and grateful for the job our fighting men have done. But we can't let up now."

"Aw shucks," pouted Elmer, "a little overconfidence never hurt anyone."

"That's what Hitler thought," laughed Elsie. "He could set you right, before I could say there's cream in every sip of *Borden's Homogenized Milk*——and sunshine Vitamin D, too!"

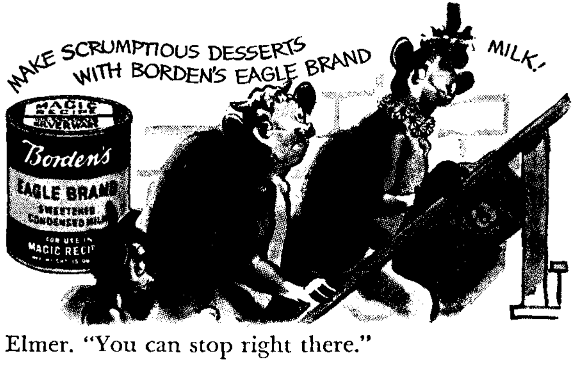
CREAM IN EVERY SIP OF BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK!
Borden's

"All right—I'm wrong," snapped Elmer. "What do you want me to do—have a glass of milk?"

"Of course, not, silly," chuckled Elsie. "I want you to stop dreaming about Victory Parades and help bring final Victory sooner. That means continuing to buy War Bonds, to visit your blood bank, to conserve food, to live up to the rationing rules. And, speaking of rationing, did you ever see a better buy for your points and pennies than grand and glorious ripe, mellow *Borden's Camembert Cheese?* It's only one of a score of wonderful *Borden's Fine Cheeses,* and . . ."

WONDERFUL "BUYS" FOR YOUR POINTS AND PENNIES—BORDEN'S CHEESES!
BORDEN'S MILITARY BRAND

"Don't tell me—I know the *score,*" interrupted Elmer. "You can stop right there."


MAKE SCRUMPTIOUS DESSERTS WITH BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND MILK!
EAGLE BRAND
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
MAGIC RECI

"Nonsense," giggled Elsie. "If I stopped there how would people ever learn the oodles of desserts they can make with *Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk?* Why, you can't make a smoother chocolate sauce than the one I make with Eagle Brand!"

"I thought you said overconfidence was dangerous," murmured Elmer drily. "Aren't your opinions about Borden a little on the enthusiastic side?"

MINCIEST MINCE MEAT EVER—BORDEN'S NONE SUCH
Borden's
NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

"Perhaps," admitted Elsie. "But isn't *everyone* enthusiastic about *Borden's None Such Mince Meat*—the fruitiest, spiciest, minciest mince meat that ever found its way between pie crusts!"

"You're supposed to answer the questions around here," Elmer pointed out. "Before you got sidetracked on Borden's, you were telling me how I should behave with victory in sight."

"So I was," beamed Elsie. "Well, the thing to do is to work as hard as you can and keep as cool as . . . well . . . the most delightfully cool things I can think of are *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Milk Sherbets.* Both are great foods as well as delicious treats."

BORDEN'S ICE CREAMS AND MILK SHERBETS—GRAND TREATS, GRAND FOODS!

"Here we go again," sighed Elmer. "Now, if you'll stop talking a minute, I'll see if there's any good news on the radio."

"I'm not worried about the news," said Elsie. "If we'll all keep working and backing up our fighting men with all our might, the news has *got* to be good—"

"Seems to me I've heard those words somewhere before," said Elmer brightly. "Seems to me it starts 'If it's Borden's—' "

"Elmer, you're marvelous!" enthused Elsie. "I'll finish it for you—*If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*

• • •

Hear Ed Wynn in *"Happy Island"* Monday Evenings! Blue Network. See local paper for time and station.

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

© The Borden Company

"Oh, I couldn't possibly start work Monday—I don't get up that early"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

and his little playmates, they might, when they read that little item, get it through their thick skulls that maybe that wasn't a taillight you was so anxious to pay them a few blue chips for. Don't you see what I mean?"

And boy, I did.

"Just so," he says. "They'll be pretty sore," he says, "and who could blame them? Now the prince is leaving about sunrise from the airport, in a very neat little job that he bought himself while passing through Detroit, and I have told him that you are in a kind of spot with Pimples and his little pals, and naturally the prince feels that he ought to do anything he can for you, after you risking all to get Hankah back for him."

"Who's that?" I says.

"That," he says, "is the name of the ruby in the ring."

"Do they christen their rubies?" I says. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Baby," he says, "unless I miss my guess, you're going to learn about a lot of things you never heard about before."

"But how can I go, now I know he's a prince?"

"Forget it," he says. "He's as nice a little guy as ever rode a elephant," he says.

"But who's going to pay my way back?"

"Listen," he says, and he come over and stood looking in my eyes, and I couldn't help thinking how much like the real thing he looked—boyish and nice and ready to grin. "You've got to understand what that ruby's worth to these boys," he was saying.

"I know, the Wrigley Building. You told me," I says.

"But more than that," he says, "it's sacred. You see it was on the finger of a very special god of theirs."

"He must of been a giant," I says. "How'd he lose his pinkie ring?"

"Well," he says, "a very unexpected earthquake came along and shook him the hell off of his throne. His stone hand, with this ring on his thumb, broke off and rolled down the hill right into the front door of this prince's old father's private palace. So this hand has become a kind of a relic. So this old prince when his youngest boy started out on this trip took the ring off of the stone hand and tied the ring around his boy's neck and let him come to America with the family jewelry, on which he has already raised about two or three million bucks, for what purpose Mr. Hoover's noisiest little sleuths, in association with Sherlock Holmes and Scotland Yard and every department in England, including Big Ben, have been unable to find out. But I just mention in passing that what he's over here collecting nickels for seems to be of a good deal of interest to a good many governments."

"Has he sold 'em all—the jewelry?" I asked.

"We don't know," he says, "but one thing we do know. His old man thought this magic ring from this god would protect the young prince and the funny thing is that it has. What I mean is, I guess these Indians feel like they owe you about this room full of money. So you go ahead with him and collect it," he says, "but if they don't pay up," he says, "we'll sure bring you back from wherever you want to ditch the picnic; you and your Aunt Mary, too."

"My what?" I says.

"Your Aunt Mary," he says, and he led me over to the sofa by the window.

"You've got an Aunt Mary, see, and you naturally couldn't go off to Mexico with a lot of strange brown gentlemen, without a chaperone, even when they're trying to repay you for saving Hankah, the ruby, by getting you away from dangerous gangsters. So naturally your Aunt Mary will accompany you."

"BUT who is she?" I says. "I haven't got any Aunt Mary."

"You have, now," he says. "She's a nice woman, young enough to enjoy the trip, but with white hair, so she lends dignity to any gathering. And what's more she's waiting for you right now in the next room, and when you're ready, I'd like to bring her in."

"There's just one thing," I says. "My Pop," I says. "He's in Mattoon."

"Would you like me to go see him?" he says. "After you're gone, I mean."

"It would scare him to death," I says. "I don't want to scare him."

"Then why tell him at all, till you get back?"

"Because," I says, "he would have to know it. I write him a note twice a week, Wednesdays and Sundays, and tell him what I've been doing."

"Your letters are going to be more interesting," he says, "from now on."

"Listen," I says, "he's getting no younger; my mother is dead and I'm all he's got pretty near, except an old toolbox and a pair of patched overalls and a job of carpentering one or two days a week when he feels like working. You can't just send a telegraph boy with a wire that you've gone off in an airplane, that you've never been in one before, with a brown prince and his sweet and an Aunt Mary that you haven't got, and expect him not to blow a gasket," I says, "and besides, and this is very important, I send him a little money every week, see? And maybe he couldn't spend Mexico money even if I got hold of any to send him. I'll have to go to see him and explain it."

"I'm afraid you can't," he says. "You're leaving pretty near right now."

"Listen, Mr. Wens," I says, "I can see there's more to this trip than shooting catfish, but I got to think of my Pop. I can't do it," I says. "I ain't going."

"Wait," he says. "Isn't there somebody else who could go see your Pop and explain?"

"Jeff," I says.

"A relative?"

"No, and Pop never seen him even, but Jeff could do it."

"Better than me?" he says.

"Better than anybody," I says.

"Thanks," he says, "and now where is this Jeff?"

"That's the trouble," I says.

"We'll find him," he says.

"But you can't," I says. "He's hacking, or maybe driving around on the company's gas looking for me all over Chicago. You don't seem to realize," I says, "what an impossible thing it is to find a special Yellow cab that's cruising around Chicago."

"You don't seem to realize," he says, "who you are mixed up with," he says.

And I certainly didn't.

We hadn't hardly got to the airport when a couple motorcycle cops come roaring up hollering, "Okay, we got him."

And a minute later up come Jeff in his Yellow, pale as a ghost and with a couple more cops riding herd on him. Good old Jeff. I liked to of kissed him, but I didn't.

We didn't have long to talk, but I told him as good as I could about this trip to Mexico, and right away he said no I wasn't to.

Then Mr. Wens took him off at the side and showed him some papers from his hip pocket, and Jeff come right back, and I saw everything was different.

"You've got to go," he says. "I'll be in Mattoon in the morning. Don't worry now, and when you start back just call the cab company, get my boss, Mr. Worthing, reverse the charges, tell him when you'll get in, and I'll meet you, right here on this spot."

"Kiss Pop for me," I says, and I wrote the address. "You'll love him, Jeff. What about money, Jeff?" I says. "I send Pop two dollars a week for pipe tobacco and shaving soap and things."

"Don't worry," he says, "it's all fixed."

"I'll pay you back," I says.

"It ain't me," Jeff says, and he nodded his head at Mr. Wens. "Everything is took care of," he says, "by your boy friend."

"He ain't, Jeff," I says. "He ain't, honest he ain't. Please don't think he is."

Mr. Wens was yelling, "All aboard!" He was surrounded by a lot of people, the motorcycle cops that had brought Jeff and more brown men than you ever saw. All the four of the sweet, the two boys and a lot of baggage and a brown pilot and a copilot, and so up the steps we went. Aunt Mary held out her hand in a clean white glove to Mr. Wens.

"Thank you so much," she says, "for arranging everything for my niece and me. You were very kind."

"Don't mention it," he says. "Goodby."

"Goodby, Mr. Swift," she says, and climbed up the steps to the plane.

"Goodby," I says, too, "Mr——"

"Swift," he says, "Wens is my pet name," and he was grinning.

I TURNED back at the door and looked down the little flight of steps that was on rollers, and there stood Jeff, looking a little scared and sad.

"What's he so troubled about?" I says to myself, and then something sort of melted in my throat. "It's me. Jeff is scared something will happen to me." And, "Jeff," I yelled, "come here," and he run up the steps so fast they like to of rolled out from under us.

"What do you want?" Jeff says, and his blue eyes was begging me to please want something.

"Just, goodby," I says, and he kissed me, firm and hard on my mouth, till it hurt, and then he let me go and was gone.

Somehow I was sitting down and something was roaring and then Jeff and the buildings moved away faster and faster and we bumped once, and then the whole world settled down below us, like it was floating out from under us, and I knew we were gone.

"Goodby, Jeff," I says, waving my new handkerchief at a cloud and then wiping my eyes with it.

Aunt Mary patted my hand and leaned over to the prince and spoke soft.

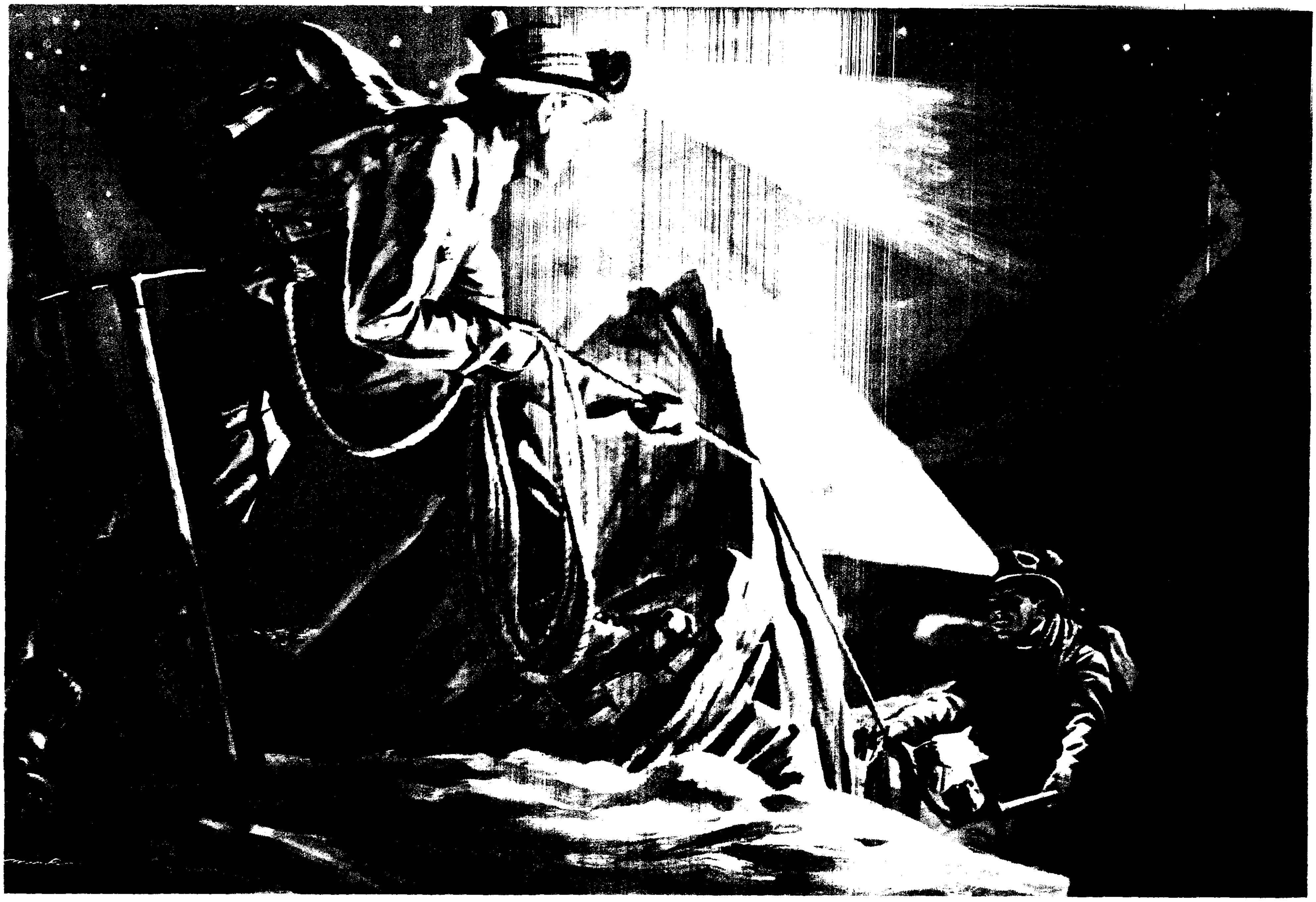
"Her brother," she said, with her sweet quiet smile, and everybody looked sympathetic.

Aunt Mary sat by me, but after a while she went up and sat in another seat and started to write a letter or something. And there I was going up through the morning, and I began getting butterflies in my stummick all over again because I suddenly realized I didn't really know where I was headed for, or why.

(To be continued next week)

"Shall I just tell them that their dog hates our dog, and our dog can't stand theirs—and we just don't want them for the week end anyway?"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW



We tested the ice with our picks and yodeled from time to time to let Mr. Griffin know, if he was still able to hear, that help was on the way

MY BROTHER Hasi

BY HANS RUESCH

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID MINK

Obviously Hasi knew nothing about boxing and less about love. Or why else should he pick a glacier to hasten the progress of romance?

I MUST tell this story about the one and only romantic adventure of my kid brother Hasi to make clear, once and for all, that during our last scuffle I let Hasi beat me on purpose. It was his wedding day, and I really couldn't bruise him up too badly, or Sylvie would never have forgiven me. But he'd rather die than admit it. He always insists in the rudest manner that he can lick me any time he wants, before or even after a wedding. This attitude angers me no end, for it's people like Hasi that give us mountain folk the reputation of being stubborn.

Hasi and I were born in Grotz, a hamlet in the mountains of Graubünden, Switzerland's easternmost canton. Our village consisted of seventeen houses, including the White Cross, a small hotel. To church and school we had to walk four miles. The forests and meadows and pastures, enclosed by snow-capped mountain ranges and glittering with the streams from the melting ice, had an air of intimacy. The Bärengrat Glacier, descending the tortuous valleys, dazzled golden in the sun and its crevasses were blue. In summer we guided roping parties over the glacier and in winter we gave skiing lessons to the tourists—just like our father, who had lost his life on a rescuing mission on Mount Matterhorn. For a mountaineer to die in the mountains is like a seaman dying at sea—there is honor in it, and makes you love the mountains all the more.

Apart from the mountains and the tavern of the White Cross, the most exciting thing in Grotz was Sylvie. Sylvie was a neighbor. As she had lost her mother in her childhood, she used to come around our house for some motherly loving, of which our old lady had plenty to give.

One summer an American vacationist by the name of Bill Griffin arrived in Grotz. He was a young geologist from Arkansas, interested in the rock formations of the Alps. You can't climb mountains without finding rocks, and, every day, Mr. Griffin would go clambering about with alpenstock and rope, taking Hasi or myself as his guide. You could fill books with what Mr. Griffin didn't know about rock climbing, but he was a nice and interesting man and the whole family fell for him, hook, line and Sylvie.

He'd have been handsome if he'd taken off his glasses, but then if he had done that he wouldn't have known the difference between Sylvie and a cow. We taught him rope and snow craft and all our old mountain and marching songs, some sad and some funny, like Once I Had a Comrade, You'll Never Find a Better One, and, most popular of all, My Old Man Comes from Applegate, He Eats His Cheese Right Off the Plate. In turn I had him give me boxing lessons. The Americans excel in that sport. They organize big prize fights in a roped enclosure which, because it is square, they call a ring.

I had, besides my natural eagerness to educate myself, a special reason for learning how to box. Since my father had died, I had taken Hasi's education upon my shoulders, and this didn't go without an occasional beating. Although already eighteen and only one year younger than I, Hasi was rather immature.

He was a big lump of a fellow. The girls found him handsome, but I've seen better-looking oxen. However, his strength already surpassed mine, and this, together with a train of unfortunate circumstances, accounted for the fact that for the past twenty or thirty times I had been the one who received the beating whenever I had tried to be educational. And I owed it to my father's memory to make an outstanding, upstanding citizen of Hasi.

You see, while the old man was still alive there had been serious arguments in our family about education. My father followed an old mountain adage which said: Beat your children regularly at least once a week—if you don't know the reason, they do. We children argued we ought to be punished only if discovered doing something wrong, which would give us a sporting chance. But Father contended these were modern, outlandish habits, promoting underhandedness, for which he would never stand. So he gave us our weekly beating every Sunday before church, and we did our best to deserve it. Sometimes, however, the old man had a hangover from playing cards at the White Cross tavern till the small hours, and next morning would be unable to go to church. On such occasions we went scot-free, for Mother had ruled he might chastise us only when he himself was good and holy.

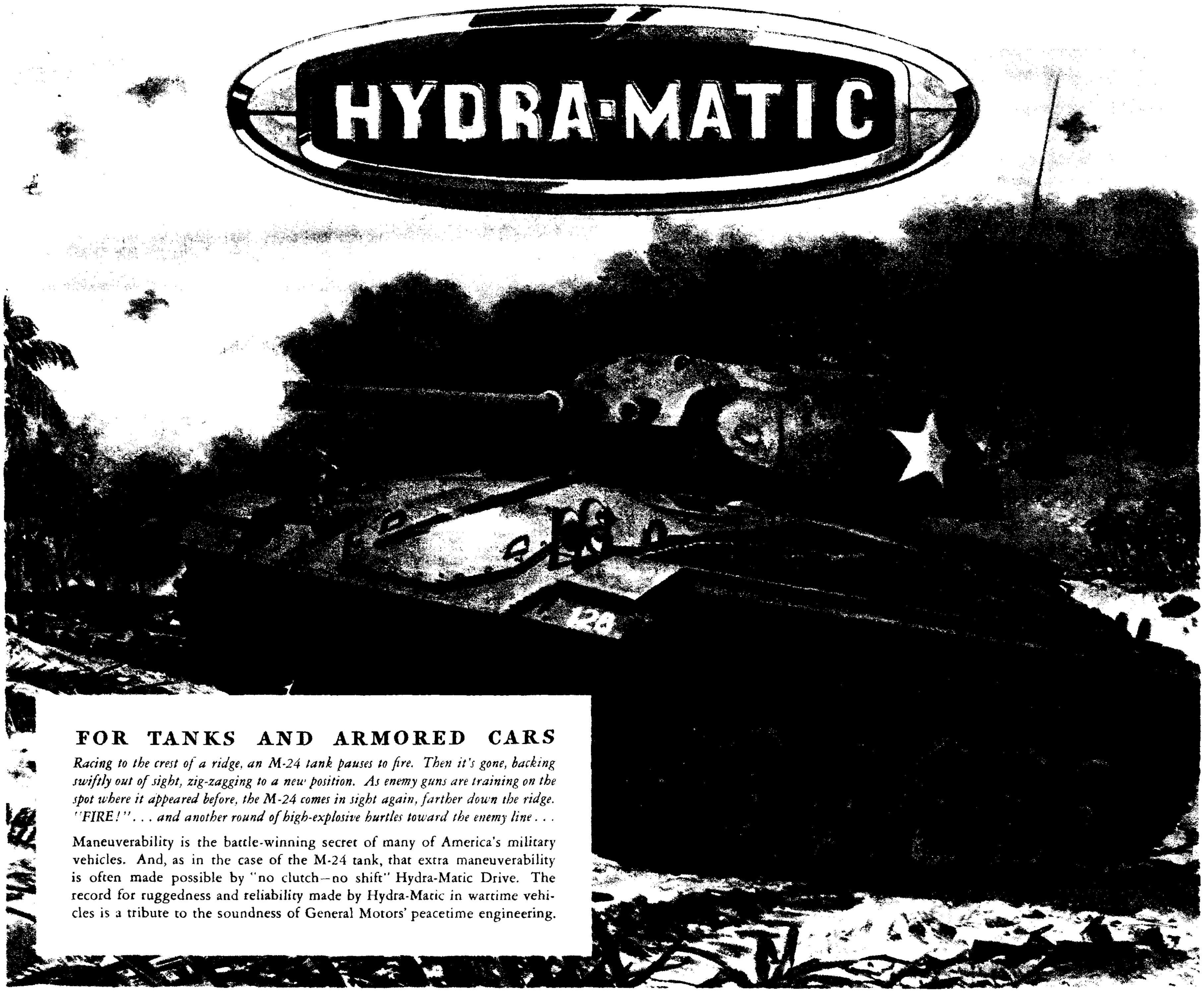
You'll understand that I couldn't sacrifice Father's high principles just because Hasi had grown too strong for me.

ONE evening Sylvie appeared at suppertime. There always was a fourth plate ready for her, but although we had everybody's favorite dish, stacks and stacks of spiced apple fritters with whipped cream, she wouldn't eat.

"Are you so happy?" my mother asked, and Sylvie nodded. She had the curious habit

(Continued on page 62)

ANOTHER GENERAL MOTORS WAR CONTRIBUTION...

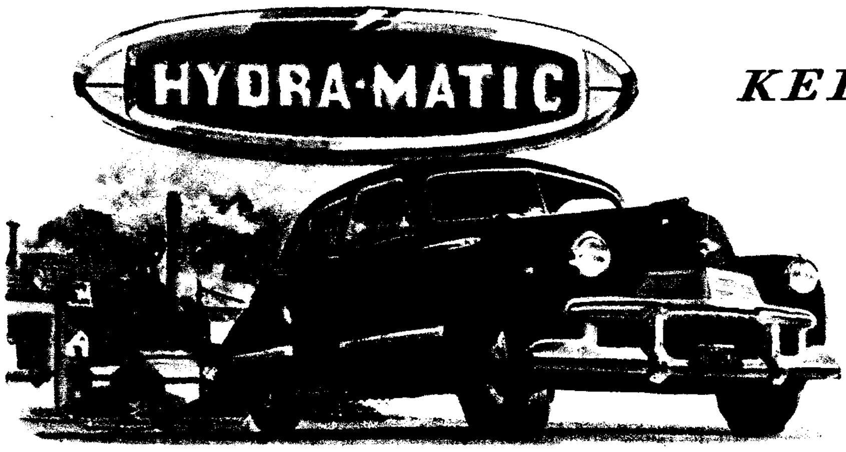


FOR TANKS AND ARMORED CARS

Racing to the crest of a ridge, an M-24 tank pauses to fire. Then it's gone, backing swiftly out of sight, zig-zagging to a new position. As enemy guns are training on the spot where it appeared before, the M-24 comes in sight again, farther down the ridge. "FIRE!"... and another round of high-explosive hurtles toward the enemy line...

Maneuverability is the battle-winning secret of many of America's military vehicles. And, as in the case of the M-24 tank, that extra maneuverability is often made possible by "no clutch—no shift" Hydra-Matic Drive. The record for ruggedness and reliability made by Hydra-Matic in wartime vehicles is a tribute to the soundness of General Motors' peacetime engineering.

Illustrated above: the M-24 Tank, produced by Cadillac, armed with the Oldsmobile-built 75 mm. cannon



KEEPS 'EM ROLLING ON THE HOME FRONT, TOO!

HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE was developed by the Oldsmobile Division of General Motors, introduced to the public on Oldsmobile's 1940 model, and proved on the highways of America in the hands of nearly two hundred thousand Oldsmobile owners. Since war began, Hydra-Matic dependability has kept countless war workers on the job. Hydra-Matic economy has saved quantities of gasoline for the war effort. And the simplicity of operating a Hydra-Matic Oldsmobile, with no clutch to press and no gears to shift, has meant easier driving, more efficient transportation for thousands of war-busy Americans.

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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*F-N
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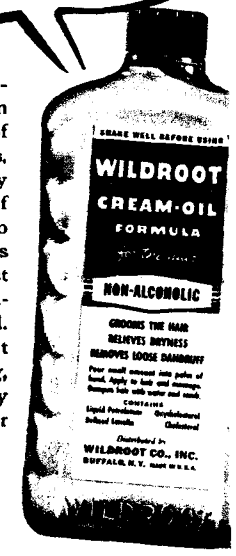
Test

1. It's F-N, the test for men! The "Finger Nail Test!" Scratch your head and see if you find dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK
LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL

2. Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS REFINED
LANOLIN!



3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations formerly used. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

SPECIAL NOTE
TO WOMEN...

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify the hair. Try it before a shampoo . . . also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

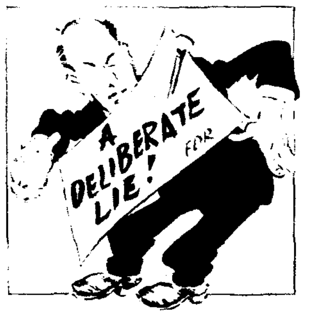
The President and the Press

Continued from page 12

and who have an office in the executive wing—agreed immediately with those sentiments but without crashing enthusiasm. He had understandable grievances. For example, there was the Atlantic Charter meeting. For days the White House correspondents, the men most closely associated with the President, sat at Swampscott, Mass., and at Rockland, Maine, while Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill evolved that covenant on a cruiser at sea.

The American reporters had been told by Mr. Roosevelt that journalists might not attend the meeting, and they bore up under the ban with a minimum of grumbling until they learned that "two literary gentlemen" accompanied Mr. Churchill to the conference and were present during the "conversations."

One of these gentlemen subsequently wrote a whole dull book about it, in spite of Mr. Roosevelt's assurances to the chagrined Americans that these British journalists had been pledged to write nothing. And subsequently there were the Casablanca, the Teheran and the Cairo conferences, from which Mr. Roosevelt's best journalistic friends had been barred or held closely under wraps. The news of the Cairo meeting was given to the world promptly by Reuter's, the British news agency, due to what was later termed a loophole in the censorship.



Drew Pearson, whose column and broadcasts frequently irritate official Washington (including the White House) more than most others, once said that Cordell Hull was anti-Soviet, wanted Russia bled white. Commented FDR: "A deliberate lie"

In this White House correspondent's opinion, all that was somewhat out of harmony with Mr. Roosevelt's widely advertised co-operation with all the American people—Washington correspondents included. And yet he agreed with his colleague that Mr. Roosevelt was "good business" for newspapers and newspaper writers and that the latter's presentation of the President's ideas frequently offset the publisher's editorial policy.

To be as orderly as possible about all this, suppose we flit back to March 8, 1933. It was a dismal day if ever you saw one. Doubtless you've forgotten all about it, but an economic depression of unprecedented dimensions had settled in. Mr. Roosevelt had been inaugurated President on March 4th. Two days later he proclaimed a general bank holiday, closing all of them by fiat although quite a number had beaten him to it. In Michigan, Louisiana, New York, Illinois, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and a few more states, governors had already decreed bank holidays or had placed restrictions on deposit withdrawals.

Anyway, that first press conference was held under dour circumstances. Nevertheless, there was at least one man at that first press conference who was in nowise depressed—Mr. Roosevelt. The stenographer's transcript of that meeting is here on our desk as we're writing. Before the conference was two minutes old, there was general laughter. Mr. Roosevelt had started out with the general rules for press conferences, explaining that he did not want to "revive the Ananias Club." Since then, he has revived it nevertheless, but no matter. (In case you want to know, the Ananias Club was organized by FDR's cousin, Theodore Roosevelt, consigning to membership a considerable number of citizens who disagreed with him.)

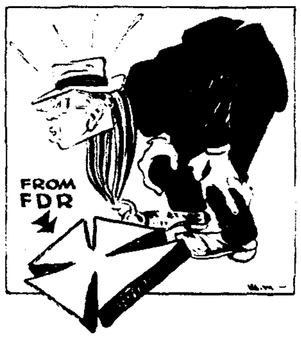
What's important here is that on that March 8th, Franklin Roosevelt and the American press represented by its Washington correspondents were united in holy newslock. Since then, they have wrangled at the tops of their voices. Mr. Roosevelt has almost always worn the pants. Occasionally he has complained bitterly about the press' housekeeping, and not infrequently the press has pulled that venerable one about going home to Mother, only to be balked by the fact that it didn't have one and that, anyway, the hard facts bade it stop sniveling and stick to its vows—or news.

The majority of the rank and file of the Washington correspondents either have known but one President—Roosevelt—or they don't trace their experience further back than Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover. But the real veterans who worked with Wilson and Harding (a handful of them going on back to Taft and Theodore Roosevelt) agree without exception that, compared to what happened on March 8, 1933, and what continued to happen from then on, all previous Presidents were Trappists who didn't even talk to themselves.

In that one first sitting, Mr. Roosevelt gave the correspondents more sensational news than some of his predecessors had handed out in four years: the imminent abandonment of the gold standard, the bank holiday continuation, bank-deposit guarantees and a preliminary survey of his early relief program. On that day, too, he began his program of conferences with the press twice a week—Tuesday afternoons and Friday mornings—a program that has been interrupted only by his absence from Washington or by reason of illness. And even when slightly indisposed, he has received representatives of the press in his bedroom—the Associated Press, the United Press, the International News Service and the like.

During his first term he held 337 conferences, each attended by from 100 to 225 journalists. He abolished the rule that questions must be submitted in advance, in writing. He admits that the correspondents and, in turn, their newspapers are not the only beneficiaries of these informal give-and-take affairs, but that they serve to keep his wits alert and that as mental therapy the press conference has no equal.

Anyway, the snatch was put on the press that very day and, to a remarkable degree it's still on. The old-timers like to compare it all with former Presidential press relations. Cleveland and McKinley talked to a chosen few of the correspondents, who never got inside the White House. They'd huddle at the door when summoned, and presently the President would appear, greet them with a strictly official warmth and tell them something lukewarm which he hoped would trickle into print for his own sake.



John O'Donnell, New York Daily News, wrote in 1941 that although we were not at war with Germany, our Navy was convoying supply ships to Britain. FDR sent souvenir Nazi Iron Cross to O'Donnell

Theodore Roosevelt really inaugurated the press conference but the T.R. brand compared with the FDR in just about the same ratio as the Teddy bear to the big Kadiak. He was fond of calling in a few journalists who were friendly to him or whose newspapers were applauding him. Then while being shaved by a Negro genius, he'd deliver himself of characteristic roarings, complete with gestures and grimacings. Quite frequently the reporters were so overwhelmed by the spectacle, so fascinated by the combination of a bounding President and a gliding razor that they forgot what T.R. had said.

Taft started what he liked to call Town Meetings—sitting down with a group of newspaper-bureau heads in the Cabinet room. But even these meetings were infrequent, Mr. Taft being a genial man but not much of a news source. Wilson was the first to receive correspondents in his private office as Franklin Roosevelt does now. He tried, too, to hold regular weekly meetings with the press. And this he did—for a while. He had none of Franklin Roosevelt's easy camaraderie. When he was offended, he stayed offended. He had a gift, too, of offending the correspondents in a way that left them offended.

President Harding, having been an editor, embarked upon a program which he called "handling the press." He should have known better, having once been a newspaperman himself. Maybe there is a type of newspaperman that can be "handled," but it's not noticeable in Washington. Nevertheless, Harding tried and got away with it better than you'd think. For all his inadequacies as a President, he was an extremely likable personality. The correspondents frequently saved him from public blunderings.

However, there were embarrassing moments. For example, Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, Mr. Harding's Secretary of State, had told several correspondents that the Naval Limitation Treaty permitted Japan to maintain defenses of her main islands, although the clause was skillfully concealed in the document. One of the reporters asked Mr. Harding about it, and he emphatically denied that Japan had such rights.

Mr. Hughes almost ran to the White House. What he said to Mr. Harding is not in the record, but he was forced to agree that thereafter correspondents' questions would have to be submitted in writing well in advance and that the President would have them answered for him by someone who knew the subject. Moreover, he reserved the right to ignore questions.

The correspondents did not like Mr. Coolidge at all, complaining bitterly that he either handed out "picayune stuff" or limited his comments to defensive administration propaganda. Several of the correspondents tried hard to remember some one thing that Mr. Coolidge had said in any or all of his conferences. But the only thing they could dredge up from their memories was his famous "I do not choose to run." And that wasn't said at a press conference.

Mr. Hoover, too, demanded that questions be submitted in writing. That mysterious personage, born in the Coolidge regime, The White House Spokesman, was still quoted—often with results completely at variance with what Mr. Hoover had hoped for. But he had no particular faith in the press, and the correspondents repaid him in kind.

Since Pearl Harbor, clearly showing the strain, Mr. Roosevelt has occasionally shown a petulance that from another type of man might have permanently alienated him and the correspondents as a whole. But there are people who can call you a liar and there are people who can't. There are men you can fight with and still be fond of. One of the older correspondents told us that he has attended the conferences of four Presidents.

"But with Roosevelt," said he, "this is the only time that I had the feeling that I was welcome here in the White House, that I belonged here, that I was as important here as a member of the Cabinet or of Congress—even more important. I think you'll find that feeling general. We're as often the aggressors in these conferences as he is. Of course there are limits. FDR can bawl an individual out—a correspondent. The correspondent cannot come back at him in the same vein. You simply cannot say, 'Mr. President, you're another.' He may be lying, and you know it. He may be bawling you out for telling the truth and he knows you're telling the truth. He is President of the United States and that puts a definite limit on what you may say about him or to him in his presence. But here, at Hyde Park and on his special trains, we're not only welcome but we have the distinct feeling—for the first time—that we belong there, that he's *our* President. Ours. See?"

This is the first of two articles by Walter Davenport on Mr. Roosevelt and the Press. The second will appear next week.

Hitler's Final V Weapon

Continued from page 14

too dangerous before Germany was fully rearmed, and the plan was not carried out. Later, after Stalingrad, Kaltenbrunner pushed the idea of guerrilla war if Germany should be invaded. The army did not relish this scheme, either. The generals preferred to present the victors with some new version of a "good Germany" after defeat and put all the blame on Hitler and his followers. They hoped thereby to salvage the Reich as their predecessors did in 1919, thus paving the way for yet another comeback and another war.

A compromise was reached between the army and the Nazi Party. The generals were then split into two camps. One advocated immediate negotiations with the Soviets through the Seydlitz committee in Moscow. The other favored a prolonged war, hoping it would enable them eventually to tire or trick the Western Allies into some sort of deal. The anti-Moscow generals lined up with Himmler, who, it is believed, personally engineered the "attempted assassination" of Hitler and the subsequent purge, apparently wiping out most of those who wanted to dicker with Russia.

The Gestapo chief charged his price. It was all-out collaboration between the Nazis and the generals for better or for worse—a fight to the bitter end, including guerrilla warfare.

Calling All Supermen

By the end of July, 1944, a German secondary General Headquarters was set up at Aussee, in the Austrian Alps, about sixty miles from Berchtesgaden. More than 1,000 junior officers from both the army and the Elite Guard went into a training camp near Aussee. Thousands of selected soldiers and Nazi youths joined the officers. Only men under twenty-eight in perfect physical condition were eligible.

The army personnel was selected by General Wilhelm von Vorstell, head of the "psychological laboratory" of the German war ministry. After elaborate checking of the candidates' records, those found acceptable had to undergo three tests: of expression, of morale, of action. This was called the "supreme leaders' test." Only officers and men were admitted who proved themselves to be completely loyal, very alert mentally and able to formulate commands or suggestions in a minimum of time and words. They were sworn in with a new addition to their soldier's oath. The old oath pledges loyalty and obedience to the Fuehrer; the new one adds allegiance to all superiors.

The Nazis picked their future guerrillas from reliable SS members, volunteers and worthy Party comrades, as well as a newly bred Nazi Elite, the students of the Adolf Hitler schools, leader schools and the notorious Ordensburgen.

These institutions used to graduate approximately 25,000 pupils a year. Three thousand of them came from the Ordensburgen, the alumni of which are uncompromising Nazi fanatics and are to become either the leaders of guerrilla groups or political commissars in formations led by army officers.

The volunteers are mostly drawn from elements who, after years of warfare, cannot think in terms of a peaceful existence. Their background fits them only for criminal careers. Others are desperate people who have already committed crimes for which they cannot hope to escape punishment. But, as the Schwarze Korps emphasized, no judge is supposed to be able to pronounce sentence against them.

Some Nazi sources, obviously hoping to intimidate the Allies, claim that the future guerrilla army comprises no less than 200,000 men. This is undoubtedly a wild exaggeration. Probably far less than half that number will be available after the collapse of the Wehrmacht.

The guerrilla officers attend lectures on *Weltanschauung*—world perception—given by a civilian official of the War Ministry, *Regierungsrat* Kayser. The enlisted men's moral training, less complicated and mostly confined to the praise of obedience and self-sacrifice, is supervised by SS Lieutenant General Johst, president of the German poets' academy.

Aussee has a great deal of rain and snow and is surrounded by mountains up to 10,000 feet. The trainees have abundant opportunities to get used to outdoor life under unfavorable climatic conditions. The physical-training program is influenced by what the Germans have learned from the methods used to train American Rangers and British Commandos.

The Germans are well prepared to study and to copy what others have done. As early as June, 1941, a commission was set up to investigate the tactics of European underground fighters. General Dankelmann, after suffering serious setbacks in the Balkans, insisted that the army should study guerrilla techniques in order to defeat them. The Gestapo studied them, too, for later imitation.

Huge German files tell the story of the Yugoslav Chetniks and Partisans, the Russian Partisans, the Greek EAM-ELAS, the French Maquis and the indomitable Norwegian underground. Himmler insisted that the task of breaking their resistance should be entrusted to his men. There is some evidence that the Gestapo deliberately delayed action against hostile underground movements in order to learn more about their ways. The head of the Gestapo anti-underground department was Kaltenbrunner, now commander in chief at Aussee.

The weakest aspect of enemy underground tactics, according to the Germans, was the slow, gradual deployment of their forces. The Nazi aim is to step up the pace by using the blitz technique. Guerrilla communication methods, as far as they know about them, were too slow. Carrier pigeons won't do in Germany. There must be a complete system of radio transmission.

Feuds between guerrilla bands, such as developed in the Balkans, are not to be permitted in Germany. There will be a central command, not in Aussee, but somewhere in the Bavarian mountains, or possibly—and the guess cannot be lightly dismissed—in neutral territory. German guerrillas will not intermittently return to normal life but will stay in their hiding places between actions. Kaltenbrunner is afraid that otherwise there would be many deserters.

How the Guerrillas Will Work

The guerrillas will operate in small units, never more than a company's strength, mostly in platoons. The organization of the battle groups follows the lines of the German army's motorcycle rifle battalions, which are hit-and-run formations. German officers are familiar with the Norse underground procedure of getting the necessary fuel for their motorboats from the tanks of Nazi cars. Guerrilla riflemen are taught how to steal gas from jeeps. The motorcycle models were chosen from experience gathered in Russia.

Failure to pass any one of the tests at Aussee disqualifies the student for graduation, and he is returned to his old outfit. Successful graduates are shipped to future hiding places to help organize huge supply depots to be established in at least one hundred main centers, each of which in turn must supply minor depots. Every group is to have its own stores.

Northern Germany is not a rugged country. Since there are few natural hiding places available, landowners are to provide suitable shelter. Not only the Junkers east of the Elbe but also the landed gentry and ordinary peasants west of that river will offer the guerrillas their help.

It is not quite clear how the punishment of Germans who collaborate with the Allies is supposed to be meted out. Possibly special agents of Himmler's police will be assigned to this task, and their hiding places will be the guerrilla shelters. However, it is doubtful that these "avengers" will be as efficient as the SS magazine predicts.

Preparations are to be completed early this

(Continued on page 48)

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FRUITS
TOP QUALITY
DELICIOUS

FOOD BELOW ZERO

BY RUTH CARSON

[illegible] THOMAS

The food is all parceled and waiting in freezers, so pictures cover wall space at the nation's newest frozen-food store, at Bethesda, Maryland

Nowadays, madam, you can go to a frozen-food store and carry home a fabulous meal. Just thaw, bake and serve

THERE'S a new kind of food store that promises to make a big difference in your shopping and cooking when it gets around your way. It sells nothing but frozen foods—fish, fowl, meat, vegetables, fruit, even ready-cooked things like stew, and pies and muffins for you to take home and stick in the oven to bake.

It looks like an ice-cream store. No shelves and open bins like a regulation grocery store. Just shiny white freezers full of neat packages, with a few glass-topped display cases for toothsome samples: luscious red strawberries for an out-of-season shortcake; quart jars of orange juice fresh from California.

The temptation is to stock up, everything looks so good and easy. And that's just what they'd like you to do, in the half dozen frozen-food stores that already exist, because their first purpose is to sell freezers in which to store frozen food. Freeze your own or buy it ready frozen; they don't care.

The housewife's lot is going to be a happier one, all right. Dinner on hand any time guests turn up—provided, of course, she has the necessary frozen-storage space at home. Economy-size packages of fresh vegetables and fruit that she can dip into any time. And all this conveniently delivered once or twice a month. Even a gallon or so of ice cream on tap, if she really likes having the neighborhood kids around.

The frozen-food business is bristling with possibilities, just waiting for production to get under way after the war. One distributor in the New York area intends to have one to two hundred stores going there as soon as he can get the necessary okays for equipment. Macy's in New York and Marshall Field's in Chicago have big plans. There were some 250 processors of frozen foods at the beginning of the war, and at least 70 manufacturers are now engaged in research, intending to manufacture home freezers as soon as they get the green light. Refrigerators will be made with zero storage compartments—probably a million the first year. There's talk of insulated aluminum containers for shipping, and insulated shopping bags.

It was an advertising copy writer who first thought up the idea of selling frozen food in order to sell freezers. Of course, there's nothing new about frozen foods. Many people have used them for years. But in order to justify storage space at home, Mr. Carl Seabergh realized that you'd have to sell more people on the idea of more frozen food, when four years ago he opened up the first all-frozen-food store in White Plains, just out of New York City. The first two years he had tough sledding.

"People questioned the quality for one thing," says Mrs. Seabergh, who helps him run the store. "Women would come in and say, 'Well, when I can't get fresh vegetables, I will take these.' "

And then the store's women clerks, who are pretty fresh themselves, would say, "Well, of course, if you prefer your vegetables three days or a week or so old. These are only three hours old. Frozen fresh."

That, of course, is one of the major selling points of frozen foods. Freezing equipment even moves into the fields, to catch fruits and vegetables at their prime. There are freezing plants where the fishing boats come in. Right from the start, frozen foods have been a quality product. It has even been found that some varieties of vegetables and fruits freeze better than others, so selection starts with the seed.

People also thought frozen foods were a luxury. "Pound for pound the year round, frozen foods are cheaper," is the motto of the store, and they point to the obvious fact that you can freeze foods at their seasonal peak, when they are cheapest. Besides, there's no waste.

Anyway, around White Plains, business is booming and the Seaberghs have opened stores in New Rochelle and Bronxville.

"We give them good service and good food, and we pound, pound, pound the idea," say the Seaberghs, who naturally enough believe in advertising. "Our clerks are women who really know food and how to cook it, and can help customers with suggestions. If a woman calls up and says the guests are arriving and the fish is still frozen solid, what shall she do, they can tell her."

Frozen cooked foods are getting a lot of special attention. There are already baked beans, corned-beef hash, chicken à la king, shrimp that needs only defrosting, codfish cakes, chow mein, even frozen hunks of soup.

Researchers talk dreamily of the day when you'll be able to have the specialties of famous chefs. At a store in Hubbards Woods, outside Chicago, and at some other places around the country, it's possible now to buy specialties of Chicago's popular Villa Moderne. The Villa freezes a tasty beef stew, potato au gratin, complete with cheese and crumbs, and such treats as individual baked Alaska.

Precut, boned and frozen meats were well on their way before the war. Now the Army and Lend-Lease are the chief customers, along with some 1,500,000 citizens who have their own stock in locker plants. But prophets say it won't be too long before you'll buy meat by grade and name, all done up in a package, and no arguments with the butcher.

In fact, when the time comes that you think it's safe to talk back to him, he may not even be there behind his block in your store. He may be working at the packing house, carving out the cuts for freezing. He won't have to take time out for such jobs as wrapping packages and making change, and the pleasure may be mutual. ★★★

Hitler's Final V Weapon

Continued from page 47

year. The guerrilla army will be at its battle stations. Then its D-Day will be fixed. The basis for the Nazi hopes can be outlined as follows:

People in the Allied countries, already disappointed by the long duration of the war, will press their governments to drop the "unconditional surrender" formula when confronted by savage guerrilla war.

Allied military commanders, faced with the difficulty of establishing any kind of civilian administration—because of the guerrilla threat—will join the appeasers.

Public sympathy in Allied countries might even side with the "suffering and heroic Germans," who themselves will know no peace while the guerrilla terror dominates their lives.

The generals, still according to the Nazi theory, after co-operating in organizing the underground, will be unable to make a separate deal with the Allies.

That is where the Nazis are making a big mistake. The German generals will have opportunity to desert the Nazis. They have eventually betrayed all of their partners: Kaiser Wilhelm, Noske, Ebert and even their own kin, Schleicher.

The generals are thinking of another deal. They are preparing to offer the Allies the support of "elements of order" in Germany to cope with the guerrilla war when the time comes. They can call upon army officers to disband the guerrilla groups they lead and give away the location of depots and hiding places controlled by Nazi-appointed commanders.

The generals figure that the Allies will be inclined to accept such gracious co-operation in ending the guerrilla nuisance and will grant the military clique a general pardon in exchange. That would fit perfectly with the long-range plans of the militarist chiefs to salvage their institutions and prepare for a future war of revenge.

Nazi Fanatics versus Realists

Because of their mixed nature, the guerrillas are bound to be split among themselves. The Nazi fanatics, still building air castles of a Hitler-dominated world, will clash with the realists who want only to save their own skins and make an indecent living. Army elements will soon be fighting SS troopers, each blaming the other for everything that goes wrong.

Besides, the German population will hate the guerrillas. They realize that this war is lost for good. The average German expects peace to follow defeat. According to experience, defeated leaders have to go, and civilian Germans might be ready to assist Allied troops in locating and smoking out guerrilla strongholds.

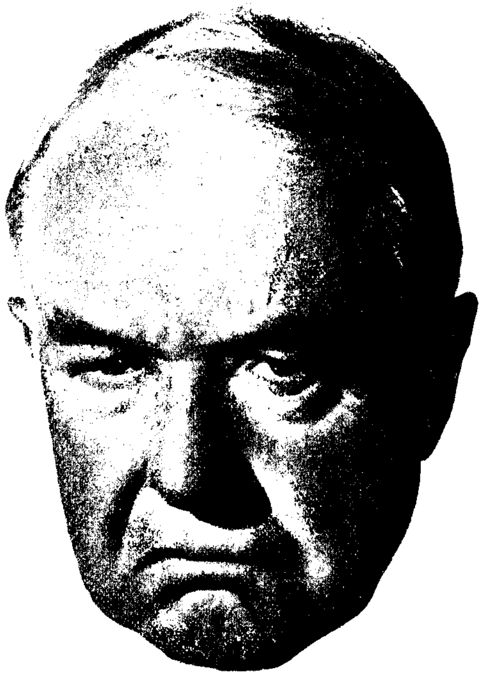
No reinforcements will reach Kaltenbrunner's bands. Mutual distrust between civilians and guerrillas will prevent the latter from accepting recruits; it will also prevent volunteers from joining the fighters.

The disintegration of the German guerrilla army is inevitable. There is certainly no reason to bargain with the Germans for aid of any kind. Most new German weapons and tactics are frightening at the outset, but they become ineffective when they meet determined opposition.

Guerrilla war is to be another German V weapon. According to the German official version, this means *Vergeltung* (retaliation), which is decidedly short of victory. There will probably be more V weapons when guerrilla warfare fails—an attempt to fool the victors with a magnanimous offer of German co-operation—and a new and humble movement of "good Germans," formed according to the advice of the psychological laboratory. There might be even more to come after that. The Germans realize fully, as the Allies must certainly learn to realize, that anything short of total victory in this war will be followed by total Allied defeat in the subsequent peace.

THE END

"I'll tell you GOOD TIMES ARE COMING!"



"I'll tell you BAD TIMES AHEAD!"

What's it to you?—PLENTY!

OKAY! Maybe the optimists are right. There'll be good times after the war.

OKAY! Maybe the pessimists are right. We'll have another depression.

What's it to you? PLENTY! It's largely in *your* hands as to which we'll have.

The one way to make it *good times* is to do your share to help keep prices down now!

That means *buying only what you really need*. It means *paying off your debts, saving your money*.

And here's where you're lucky. The same program that helps insure prosperity is also the best possible way to get yourself in shape to take another depression if one does come. So what? *You're right both ways*—if you save your money. *You lose both ways*—if you splurge right now.

Think it over, fella. Then get in there and fight. Read—and observe—the four rules to head off inflation. The war isn't over yet. And the war against *inflation* isn't over yet—by a long shot. Remember World War I? The cost of living rose twice as fast *after* the war as it did during the war itself.

4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and help avoid another depression

1. Buy only what you really need.

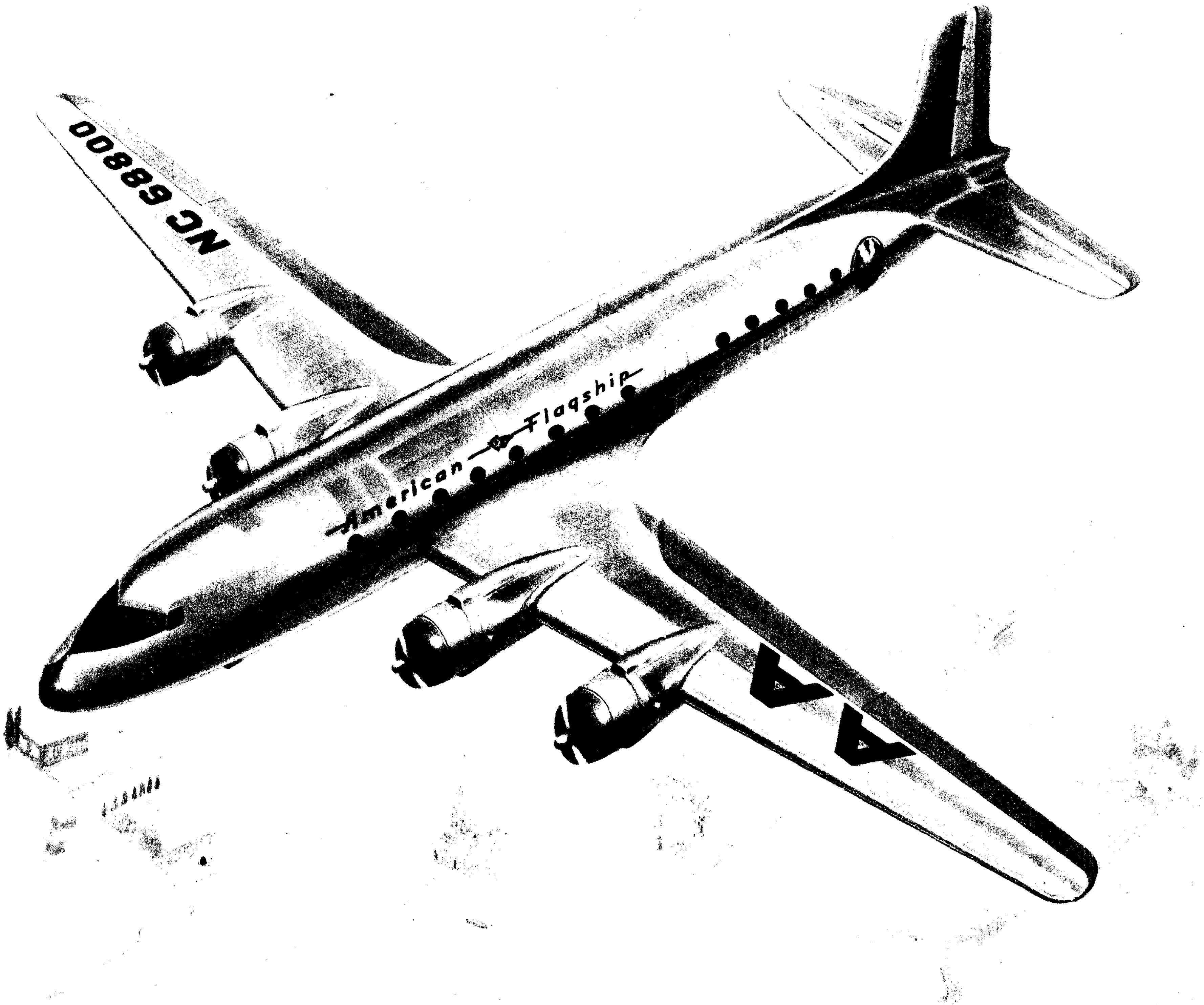
2. When you buy, pay no more than the ceiling prices. Pay your ration points in full.

3. Keep your *own* prices down. Don't take advantage of war conditions to ask for more—for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.

4. *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and insure your future. Keep up your insurance.

HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.



NEW DC-6 FLAGSHIP

New Flagships for a New Year in a New World

Postwar work must be done posthaste!

People who go forward in 'forty-five with air transportation will accomplish more in less time.

The world's work necessary for reconversion and reconstruction is stupendous. More than ever, time is of the essence. Air transportation conserves time and energy and increases efficiency. It is the modern method that multiplies productive man hours to incalculable proportions.

Giant new airliners, such as American's new DC-4's and DC-6's, are the symbols of the Air Age, which offers greater opportunities than were possible in any period in history.

With their trans-continental and trans-Atlantic non-stop range, the new 5-miles-a-minute Flagships open vistas for the enrichment of everyone, in every phase of human activity.

As people expand their travel in the boundless ocean of air they gain in commercial, political, cultural and spiritual exchange never before possible.

We invite you to go forward in 'forty-five with American Airlines.

* * *

American Airlines Inc. has ordered 55 four-motored Flagships—DC-4's and DC-6's. Deliveries of the DC-4 Flagships are scheduled to start about June. The DC-4 will accommodate 44 passengers; the DC-6, 56 passengers. The DC-4 will cruise at 250 miles an hour on scheduled flights, and the DC-6 at more than five miles a minute. We plan to operate DC-6's on regular schedules from coast to coast in approximately 8½ hours and on all of American's other national and international routes. The new Flagships will provide the most modern refinements in passenger appointment for maximum comfort.

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

The White Ants

Continued from page 25

all gone. Their minds are not set against building a new house for the white man. It is just that at this season their hands are well occupied with their crops and their cattle. It is not a matter of payment at all, but of the fewness of the men. The Sukuma are not like the Kikuyu," he added pointedly. "They do not care to labor like women with their hands, for needs not their own."

"The people have no idea the district officer is coming!" said the schoolmaster. "So it is hardly the thought of work that has frightened them away."

The chief ignored him. "And then, there is the material for the house," he went on. "We have nothing prepared. But I will see what I can do." Standing behind the chief, the witch doctor took no part in the conversation and blinked rapidly at the ground. "The house which fell," said the chief, "was very small, very old, and it had only two rooms."

The schoolmaster opened his mouth but the witch doctor raised his curious, horny-looking eyelids and blinked at him. The schoolmaster remained silent.

"—Two rooms. And this officer, Mr. Shearforth, he is new to the Sukuma?"

"Yes. He was in Kenya. That is why I am with him."

"As he is in such a hurry to come, he will understand if we cannot manage more than a house with one room in such a short time."

"We had no reason to think the house was not in a good state," protested the houseboy. "No message was sent. The house cannot have been properly looked after. You must have known when the last district officer died that another would come?"

"Perhaps my people did not like to go to a place where a white man had died. And the white ants—who can keep them out?"

"With care, it can be done," said the schoolmaster. "I tell the children the ways."

"Keep your instructions for the hours of school, Schoolmaster!"

All Africa was in that group, or listening to them—the new and the old; the schoolmaster and the witch doctor; and around them the silent village, where the laughter had been stilled.

"Does Mr. Shearforth bring a wife with him?" the chief asked.

"I don't know," said the houseboy. "She has been with him in Tanga. But whether she is coming here—that I can't tell."

"Well, he can add more rooms if he wants them, when he comes. For now, a big hut—it is the best we can do," said the chief. He walked away with the witch doctor.

The porters picked up their loads, the inevitable gear of the traveling district officer, the tin trunks, plastered with old labels "Tanga-Southampton," "Tilbury-Mombasa," the tin bath, and the battered wicker chairs. They began to sing as they marched up the hill. Gradually, the village came back to life again; the women prepared the evening meal and the babies crawled forth from the huts to torment the chickens.

IT DID not matter a great deal to James Shearforth that the house had not been finished by the time he arrived. He could live in a tent till the place was ready: minor discomforts would take his mind off other things. His houseboy had worked hard for him, but no one had come from the village to help, and a minimum of building material had been sent up by the chief. There was still a good deal of minor construction needed before the house could really be called habitable.

By day he had plenty to keep him busy, for the district was a big one. It was only when the light faded that the loneliness of the place closed down upon him. He took to expending vast care over fiddling little jobs. It was better than covering sheet after sheet of paper with bitter words which he generally had the sense to destroy in the morning. But not always. The desire to touch her—to hurt her possibly, but at least to reach her somehow—came back to him while he listened to the silence.

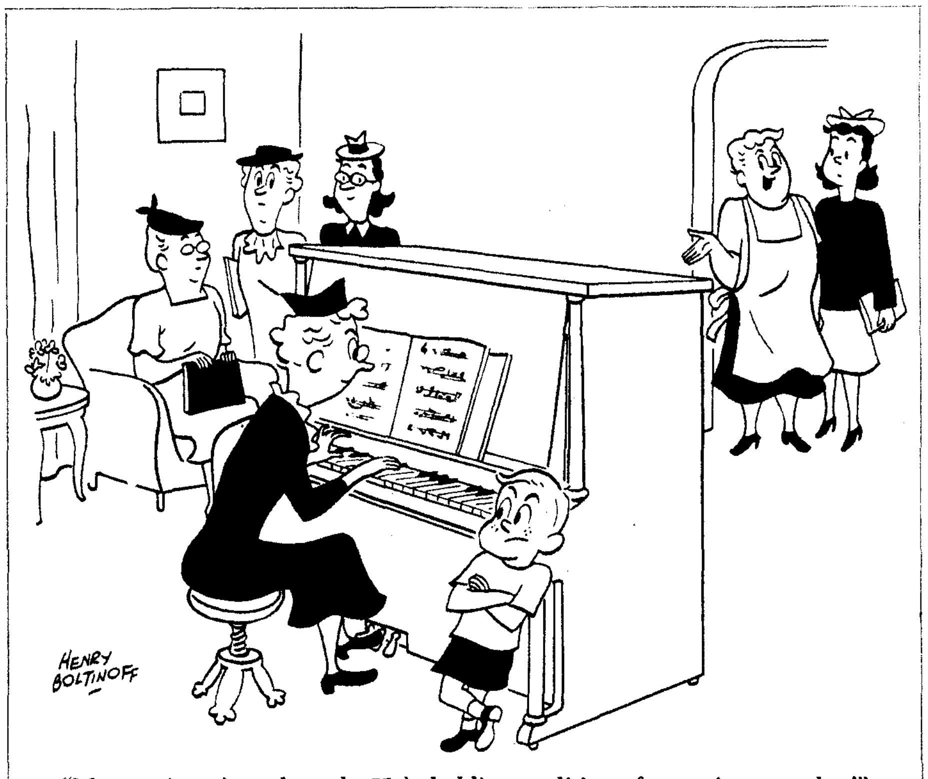
"I've just finished making something quite ridiculous—a bird cage," he wrote. "Because you've always liked birds about the house better than flowers. And I suppose some part of me still refuses to believe you won't be coming out to me here. Even though I know what a mistake it was, our trying to come together again in Tanga. . . ."

The Kikuyu houseboy came in to find out if there was anything more the Bwana wanted for the night. Shearforth shook his head impatiently, and the boy went out. Shearforth went back to his letter.

"I could do with something to take my mind off the mess we've made of things together, you and I—two people who can't either make a job of marriage or leave each other alone."

SOMEONE came into the tent and stood waiting for his attention. "All right, Ahmut, I don't want anything else!" he said irritably, and then saw the very grave-looking young toucan perched on a black hand and looked up in surprise.

"The children caught this," said the schoolmaster. "And I heard you had a parrot cage but no parrot. Would it do instead to make the new cage useful?"



"My son is quite talented. He's holding auditions for a piano teacher!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Good heavens, I only finished the thing twenty minutes ago. Is everything I do known as quickly as that?"

"Oh, yes!" said the schoolmaster.

"This is my second present today. The chief sent up six chickens. Almost the first sign of life he's made. Or did you know that, too?"

"I knew," said the schoolmaster regretfully, "because they were my chickens."

"Why is that?" Shearforth asked sharply. "I will not have this offering of other men's goods!"

"I should not have said that," said the schoolmaster. "Perhaps I only thought they looked like mine. In any case, it doesn't matter."

"But you are six chickens short?"

"Yes. They may well have strayed away."

"I want to know why the chief sent your chickens."

The schoolmaster shrugged. "Perhaps because I mentioned there used to be three rooms in the bungalow when the chief did not want to send building material for more than a very small place."

"But he must have known you'd only have to tell me, and the chickens would be sent back or paid for—"

"Perhaps he was sure I would rather say nothing than pay in other ways. With more than six chickens." The words came with a rush, as though the man were afraid that having started he would not dare go on. "Mr. Shearforth, you would be surprised to know what the village was forced to pay the witch doctor for the fact that the locusts did not reach the millet, a few days before you came!" As he spoke he looked behind him into the dark night. "It's no use my telling you what I believe it was. Because I can't prove what I suspect. What many suspect. No one can prove it. People would lie and lie to you, out of fear, if you asked questions."

"Who are they afraid of? The chief? He looks harmless."

"But not the man behind him! I beg you not to send back those chickens!" He spoke in great agitation.

"Look here—what's your name?"

"Hale, Lewis Hale."

"Well, Hale, surely as an educated man, you don't believe the witch doctor knows anything more than his five senses will tell him?"

The schoolmaster looked off again into the night. "For not quite ten years," he said softly, "I have been of your faith. For more than ten thousand, my people have been in Africa, where the ground is soaked with blood, and alive with the terror and the magic made out of that spilt blood. Sometimes I think the air itself is poisoned here, it is so very old with cruelty. You ask me what I believe about witchcraft. Do you mean with my mind or with my heart? They aren't the same. You can't wipe out ten thousand years with ten. But one thing I do know—" He spoke with passion—"in the end, it is the Africans who must lift the fear that lies over Africa.

"You white men can't do it, because the fear of witchcraft is something you only understand from the outside; it isn't bred in you. With us, the fear comes from the inside where no one but the man who has mastered it in his own heart can get at in others. The only thing you can do is to make it possible for us to come forward—the African doctors and the African teachers—the new Africa that will fight the old. In places like Achimota you are already doing it."

THE schoolmaster's voice dropped to its normal level, and he smiled almost with apology. "I didn't come to talk as I've just been talking, but to borrow books, if you can spare them?"

"I've very few. It's a job, keeping them from being eaten by those damned white ants, but you can take anything you like from over there."

As the schoolmaster turned to go, taking two of the district officer's books, Shearforth spoke again: "What was the price you suspected—the price asked by the witch doctor for directing the locusts elsewhere?"

"'Asked,'" he said. "Do you call a threat of starvation 'to ask'? For the people to give him whatever he wanted, he must have told them he would call the locusts back unless he got it. And then nothing of their crops would be spared. I am almost sure of what happened."

"What do you suspect, then?"

"A new-born baby was buried. When it was taken from the mother she was told that it had been born dead; she was too sick to see or care. But I don't think it was dead—then. I think it went living into the ground, this ground which I said is so full of blood, that sometimes the air smells of it! To the people, what is the life of one young child against the hunger of many?"

"Good Lord!" said Shearforth.

"It will always be hard to stop such things in Africa. If you ask questions about what happened before you came, you will be assured by everyone—everyone—that the child never lived at all. And your power to act later will be much weakened by the proof that you can be lied to in safety now. It's not for me to advise you, but if you let me—?"

"Go on," said Shearforth.

"Then I would say, wait. Do nothing. You can do only harm by inquiries made too late. I think it won't be long before the time comes when you can act. Though exactly what will happen, I've no idea."

"I rather fancy," said Shearforth, "that I'm going to need to speak Kisukuma pretty fluently. Will you come and coach me in the evenings, after school?"

THE schoolmaster was there the day the safari ants came. They arrived just before dusk. By then the porters had all gone home, and Shearforth had moved into the new house, although it was not quite ready, in order to impress on the powers behind the village that their unhelpfulness was not going to stop him. He sat on the low roof, adding the finishing touch of a chimney pot which had been a flour tin, while from below the schoolmaster called up phrases to be translated, handing up mud for cement as needed.

"Now say, 'When there is cooking in my house, I like the smoke to go outside.'"

Shearforth turned this into Kisukuma, with one word corrected.

"Very good," said the schoolmaster. "Now say, 'Why will you not tell me what I ask? Are you afraid?'"

Shearforth began to translate.

"No. That is Swahili, I think."

Shearforth tried again, and then, "No, that's not right. I'm sorry, I'm very tired tonight. I've had an extremely busy day, getting nothing done whatever. I don't seem to be making much headway around here."

He slid down off the roof, and the schoolmaster followed him inside. "I've brought back one of your books. Thank you." As though reluctant to hand it over, the schoolmaster opened it and read passages. While he read, a soft rustling outside grew gradually more insistent, but as the schoolmaster paid no attention, Shearforth disregarded it. After a moment he said, "Look, I don't think you stayed on late to read me something out of one of my own books. What is it, Hale? Anything happened?"

"No. Not exactly. Nothing has happened."

With a smile, Shearforth repeated the Kisukuma phrase for "'Why do you not tell me what I ask? Are you afraid?'"

"No. I am not afraid. But it is difficult." He opened another part of the book. "I found this here." It was a sheet of notepaper. "I saw it was your writing. The first line happened to be like a line of poetry, and I did not realize it was a letter, since there was no beginning. It started, 'All beauty has become your beauty, and so unbearable—'"

"Good Lord, you read that letter!"

"Mr. Shearforth, it would have been much easier to give back the book and pretend I hadn't seen it. But do you know anyone, black or white, who would have stopped reading then?"

Shearforth made no reply. He ran his eyes over the phrases near the end: "If you had ever thought of anyone but yourself . . . Oh, I've no doubt you're technically beyond reproach: you're far too cautious not to be, my shallow dear . . . It's entirely my fault that I fell in love with you for being what you were, and then expected you to turn into a human being."

"So now you know," he said with an effort, "considerably more about my personal affairs than I welcome your knowing! You or anyone. You also know that my wife won't be coming out to join me."

"Mr. Shearforth, I wish the letter hadn't been in that book—"

"Oh, damn you, get out." All the misery of the broken attempt at reconciliation in Tanga burst out now in rage. "The reason why I didn't send that letter was because I couldn't bear anyone—even the person it was written to—to see how much I—" He did not finish the sentence.

There was a shrieking of the domestic animals outside. The Kikuyu dashed in, shouting the approach of the safari ants, shouting to the men to run. They had time to pick up only a couple of the fowls which were tethered by the leg near the door and a stray puppy which had attached itself to the household.

From outside the house, they watched the most dramatic phenomenon in Africa—far more so than the coming of the locusts.

The migrating black ants advanced in terrible order, like an army marching to battle. An undulating stream of them, several feet wide, flowed forward through the jungle, over and around whatever lay in their path; although their course was constantly diverted by rocks and by trees, it could be seen from a distance that their direction had a mathematical precision as they marched blindly toward some unknown destination.

The house lay directly in front of them. A dwelling of man—they knew nothing of man; cared nothing for man—was something through which they could go: they need not flow around it. They would march straight through: nothing—no shift of wind, no lighting of fires and banging of drums could turn them from the strange, exact course they kept. As they came, there was a sound like heavy rain, the loud whisper of a million million feet, and every living thing ran before them.

Just before the endless ribbon of ants reached the doors, the schoolmaster did what his people had done for generations—cut the throat of one of the chickens he carried, and then with a quick twist of his knife slashed open the body, throwing the entrails a yard or two away into the bush.

Like the head of a snake, the first tide of black ants swung aside to the steaming little heap. For a moment, as they seethed over the entrails they were like a wave gathering upon itself, rearing up to break; but then the mound subsided, they swung back on to the true line and swarmed through the house. Where the chicken's entrails had been, there was nothing, not even a stain on the ground.

FOR a long time, it seemed, they marched through the house, while the two men stood helplessly by. A few yards to one side of this ribbon, they were safe: nothing could remain in the ants' path and survive.

"Why did you do that just now?" asked Shearforth. "You knew the chicken guts wouldn't delay them more than a second or two. And couldn't alter their direction at all."

"It's just something we always do," the schoolmaster said. "Without thinking. I suppose you might call it instinct. I think it's a very old sacrifice we make, to the spirit of the ants."

"We come out of this evening about level!" said Shearforth. "You did something pretty senseless, and I lost my temper. Shall we forget that either of these things happened? Oh, the little toucan! Did the boy remember him?"

When the black ants had passed on, and away into the jungle, the men went back into the house. Ahmut had not remembered him; the toucan lay on his side at the bottom of the cage. Not a feather was ruffled, but when Shearforth picked him up, the bare little bones rattled together inside the soft plumage.

"The black ants—when they come, nothing can stand against them," said the schoolmaster. "They come—and they go. It's the white ants that are to be feared. . . . Look."

In the gathering shadows on the edge of the bush stood the chief and the witch doctor, watching. . . .

From then onward, Shearforth found that the curious, secret battle in which he was engaged—the fierce struggle for the soul of a district—left him with less and less time on his hands; he could seldom think of his own affairs, and fewer letters were sent to the lovely, remote-looking woman who gazed down on him, with a slightly ironical smile, from his wife's photograph.

The battle was imperceptible on the surface, but relentless and continual in spirit, with the district officer and the schoolmaster on one side, the chief and the witch doctor on the other.

Hours of Shearforth's time, every week, were taken up in settling court cases: minor crimes, inquests and disputes about land rights. The business of the district officer's court required endless patience, for each side had to be allowed to talk itself out lest grievances remain. But in almost every case which came before him Shearforth was aware of an undercurrent of petty oppression and extortion of which he could get no direct evidence: it was obvious that the people dared say nothing which would incriminate those whom they feared. Shearforth always knew when he was coming close to the evil which he could not quite reach. The eyes of the witnesses grew furtive. No, they had seen nothing, heard nothing. Their memories failed completely.

Meanwhile there was hardship in the village. There was not enough to eat, and he knew that murmurs were rising against him. It became disconcerting to walk through the village and see that the people treated him much as they treated the witch doctor. Unobtrusively the women called their children out of his sight when they could.

Every day incidents turned fantastic with horror. Thirsty, he bought fruit from a woman's garden one day as he went by. The paw-paw she gave him could not have been contaminated; he saw the woman pick it at random from a bush. Something distracted his attention before he ate it; he could not remember afterward if he laid it down anywhere, even for a moment, but he must have done so while he held an unsatisfactory consultation with the chief, accompanied as usual by the figure which remained in the background and did not speak.

Afterward, he broke the fruit in his hand and gave half to a piccanin who had escaped his mother's vigilance and was grinning at him—it was the first smile that had come his way for a long time. From the tail of his eye, Shearforth saw the mother hurry to the child, take the piece of paw-paw away and throw it into the bush, but the boy had already eaten some of it. A feeling of distaste for everything which belonged to this place came over Shearforth, and he did not eat what remained of the fruit. Within half an hour the little boy had died in agony; there was no doubt that he had been poisoned.

Shearforth sat in his bungalow that evening, fumbling with the wireless for the London program; it could not be heard clearly because of the drumming in the village. Shearforth knew, though the death of the child could not be openly charged to him, that no one else was believed to be responsible.

Yet all that would happen, he thought, when the moon rose, would be a display of miracle-working by the witch doctor to enhance his own power.

THE rhythm of the drums in the village quickened. He would be wise, he thought, to keep away. All the same, he found himself, half reluctantly, walking through the lovely night toward the clearing, where a big fire was flickering on the ground between the huts.

The little crowd parted silently to let him through, and he stopped on the edge of the circle of light from the fire.

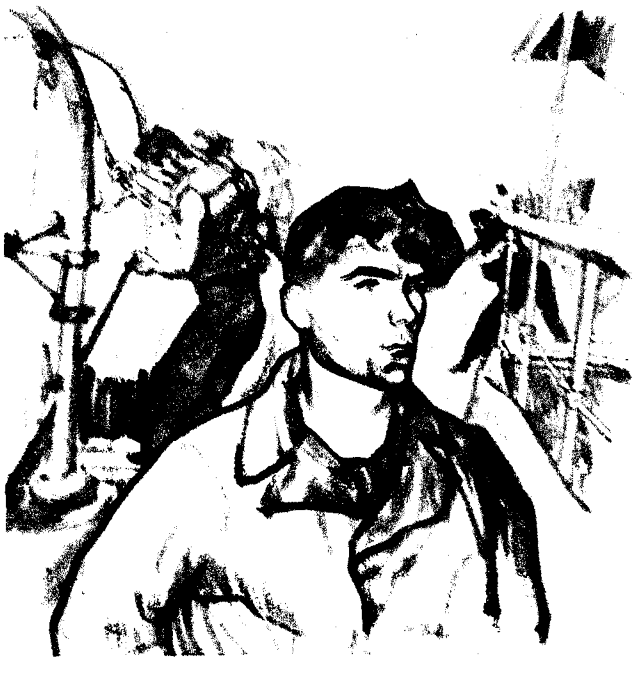
A very sick woman had been brought out and laid in the light of the flames; around her the witch doctor was making incantations, too absorbed in his own ministrations to notice Shearforth's presence. The woman was one whom the district officer had tried in vain, by persuasion, to send away to the nearest hospital; she must have believed herself bewitched. The witch doctor had told her, if she went from his care, she would die at once—in which case, Shearforth knew, she certainly would die if he used his authority.

At the climax of the ceremony, the witch doctor fell across the woman, screaming, himself, as though in great pain. He bit her

(Continued on page 54)

THE Heroes

PORTRAIT BY
WILLIAM AUERBACH – LEVY



DONALD OWEN CLARKE

XIV

ENGLAND might well be called the Land of Many Medals, for over there they honor the heroism of the home front no less than the courage of the firing lines. Not only fighting men figure in the lists that come down yearly from the throne; but men and women in every walk of civilian life, singled out for distinction by some particularly thrilling deed. As a usual thing, the decorations are pinned over proudly beating hearts, but in many cases they go to a grieving wife or mother.

Reading these lists—who the people are and what they did—amply proves the right of the English to call themselves the "bulldog breed." It also makes clear why Hitler lost the Battle of Britain, and how it is that the Tight Little Isle has come through five years of hell with unbroken spirit. They tell the stories of simple, everyday souls, all without pride of noble name, and the telling paints an unforgettable picture of a whole people's stand against a rain of bombs from the skies during those terrible years.

Josephine Woolmer, aged twenty-six: A 500-pound bomb crashed through the roof of a casualty headquarters and came to rest in the room where she sat at her telephone. Not knowing what second it might explode, the indomitable girl kept on answering calls for ambulances, not even looking around when men rushed in to remove the detonator.

Albert Dolphin, aged forty: A bomb fell on a hospital, killing four nurses and pinning others under timbers. Crawling through the wreckage, he worked to release them and would not stop when firemen called to him that the walls were about to fall. They found him crushed to death, but in the last second of life, he had saved a nurse by covering her with his own body.

Joan Pearson, aged nineteen: A plane crashed near her home, killing all save the pilot. The gasoline tank caught fire, and the flames leaped nearer and nearer to the bomb rack, but she climbed through the blaze and dragged the unconscious man out of the cockpit. Unable to carry him to a safe distance, she laid herself across him when the explosions began, saving him from injury.

The Reverend John Newton Sykes, aged fifty-six: Every air-raid warning sent this elderly cleric out into the streets on his bicycle, and as long as bombs fell he fought fires, helped to rescue trapped people, gave first aid or knelt beside the dying. In one year he had three bicycles blown from under him, but was always back on his errands of mercy before his wounds were healed.

The story of Donald Owen Clarke, however, best expresses the soul of England. Not one medal but two were won by this youngster who did not have even fuzz on his upper lip.

Enlisting as a ship apprentice at seventeen, he earned the first decoration during a night blitz in Liverpool, when he raced through a wall of fire to cut his vessel away from the dock.

The second came to him while he served on a slow old tub that tried to cross the Atlantic without a convoy. A gallant attempt, but, on the first day out, a German submarine surfaced and sent torpedoes ripping through the hull, setting the ship on fire from bridge to poop.

Caught below, escaping death by a miracle, Donald climbed a red-hot accommodation ladder to the deck, where he found eight others—all of the crew left alive. Scorched and broken, they were a pitiful, helpless lot, and the young apprentice was the only man left who had the strength to lower the lifeboat. A high wind fanned the flames, and he was burned again and again as he tugged at the ropes, but at last he got the boat and his comrades over the side and down to water.

Now came the job of getting away from the blazing vessel, and keeping away. With some unconscious and others babbling in delirium, not one of the others could be counted on, and Donald, carefully fitting his raw hands to the oars, began to row. The seconds must have been months, and each hour a century, for the roaring flames seared him, and his burns were a torment. Inch by inch, foot by foot, the boy gained clearance, but not until the boat was well out of the inferno did he stop pulling.

A scouting plane spotted the drifting boat two days later, and soon a destroyer sped to the rescue. Carefully, tenderly, the corpselike bodies were lifted out, but that of the young apprentice offered difficulty. Both hands were stuck to the oars. His furious rowing had stripped charred flesh from the bones, and his hands had to be cut away. Donald fought for life as he had fought the fire and waves, but there was no strength left in him, and he died before land was reached.

The George Cross, England's top decoration for civilian valor, was awarded posthumously, and this was the citation that accompanied it: "By his supreme effort, undertaken without thought of self, and in spite of terrible agony, Apprentice Clarke assured the safety of his comrades in the boat. His great heroism and selfless devotion were in keeping with the best traditions of the Merchant Marine."

When the Donald Clarkes, the Josephine Woolmers and the Joan Pearsons are not exceptions, but the *rule*, who dares to doubt when Britons sing that there will always be an England? . . .

GEORGE CREEL

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BOTTLED·IN·BOND

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

The White Ants

Continued from page 52

stomach till there was blood on his mouth, and rising, spat out into the firelit dusk a small and very venomous snake, which wriggled away toward the shadows. The crowd recoiled. The witch doctor cried out that the woman would now recover, for here was the evil thing which had caused her sickness.

The snake was halfway across the gap between the fire and the onlookers, moving sluggishly, for it had been kept some time in the witch doctor's mouth. There was a gasp from the silent crowd as Shearforth picked it up with his bare hand, pressing the jaws open with his thumb. It was as he thought: the fangs and the little sac behind them had been skillfully removed.

Before the assembled village, he charged the witch doctor with trickery. The hidden hostility flared up openly at last, and, incautious with rage, the witch doctor realized only that he was faced with the loss of faith among his people if he did not accept the district officer's challenge. He threatened the white man with death, as Shearforth had prompted him to do.

Shearforth took out his pocket knife and ran it into his hand, letting the blood drip into a big leaf held as a cup. Not a sound came from the people standing by. The fire was dying down a little, the blood as it fell looked black in the moonlight. Shearforth himself was conscious of the hair stirring at the back of his neck as he handed over the cupped leaf to the witch doctor. The people were so shadowed and still that the two men might have been alone beside the sick woman; around them only the circle of eyes moved and glistened.

The giving of blood, in local belief, was something which made one helpless in the hands of an enemy. It occurred to Shearforth that there was really very little missing from this situation which could have added to its unpleasantness. "You will follow the moon," said the witch doctor, meaning "You will die when it wanes."

"I HOPE to heaven," said Shearforth to the schoolmaster the next day, "that I don't get a touch of my old friend malaria just at the wrong moment."

It was said in a joking tone. "I hope not, too," said the schoolmaster, with no laughter in his voice. "Can you trust your Kikuyu boy to see you're not poisoned?"

"Oh, yes. Perfectly. He's the world's worst thief and as loyal and brave as they're made. Funny mixture."

"Well, most of us are that," said the schoolmaster.

The days of the full moon crept by very slowly. Shearforth went about his work as usual although he knew the whole district was watching, waiting for him to sicken. He had the feeling of eyes about him at all times.

The moment of anti-climax passed almost unnoticed when it came. The Kikuyu houseboy came in with a letter which he had forgotten to deliver when it first arrived.

He apologized for not remembering the letter before, but Shearforth did not reply; he was looking at his wife's handwriting on the envelope. He dismissed the boy and opened it.

He did not notice when the drumming started in the village. Could they not arrange a parting, she wrote, somewhat less stupidly than they had arranged their lives together? She would go back to England; he would remain in Africa. They had better meet and talk over dreary arrangements of money and evidence. She would be grateful if he could come down to Tanga for a few days.

The schoolmaster came in. "Do you hear the drumming, Mr. Shearforth? Do you know what it means?"

The moon had been waning for four nights: by now Shearforth should have fallen ill. His head was ringing with quinine: for the last forty-eight hours he and Kikuyu had taken minute precautions and his health was excellent.

"This is the calling-off of the spell! The witch doctor is lifting it, before all the village," said the schoolmaster. "You look too obstinately well! He is saving his reputation—as much of it as he can, that is. Some of the people, at least, are shaken in their belief. They have guessed that the witch doctor is lifting the spell only because he is afraid of failure! He is forced to say that in his anger he forgot your color. If you had been black, it would have been different!"

But Shearforth's attention had wandered back to the letter again. How quickly whole scenes from the past could re-enact themselves. It was in Devonshire that they had first quarreled. They were staying with people much better off than he was; she could not understand his touchy pride which could not comfortably accept more than he could afford to pay back. Possibly that occasion was his fault. But the next—in London—that was hers. It had become a habit with them to quarrel over little things.

Then in Africa, where she had liked the amusing, easy existence in the populous places, she grew angry when he insisted on taking her with him to dull stations—angry because both of them knew that he insisted less for the sake of her company than out of a dog-in-the-manger attitude, bred of jealousy. He ran over the things that they had said to each other, or to other people. How extraordinarily compact a long failure could become, reviewed in this way.

The last few sentences were mixed with the voice of the schoolmaster, who was still talking. Tanganyika was about them again, with the drums loud in the village.

"A very clever man, the witch doctor! It's a pity that he will be able to save some of his reputation this way!"

"Because I'm the wrong color?" said Shearforth.

The two men looked at each other, and the cheerfulness faded from the schoolmaster's face. He spoke at last in answer to something that had not been said:

"I know! If I had come forward then—if it had been with me that he had failed, then he would have had no excuse to give the people. I was in the crowd that night. I knew then that someone must stand up against his power if this place is ever to be free of fear. And I knew that I daren't. When you came forward I was thankful and yet afraid. It was the first battle—it put off the time which has come now. I have been praying that you shouldn't die. For your own sake, not only for ours. But I have known, too, that if this thing, this evil thing, failed against you, it would be my turn. And against me it might not fail—"

"Rubbish, Hale, of course it would fail—it *will* fail."

"I can't do this thing, I can't." His voice rose to a note of panic. He sat in one of Shearforth's two chairs, swaying to and fro, his head in his hands, wholly African in his distress.

SHEARFORTH found the struggle which followed more intolerable than his own had been. He had fought for the soul of a district; but no one but the schoolmaster himself could fight for his own soul.

The schoolmaster rose and without a word walked away into the darkness.

For the next few minutes the district officer listened in growing anxiety to the steady drumming. Then the change came: the sound faltered and died, and afterward the beat swelled out again and filled the night with a savage triumphant note.

Shearforth found sweat was pouring off him. He did not need to follow in imagination what was happening in the village: the gloating of the witch doctor over the victim who had offered himself, and the hushed horror of the people once again watching the almost incredible gift of blood—this time from one of their own kind. . . .

Shearforth wrote a note to be sent by a runner in answer to his wife's letter. He agreed to the meeting she suggested, but said he could not leave his district, even for a few days. She must come here to him.

There were four weeks to be got through before the moon would again be on the wane. Laura Shearforth arrived on the day when the news was brought to the bungalow by a frightened piccanin that the schoolmaster had been taken ill.

In a sense, for Shearforth, it was something of a relief that these two things which he had dreaded should demand his attention at the same time: he could not give his mind wholly to either. Indeed, he was scarcely alone with his wife for a moment on the day of her arrival. It was just as well, he thought. Against her beauty he was armored: he remembered it well. He had forgotten, though, how unfairly moving her voice was. Anything which kept him away from the bungalow was welcome, even the day-long job of moving the schoolmaster immediately to the hospital.

By the time the elaborate arrangements for this were made by runner and telegraph, they had to be cancelled: the man was too ill to stand the journey.

Distances to railhead were considerable. Even if they could talk undisturbed and finish in an hour or two the business which had brought her from Tanga, Laura could not leave again till the next day.

"You can have this place to yourself at night," Shearforth told her. "Ahmut will be about and will look after you, the same as usual. Same as used to be usual, I mean."

THEY smiled politely at the strained joke. They had indeed drifted far apart, he thought, when they could not even be natural together. In the brief snatch of time which he took off from his work to welcome her, they talked with the courtesy of strangers.

"Where will you sleep?"

"Well, I shan't need to." He explained what had happened in the village. No doubt she thought him a fool for being willing to sit up at night with a native who was likely to die in any case. "He seems a bit less despairing when I'm there."

"Despairing?"

"Yes. I suppose it's a relief to have someone who doesn't take his death for granted."

"I see. I thought you said their faith in the witch doctor was lessened by the fact that you didn't die?"

She sounded infinitely remote.

"It was," he said. "Until today. But you see, this happens to be the appointed time for the man to fall ill—and, because he was desperately afraid, the sickness has come."

"Is it only fear that's the matter with him? What else could it be?"

"Typhoid, possibly."

"Suppose he dies?"

"Then the fight's lost. Look here, Laura, I don't propose to discuss this case because you find it mildly interesting!"

"I don't find it mildly interesting," she said, unruffled. "I expect to find nursing perfectly horrible. But obviously he'll have a better chance, since you can't get him to the hospital, if you bring him over here where people don't believe he's bound to die."

He stared at her.

"He mustn't die. He shan't die," she said. "Go and fetch him now. Take Ahmut with you and I'll prepare here."

"Laura, this isn't just a few days' job!" he warned her.

"It doesn't matter. To me, I mean," she said. "There's nothing I want to do anywhere, and nowhere I particularly want to be!"

It was a shorter job, actually, than either of them expected. For the first thirty-six hours after he had been carried into the bungalow the schoolmaster seemed to rally. They nursed him night and day, by turns. The main weight fell on Laura, because Shearforth could not wholly let go of his other work.

Then the sick man became rapidly worse. There was no longer any doubt, from the symptoms, that he had typhoid. There were several more cases in the neighborhood. A harassed doctor came over from the distant hospital, gave them brief instructions, and departed. It was not till the fifth day that Laura herself despaired. Shearforth had ceased to wonder by then at the stranger to whom he had been married—the stranger who had so little in common with the woman he remembered except the voice which had always been unfairly moving.

One night she woke him before his turn of watching. "I can't manage him alone," she said. "He's delirious." They fought together, then, through the rest of the night, a losing battle against the terror which ebbed and flowed in the schoolmaster's semiconscious mind.

"Why does he keep talking of the white ants?" Laura asked.

"Because they destroy things," he told her. The man on the bed moaned and muttered.

"Like our lives," she said.

"What?"

"They got into our lives."

"What are you talking about, darling?" The word came out, by long-abandoned habit, without his realizing it.

"Jimmy, aren't the white ants something like jealousy? And being possessive? And wanting too much? They destroy things when you're not looking. When you don't know they're there?"

"They do that, all right," he said. From the wide window of the bungalow, in the glimmer of early daylight, the ruins of the first house could be seen, overgrown now with jungle creeper.

"There must be ways of keeping them out?"

"*He* says there are." Shearforth nodded at the restless figure which was constantly trying to fling itself clear of the bed.

"They're like worrying about your dignity, too—"

"Who's worrying about whose dignity?" Shearforth was beyond following this at the moment. They rested when they could, in one wide and aged chair, drawn up to the foot of the bed.

"I'm not. Not now," she said. And then: "Oh, Jimmy, why do you think I wrote asking you to meet me in Tanga? Did you really believe I wanted to leave you and go back to England?" He stared down at her, a smile beginning to spread over his face as understanding came to him, but when he tried to speak, the words would not come, and she had slid off to sleep against his shoulder.

In a little while he shook her gently awake. It took their combined strength to hold the sick man through a violent bout of struggling, but all at once he grew limp under their hands, the rambling voice murmured on for a few moments and then stopped. The vacant eyes half-opened and then closed wearily.

Laura stood looking down on the still figure.

"It's over, isn't it?" she said.

"It's over," said Shearforth. "Go and sleep, sweetheart."

She glanced down at his fingers interlaced with hers. He smiled and let go of her hand. Blind with tears, she stumbled across to a chair by the window and was almost instantly unconscious.

WHEN she woke, in broad daylight, a small and solemn piccanin, leaning over the sill, was pushing an egg into her hand.

"Present from a generous village," said her husband who was talking Kisukuma to two women who had brought a basket of fruit and more eggs. He was still in crumpled clothes, very dirty and disheveled, but he looked cheerful, and so did the women.

"What are they so pleased about?"

"The schoolmaster. I don't know how they knew. But in African villages they always do know everything, of course. Listen—" The drums were starting up, but tentatively—not with the long steady rolling of the ceremonial drumming, but lightly.

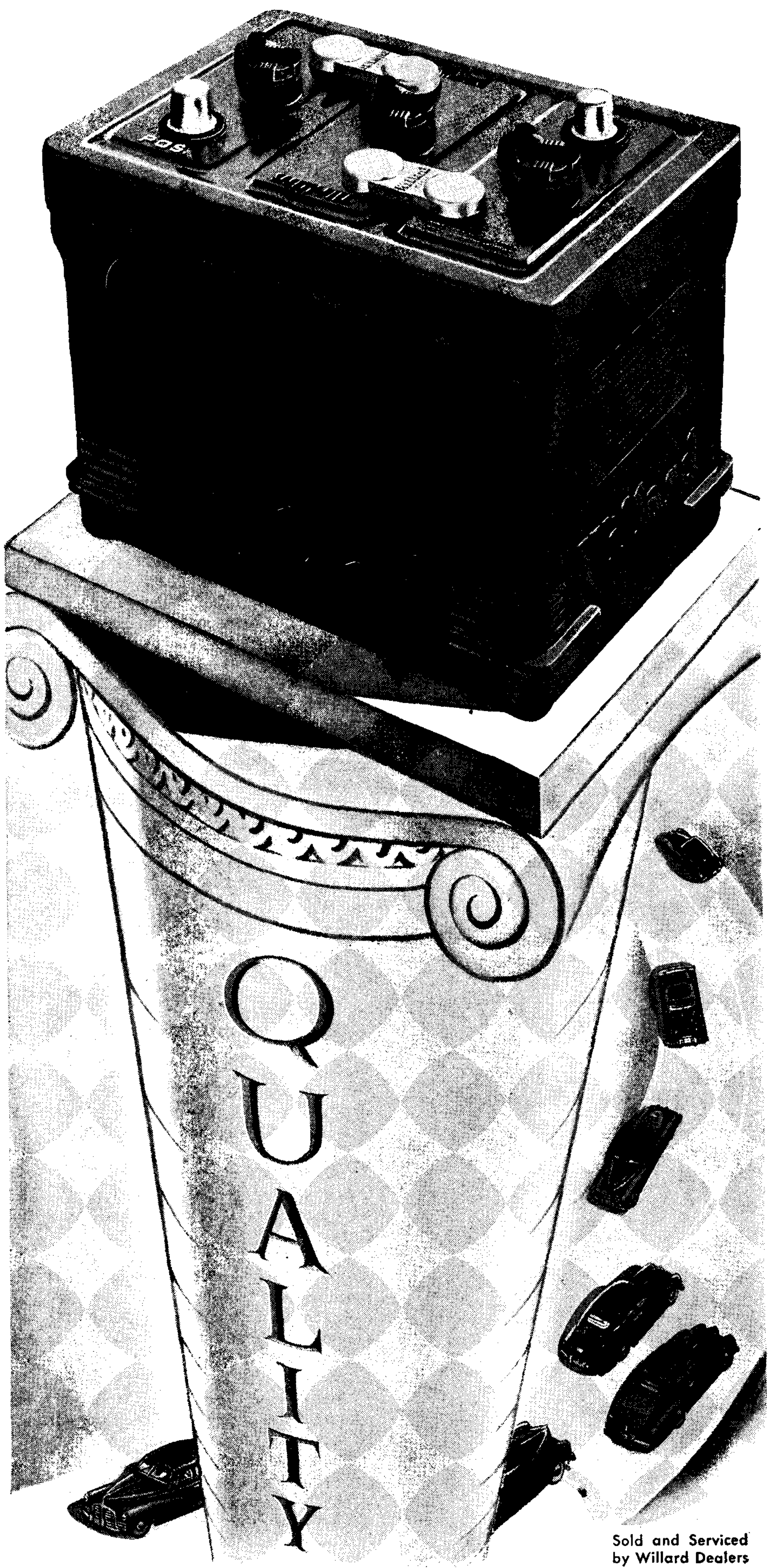
"There'll be a dance tonight. It's the night of no-moon."

"They'll dance because he's dead?" she said incredulously.

"Dead?" he said. "Did you think he was dead? He's been soundly asleep for four hours. And so have you. I've had no end of a job trying to keep the flies off both of you. Ahmut can look after him now; he'll be all right."

The piccanin, who could barely walk, had returned to the basket for another egg. This he was attempting to push into the district officer's coat pocket, where it would almost certainly be forgotten and broken in due course. Shearforth absently fingered the tight little peppercorns on the small black head, and the mother laughed as he touched the child. Down in the village, more and more drums were sounding gaily.

THE END



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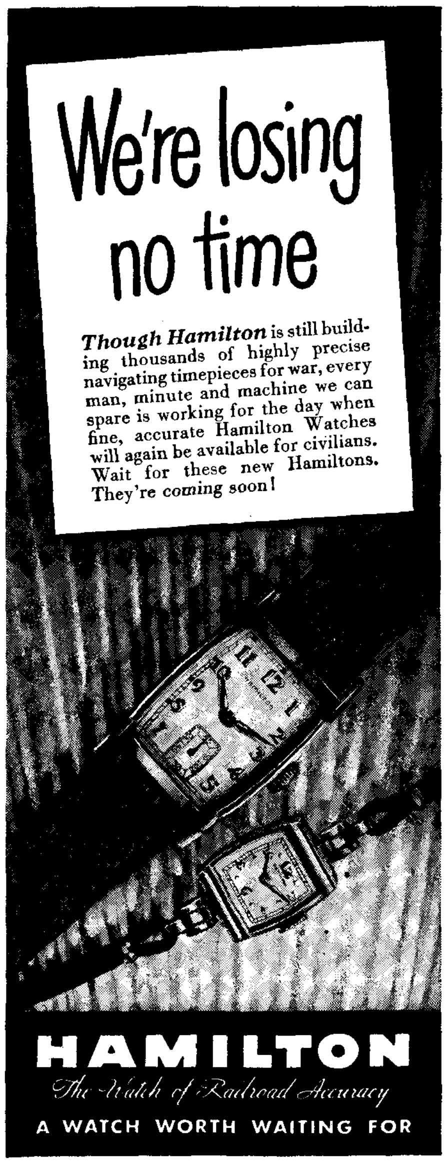

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Though Hamilton is still building thousands of highly precise navigating timepieces for war, every man, minute and machine we can spare is working for the day when fine, accurate Hamilton Watches will again be available for civilians. Wait for these new Hamiltons. They're coming soon!

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Pepto-Bismol

A NORWICH PRODUCT Norwich

Retreat

Continued from page 26

are instructed to wear the yellow star on their coats."

"Yes."

"You don't wear yours, and I find you in a café in broad daylight."

"Yes."

"You're very brave." There was a little note of irony in the major's voice. "Is it worth it for a drink . . . to risk being deported?"

Segal shrugged. "It isn't for the drink," he said. "Maybe you won't understand . . . but I was born in Paris. I've lived all my life in the cafés, on the boulevards."

"What is your profession, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Segal."

"What do you do for a living?"

"I was a musician."

"Ah," there was an involuntary little tone of respect in the German's voice: "What instrument?"

"The saxophone," said Segal, "in a jazz orchestra."

The major grinned. "An amusing profession."

"I haven't played in four years," said Segal. "Anyway, I was getting too old for the saxophone, and the Germans permitted me to make a graceful exit. But imagine, for a jazz musician, the cafés are his life, his studio, his club, his places to make love, his library and place of business. . . . If I am not free to sit down on a *terrasse* and have a *vin blanc* in Paris, I might just as well go to concentration camp."

"Every man," said the major, "to his own particular patriotism."

"I think," said Segal, starting to rise, "that perhaps I'd better go now . . ."

"No. Sit down. I have a little time." The German stared once more at his men. "We will arrive in Germany a half-hour later, if at all. It doesn't matter. Tell me something. Tell me about the French. We have not behaved badly in France. Yet I feel they hate us. They hate us, most of them, almost as much as the Russians hate us."

"Yes," said Segal.

"Fantastic," said the major. "We have been most correct, within the bounds of military necessity."

"You believe that. It's wonderful, but you really believe it." Segal was beginning to forget where he was, to whom he was talking, the argument rising hot within him.

"Of course I believe it."

"And the Frenchmen who have been shot?"

"The army had nothing to do with it. The SS, the Gestapo . . ."

Segal shook his head. "How many times I have heard that!" he said. "And all the dead Jews, too!"

"The army knew nothing about it," the major said stubbornly. "I, myself, have never lifted my hand, or done one bad thing against any Jew in Germany or Poland or here in France. At this point, it is necessary to judge accurately who did what. . . ."

"Why is it necessary?" Segal asked.

"Let us face the facts." The major looked around him suddenly, lowered his voice: "It is very probable now that we are beaten."

"It is probable," Segal smiled. "It is also probable that the sun will rise sometime about six o'clock tomorrow morning."

"A certain amount of revenge—what you call justice—will be demanded. The army has behaved in a civilized manner, and that must not be forgotten."

SEGAL shrugged. "I do not recall seeing the Gestapo in Paris until after the German army came in."

"Ah, well," said the major, "you are not representative. You are a Jew, and naturally a little more bitter, although you seem to have done very well, I must say."

"I've done very well," said Segal. "I am still alive. It is true that my two brothers are no longer alive, and my sister is working in Poland, and my race has been wiped out of Europe, but I have done very well. I have been very clever. And the propaganda agencies, who also have no connection with the correct German army, also have done well. The French hate the Germans, but they have been fed the lies for four years, and I think they will never quite get over the lies about the Jews. The Germans have various accomplishments to their credit, and this is one."

"I think perhaps you're being too pessimistic," the major said. "People change. The world goes back to normal, people get tired of hatred and bloodshed."

"You're getting tired of hatred and bloodshed," said Segal. "I can understand that, after all this time. . . ."

"Myself," said the major, "I never wanted it. Look at me. Fundamentally, I'm not a soldier. Come to Germany after the war and I'll sell you a Citroen. I'm an automobile salesman, with a wife and three children, dressed in uniform."

"Maybe," said Segal. "Maybe. . . . But in 1940 we did not hear that as you marched down the boulevards. There were no automobile salesmen then—only captains and sergeants, pilots, artillerists. Somehow, the uniform was not such an accident in 1940."

They sat silent. A passing automobile backfired twice, and one of the sleeping soldiers screamed in his sleep, the noise echoing strangely in the sunny square. One of the other soldiers woke the sleeping man and explained to him what had happened, and the sleeper sat up against a truck wheel, wiped his face nervously with his hand.

"Segal," said the major, "after this war is over, it will be necessary to salvage Europe. We will all have to live together on the same continent. At the basis of that, there must be forgiveness. I know it is impossible to forgive everyone, but there are the millions who never did anything . . ."

Gentle Resignation in the Face of the Meat Shortage

If I could choose, I would not wish
To eat another duck or fish,
But even so, I know, with luck,
Today I'll eat a fish or duck.

Margaret Fishback

"Like you?"

"Like me," said the German. "I was never a member of the Party. I lived a quiet, middle-class existence with my wife and three children . . ."

"I am getting very tired," Segal said, "of your wife and three children."

The major flushed under the dust. He put his hand heavily on Segal's wrist. "Remember," he said, "the Americans are not yet in Paris."

"Forgive me," said Segal. "I believed you when you told me I could talk freely."

The major took his hand off Segal's wrist. "I mean it," he said. "Go ahead. I have been thinking about these things for a long time. I might as well listen to you."

"I'm sorry," said Segal. "I have to go home, and it's a long walk to the other bank."

"If you have no objection," said the major, "I'll drive you there."

"Thank you," said Segal.

The major paid and they walked together across the square, in front of the men, who stared at them both with the same incurious, hostile expressions. They got into the major's car and started off. Segal couldn't help enjoying his first ride in an automobile in four years and smiled a little as they crossed the Seine, with the river blue and pleasant below.

The major barely looked at where they were going. He sat back wearily, an aging man who had been pushed beyond the limits of his strength, his face worn and gentle now with exhaustion as they passed in front of the great statues that guard the Chambre des Deputés. He took off his cap, and the fresh wind blew his sparse hair in thin curls.

"I am ready to face the fact," he said, his voice soft and almost pleading, "that there is a price to be paid for what could be called our guilt. We have lost and so we are guilty."

Segal chuckled dryly. By this time he was feeling exhilarated by the beer he had drunk, and the ride, and the sense of danger and victory that came with talking to the major in a town full of German troops.

"Perhaps," said the major, "even if we hadn't lost, we would be guilty. But even so, it wasn't the older ones like me. It was the young ones, the fanatics, they were like a flood, and the rest of us were carried along. You've seen for yourself . . ."

"I've seen the young ones myself," said Segal. "But also the older ones, sitting at the best restaurants, eating butter and steaks and white bread for four years, filling the theaters, wearing the uniforms—signing orders to kill ten Frenchmen a day . . . twenty . . ."

"Weakness," said the major. "Self-indulgence. The human race is not composed of saints. Somewhere, forgiveness has to begin."

SEGAL leaned over and touched the driver on the shoulder. "Stop here, please," he said in German. "I have to get off."

"Do you live here?" the major asked.

"No. Five streets from here," said Segal. "But with all due respect, Major, I prefer not showing a German—any German—where I live."

The major shrugged. "Stop here," he told the driver.

The car pulled over to the curb and stopped. Segal opened the door and got out.

The major held his hand. "Don't you think we've paid?" he asked harshly. "Have you seen Berlin? Have you any idea what the battlefield looked like at Saint Lô, at Falaise? Have you any notion of what it's like to be on the road with the American Air Force over you all the time—trying to get away in wagons, on foot, on bicycles, living in holes like animals? Isn't that paying, too?" His face worked convulsively under the dust, and it seemed to Segal as though he might break down into tears in a moment. "Yes," he said, "yes, we're guilty. Granted, we're guilty. Some of us are more guilty than the rest. What are we to do now? What can I do to wash my hands?"

Segal pulled his arm away. For a moment, helplessly, he felt like comforting this aging, wornout, decent-looking man; this automobile salesman, father of three children; this weary, frightened, retreating soldier; this wavering, hopeless target on the straight, long roads of France. Then he looked at the rigid face of the driver, sitting at attention in the front of the car, with his machine pistol, small and clever, well-oiled and ready for death, in the sling under the windshield.

"What can I do," the major cried again, "to wash my hands?"

Segal sighed wearily, spoke without exultation or joy or bitterness, speaking not for himself, but for the first Jew brained on a Munich street long ago and the last American brought to earth that afternoon by a sniper's bullet outside Chartres, and for all the years and all the dead and all the agony in between. "You can cut your throat," he said, "and see if the blood will take the stain out.

The major sat up stiffly, and his eyes were dangerous, cold with anger and defeat, and for a moment Segal felt he had gone too far, that after the four years' successful survival, he was going to die now, a week before the liberation of the city; and for the same moment, looking at the set, angry, beaten face, he did not care. He turned his back and walked deliberately toward his home, the space between his shoulder blades electric and attendant, waiting tightly for the bullet.

He had walked ten steps, slowly, when he heard the major say something in German. He walked even more slowly, staring, stiff and dry-eyed, down the broad reaches of the Boulevard Raspail. He heard the motor of the car start up, and the slight wail of the tires as it wheeled around sharply, and he did not look back as the car started back toward the Seine and the Madeleine and the waiting troops sleeping like so many dead by their armored cars before the Madeleine, back along the open, unforgiven road to Germany.

THE END

Send Back Something

Continued from page 19

Below him the narrow beach consisted entirely of stones, ranging in size from slingshot ammunition to navigational hazards. Without exception they looked wet, worn and unfriendly.

"You go away from here!" a voice shouted suddenly and shrilly.

Bledsoe looked around. There was a head peering at him from over the top of one of the middle-sized rocks. The head featured wet, very yellow hair in a close-cropped tangle and very large blue eyes. It and the voice that went with it were undoubtedly feminine.

"Why?" Bledsoe asked.

"Because I haven't any clothes on!"

"No clothes on?" Bledsoe repeated. "What's the matter with you—are you crazy or something?"

"No! I've been swimming!"

"Swimming without a bathing suit?" said Bledsoe. "You know that's against the law, don't you? And what's more, you're liable to catch cold."

"I *am* catching cold, you fool! You go right away so I can get my robe! It's behind that rock over there."

"Okay," said Bledsoe.

He turned around and walked back and stood staring glumly down the vista of Happiness Street. After a moment there was a breathless scramble on the bank behind him, and then the voice said:

"There! Now!"

Bledsoe looked at her. She was wearing a voluminous woolly white robe with faded red stripes on it and wooden bathing clogs.

"Oh," said Bledsoe.

"What do you mean by that remark?"

"Just oh," said Bledsoe. "Nothing but oh."

"Well, you don't have to sneer just because my bathing cap leaks and my hair got wet and I haven't any lipstick with me! And what are you sneaking around here for, anyway? This is private property, you know."

"I not only know it," said Bledsoe. "I own it."

"What? I don't believe you!"

BLEDSOE took a folded sheet of stiff, legal-sized paper from his inside coat pocket and handed it to her silently. On the blank back of the paper there was an uncompleted limerick, a stand-off tick-tack-toe game, and the address of a girl named Rose who lived in Glasgow, Scotland. The other side dripped with signatures, seals, witnesses, covenants and whereases.

"Oh," said the girl, scanning expertly. "This is for a hundred-foot frontage on Happiness. Is this your name—Marcus Bledsoe?"

"Yes."

The girl turned the paper over and pointed at Rose's name and address. "Who's this?"

"I don't know. She probably belongs to Goose Grease. He's always picking up some dim bim."

"Goose Grease? Who's he?"

"Goose Grease Grabnovitz. He's a very slimey sort of stinker."

"Why? What did he do to you?"

"First he tried to kill me, and when he didn't succeed in doing that, he robbed me of all the dough I had on me."

"Tuh-tried to kill you?" the girl gasped.

"Yes. He's my navigator, and he dead-reckoned me right into the top of a mountain that was a hundred and two miles off our course."

"Then you're a flier?"

"Yes. Air Transport Command. I fly the fast freight."

"Oh. Well—did you get hurt when you hit the mountain?"

"Oh, not much," said Bledsoe. "I just broke three ribs, two legs, one arm and my nose."

"Did—Goose Grease get hurt, too?"

"Hah!" said Bledsoe. "That mountain was bare rock except for one nice, deep, soft snowdrift. Goose Grease landed in that. He lost his false teeth, but that didn't bother him. We didn't have anything to eat anyway—until the rescue party climbed up to us—and he doesn't use his teeth for talking."

"What did he do?"

"He tore a wing off what was left of our plane and made a shelter for me and put some splints on my arm and legs and let me win all his money at poker."

"That certainly doesn't sound like he's a stinker!"

"It was just the build-up," Bledsoe explained. "He only had $420.23 with him, and I won all of that in the first two days. Then he started."

"Started what?"

"Talking. And how that rat can talk!"

"What did he talk about?"

"Lynco," said Bledsoe. "Just Lynco. He would sit there with this deed in his hands and get tears in his eyes—I mean, real tears. How do you like that?"

"Maybe he loved Lynco," said the girl, swallowing.

"He's a crook, but he's not crazy. Oh, no. Not Goose Grease. It was part of the old come-on. He'd sit there looking at this deed while the wind was coming around that mountain fifty million miles an hour and fifty degrees below zero, and he'd describe the balmy breezes that always blew at Lynco." Bledsoe turned toward the northwest, facing the wind, and then shivered eloquently.

"There *is* usually a balmy breeze here," the girl said defensively. "This is very unusual weather."

"Yeah," Bledsoe agreed. "And Goose Grease mentioned—not more than seven hundred times—something about palm trees rustling restfully."

"There were some palm trees here, but they died."

"I don't blame them. And then there was the matter of a white sand beach stretching silkily against the caress of the Pacific."

"There was lots of white sand, but we had a storm, and it washed away."

"Not to mention," said Bledsoe, "beautiful, quiet, cozy suburban cottages with rambler roses growing colorfully o'er neat picket fences and children playing happily in the safe, shaded streets."

"Well, there will be. Roses and cottages and—and children, too. Right after the war."

Bledsoe paid no attention. "After about four days of that I was fairly drooling. I begged him—imagine that—to sell me his lot. He felt so badly about parting with it—hah!—that he cried like a baby, and I didn't even have the heart to bargain with him. I gave him all the dough I won from him and every cent I had—nearly nine hundred bucks altogether!"

"The lot is worth that."

BLEDSOE stared at her incredulously, and then his eyes narrowed very slowly. "What's your name?"

"Elvira."

"Elvira what?"

"It's none of your business what!"

"You wouldn't," said Bledsoe, "be any relation to a crook by the name of A. Kittlebean who runs this sucker trap, would you?"

"I'm his daughter! And he's not a crook!"

"He'll do until one comes along. I want to have a short chat with this lease louse. Where is he?"

"He's not here! And he didn't sell you the lot, anyway! Why don't you go chat with your friend, Goose Grease?"

"I can't," said Bledsoe. "He got a furlough and flew dead-head to India. Right now he's squandering my money on some dame in Delhi."

"Well, go fly after him. Nobody wants you around here."

"The doctors do. They've got to examine me seventy more times to make sure I don't have water on the knees or haze in the head. Speaking of health, you'd better run on home, Elvira, before you catch yourself a chill."

"I know what you want! You think you're going to follow me, but you're not! If you try, I'll throw rocks at you, and I can throw hard, too!"

She backed slowly and cautiously away, watching him. The fog swirled around her and dimmed her outline. Bledsoe waited for a moment more and then started after her. He had gone five paces when a rock sailed out of the mist and bounced on the ground in front of him. It was quite a good-sized rock.

Bledsoe regarded it thoughtfully for a while and then sighed and shrugged his shoulders. He went back and got his traveling bag and stood in the middle of Happiness Street and bid his landed estate farewell in language appropriate to the occasion.

"I heard you."

Bledsoe looked over his shoulder. There was a man standing about ten feet away. He was a wiry, bow-legged character with a face like an old shoe. He was wearing overalls and a canvas jacket and a duck hunter's cap. He had a nickeled badge pinned to the jacket's lapel, and he was carrying a double-barreled shotgun at the ready.

"So what?" said Bledsoe.

"So you're under arrest, that's what!"

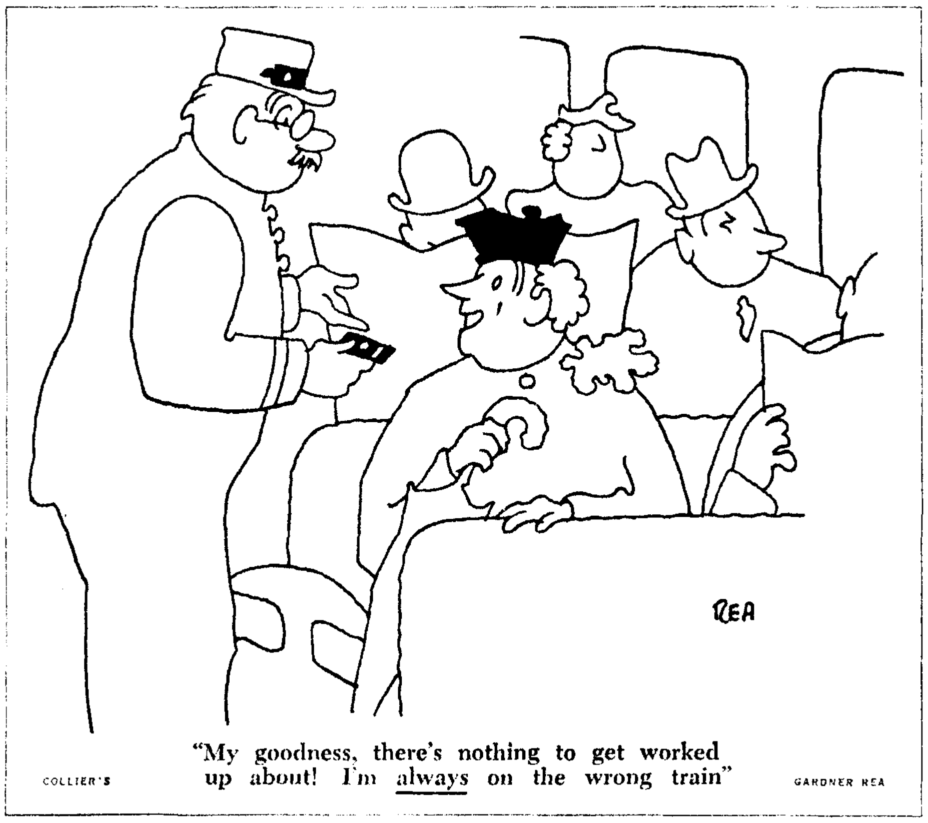
"Why?"

"Loitering," said the man. "Loitering with profanity. That's against the law around here, and I'm the constable."

"What happens if I'm arrested?"

"You go up before the judge."

"Judge," Bledsoe repeated thoughtfully. "A party by the name of Kittlebean?"



"My goodness, there's nothing to get worked up about! I'm always on the wrong train"

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"Not a chance, Tippy. This* ham is way too good!"
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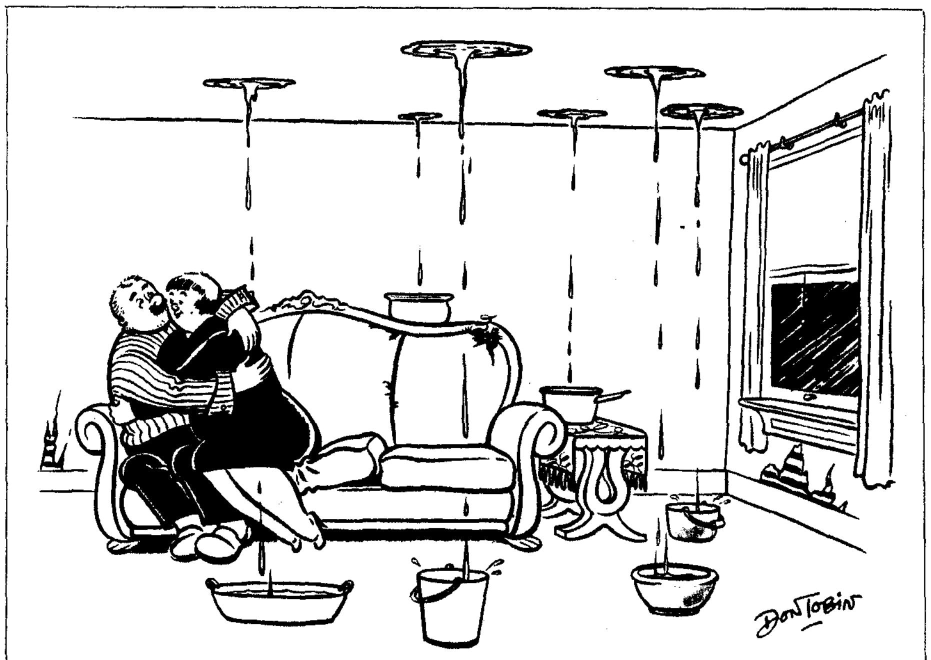
BLUE LABEL—for easy cooking; RED LABEL—ready to eat. In buying a slice, be sure to look for the word SWIFT down the side of the ham.

Your first duty to your country—BUY WAR BONDS



COLLIER'S "How I love the pitter-patter of the raindrops!" DON TOBIN

"Yup. Judge Abner Kittlebean."

"Let's go then," said Bledsoe. "Arrest away." . . .

The mathematical center of Lynco was a large and empty square surrounded by large, strategically placed sign boards. In passing, Bledsoe sampled a few of the messages that decorated them.

DOWN-TOWN COMMERCIAL SECTION
Where Business Will Be Beautiful
Site of Lynco Department Store
You'll Love Their Bargains.
Municipal Opera Stadium
Where Music is Just Lovely.

Over in one corner, almost hidden by all this wild-eyed verbiage, there was a small shack made of discarded railroad ties, secondhand lumber and flattened oil cans. It tipped toward the front, like a camel getting up, and over its door there was still another sign.

PROPOSED COURTHOUSE AND MUNICIPAL MUSEUM
A. Kittlebean, Justice of the Peace, Presiding
MARRIAGES PERFORMED
Also Fire and Accident Insurance and Personal Loans

"Right up them steps and inside," said the constable.

Bledsoe entered a room that resembled an oblong phone booth and featured a large desk and a small man. The walls were papered with maps showing views of Lynco from north to south, east to west, right to left, and up to down. There were green, orange and blue banners drooping in all directions. The green ones said: YOU'VE STILL GOT TIME TO BUY. The orange ones warned: YOU'D BETTER HURRY, HURRY. The red ones topped it off: SOLD! SORRY! TRY AGAIN!

Against this background, the small man behind the big desk looked as pink and plump as a selectly aged kewpie doll. He had a smile as dazzling as a neon sign at close range and just about as warm.

"Ah, Joshua," he said in an oiled silk voice, "and what have we here, if you please?"

"A vagrant, Judge," said Joshua. "Loitering with suspicion and also with swear words."

"Dear me," said A. Kittlebean. "And a member of the Armed Forces, too, more's the pity. Young man, I can only conclude from the evidence at hand that your superior officers have failed in their sworn duty to indoctrinate you with a respect and reverence for the ideals and institutions of this great and free republic, and I sincerely regret that my duty compels me to find you guilty as charged. The fine is fifty dollars—payable to me."

"I'm no vagrant," said Bledsoe flatly. "I'm a property owner here." He dropped the deed on the desk.

"Uh!" said A. Kittlebean, reading fast. "Oh. Oh, yes! On Happiness Street. Young man, I've been looking for you far and wide. I've spent enormous sums of money advertising for you in all the better-bred journals all over the world. Ownership of property in Lynco, aside from being a positive privilege, entails certain unavoidable responsibilities. There has been a paving assessment levied against your property. It amounts to only fifty dollars. You can pay me."

"You can try and collect it after the war," said Bledsoe. "That weed patch is not worth fifty dollars."

"Weed patch?" said A. Kittlebean quickly. "I heard you say that, didn't I? Those were your words, were they not?"

"Yes," said Bledsoe.

"But do you know what kind of weeds?"

"No," Bledsoe answered warily.

A. Kittlebean spread his neat, pink hands. "Thistles. A virulent and obnoxious plant pest which has the characteristic of spreading from untended and neglected property and threatening the fertility, utility and beauty of land adjoining the site of the infection. As a consequence of this menace, there is a municipal ordinance in Lynco—property approved by the State Legislature—requiring property owners to stamp out, burn, cut down or otherwise eliminate any such natural threat. *And,* if the owner neglects to so do, the ordinance allows the proper municipal authorities to take the steps required. I have been forced to do so, sir. That is not an assessment or a tax payable after the war, sir. That is a fee for services rendered. Due to an astonishing coincidence, it amounts to fifty dollars. Please pay me."

"You win," said Bledsoe.

He took out his wallet. Joshua, the constable, leaned over his shoulder to look. Bledsoe made a sudden move, and then he had the shotgun.

"Here!" said Joshua, rubbing his wrist. "That's against the law! And what's more, it ain't even loaded!"

Bledsoe said: "Then it won't hurt if I point it at you and pull the triggers, will it?"

Answers to Familiar Families Page 32

	MALE	FEMALE	YOUNG	SOUND
1.	Hog	Sow	Farrow	Grunt
2.	Gander	Goose	Gosling	Gabble
3.	Cock	Hen	Chicken	Cackle
4.	Dog	Bitch	Pup	Bark
5.	Ram	Ewe	Lamb	Baa
6.	Cock-pigeon	Dove	Squab	Coo
7.	Goat	Dam	Kid	Bleat
8.	Stallion	Mare	Colt	Neigh
9.	Bull	Cow	Calf	Moo
10.	Jackass	Jenny	Foal	Bray
11.	Tomcat	Tabby	Kitten	Mew
12.	Drake	Duck	Duckling	Quack

"Yes!" said Joshua loudly and emphatically. "Now, watch out! Don't do that!"

"Stand over there against the wall," Bledsoe ordered. "I've got a thing or three I want to say to you two high-binders."

"Joshua!" said A. Kittlebean sharply. "Kindly control yourself! It's quite plain to me that our friend, here, is a responsible and reputable citizen with a legitimate grievance which he has the constitutional right to express. Now, sir, I realize you have problems, and believe me I sympathize. To such an extent, sir, that I am going to step aside—metaphorically speaking—from my role as presiding justice of this court and take up the robes of mayor of Lynco—an appointive position which I have the honor of adorning. I do not wish you to be tongue-tied or timid. Think of me as a counsellor and friend. If, due to wartime exigencies, there have been any emergency municipal measures enforced, which meet with the slightest objection on your part . . . Please sit down here, sir. Now I want you to speak out plainly and clearly. If there are any corrective measures which are within my power to enforce . . ."

IT WAS three and three-quarters hours later and Bledsoe was standing in the middle of the business sector with his hands in his pockets, when he saw the legs. The legs were neat and slim and tanned. They carried Elvira into full view.

She stopped short as soon as she saw him. She looked around on the ground and found what she was seeking and then came running, her right hand back and ready for a fast pitch.

"You!" she said breathlessly. "What have you done to my father? If you dared—"

"Relax," said Bledsoe. "He's right over there."

A. Kittlebean was on top of a ladder slanted against the eaves of the municipal museum. He was wrestling with an outsize sign. Joshua, the constable, was sitting on the bottom rung of the ladder, bracing it.

"Abner," he said. "It looks to me like Elvira is gonna throw a rock at Marcus."

"Stop that, Elvira," A. Kittlebean said absently, squinting along the bottom of the sign to even it up. "I consider Marcus one of the most valuable future members of our community."

Elvira let the rock slip out of her fingers, and her lips moved numbly as she read the sign. It was so freshly printed that the words glistened like freshly spilled blood, but it was indeed emphatically legible.

LYNCO
THE CITY WITH ITS HEAD IN THE SKY
Finest Prospective Private Airfield in the World
Free Flying Lessons With Every Lot Sold

"Oh!" said Elvira. "But you—you said . . ."

"I didn't say it quick enough," Bledsoe told her. "Your old man got started first, and before he quit he had traded me my lot plus all my back pay for a lease on that cow pasture north of the city."

"Well," said Elvira, "I'm glad."

"So am I," Bledsoe admitted. "I don't know why I should be, but I am. I guess I'll have to write to Goose Grease and apologize for all the names I've been calling him."

"Oh, I did that."

"*You* did," Bledsoe echoed. "How did you know where to find Goose Grease?"

"I don't like you to call him that. His name is Gordon. He's Uncle Joshua's son, you silly."

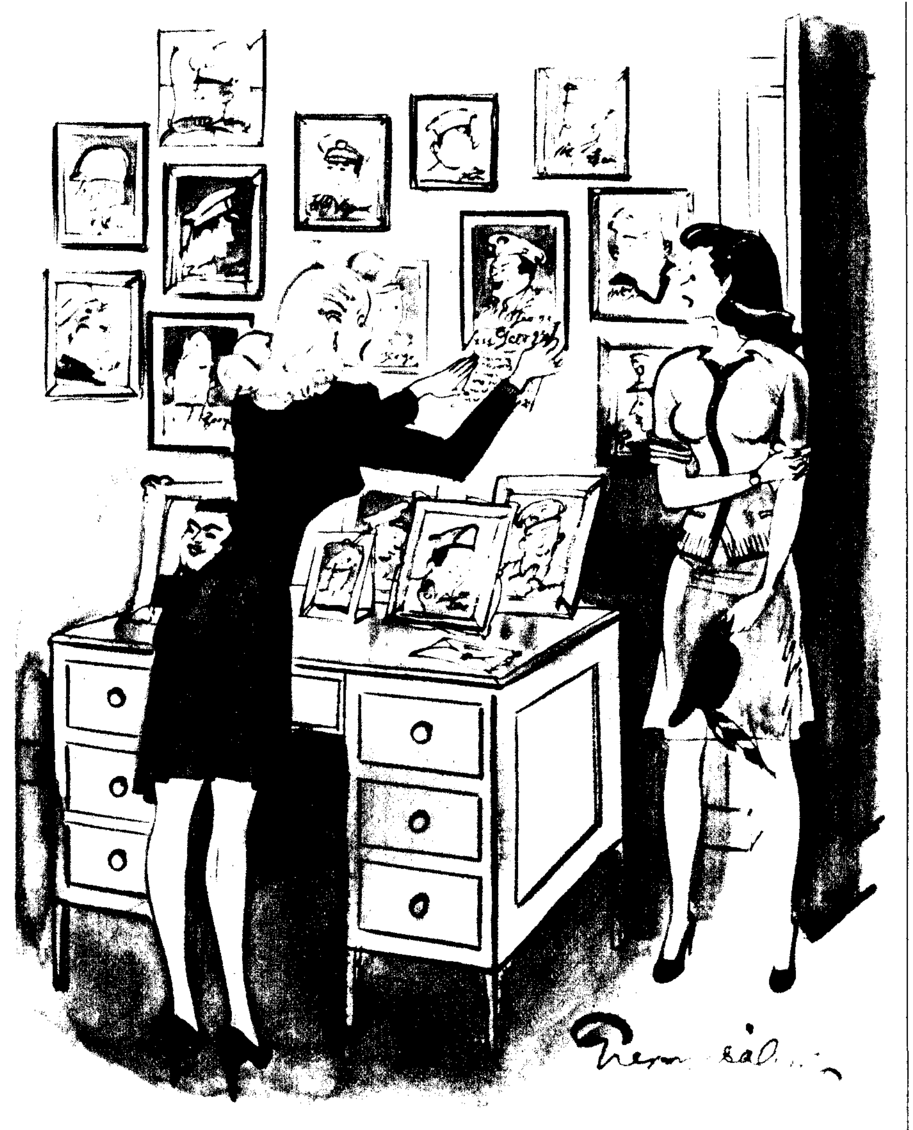
"Uncle Joshua's son," Bledsoe repeated numbly. "You mean, Goose Grease is your first cousin?"

"Certainly. My very favorite first cousin. And when he went away to war, he said he'd send me back something nice. And I think he did, too."

THE END

WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"It's from a George who says he's coming home. I've got three Georges and I'm trying to match up the handwriting!"

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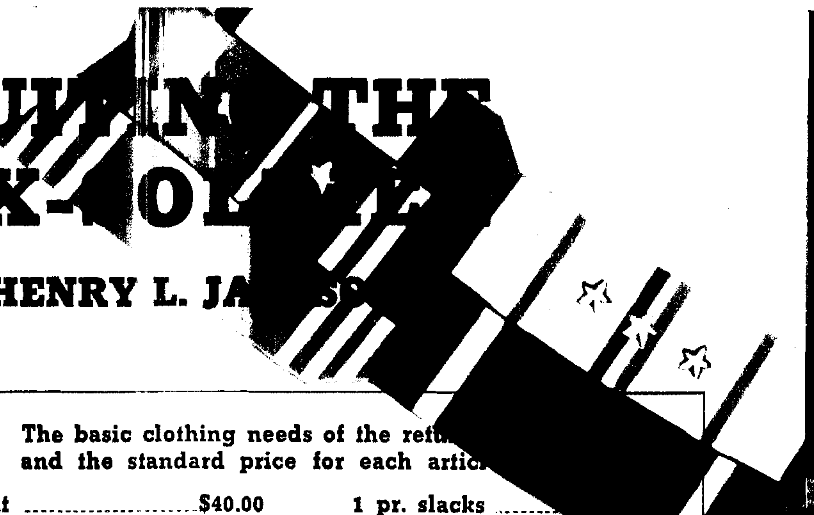


BY HENRY L. JA S

The basic clothing needs of the ret
and the standard price for each artic

1 suit	$40.00	1 pr. slacks	[illegible]
3 shirts @ $2.50	7.50	1 sports jacket	[illegible]
2 ties @ $1.50	3.00	1 raincoat	[illegible]
1 pr. shoes	8.50	1 overcoat or topcoat	35.00
1 hat	7.40	2 sets underwear	3.00
4 prs. socks @ $.50	2.00	1 belt or suspenders	1.60
3 handkerchiefs	1.00		$150.00

THE average man who has been overseas will come home with approximately $300. I have consulted with several leading clothing and accessories manufacturers, and they feel that he need spend no more than $150 of it for the transition into civilian life. These manufacturers already know one thing about your Joe: He is not the same man, physically, who went away to war. His shoulders are broader, his chest is up and out, and his stomach is down and in. He will now be able to wear drape clothing, which is made broader at the shoulders and chest, and which hangs straight and easy on a body made for it.

He doesn't have to be told that his new civvie wardrobe should be built around his suit. If he does considerable thinking about the suit before buying, he'll probably buy a blue one. Men's clothing styles have changed but little; blue is practical, and is in good taste at business or for an evening in town. The choice of shirts depends upon the suit. If the suit is striped, solid-color shirts are the choice, and vice versa. The newest shirts have spread collars which take a large-knot tie.

Socks should be at least as dark as the suit, never lighter, and they can be ribbed, striped or checked. If he wants contrast, wine shades look well with blue or gray suits, and green sets well with either gray or brown suits. Hankies with colored borders are fine, if they match his tie. If they don't come close, stick to white.

Black shoes go well with gray suits or blue suits, and brown shoes are in accord with gray or brown suits. A snap-brim hat with medium-width brim is still the best bet in headgear. Gray goes well with blue or gray suits. However, a one-hat man should pick a brown one. It goes nicely with almost anything.

When he comes to jackets, he will probably go slightly berserk around the edges. He should. Checks, plaids and stripes are good and, with a pair of flannel or covert slacks, he'd look okay on a week end with the Duke of Windsor.

Overcoats should be carefully selected. He'll want medium weight if he lives in the South, and winter weight if he lives anywhere else. He's going to find that the lighter-weight coats are all single-breasted with notched collars and set-in sleeves, and come in gabardine, covert, cavalry twill or tweed. ★★★

Not yet out of his G.I.s, although holding a medical discharge from the United States Army, West Hooker (and friend) look over the accessory situation. Color, denied so long to the lads in the service, gets the G.I. eye in shirts, ties, mufflers, gloves and hose

You're out of the Army now, man! You can forget that salute! Complete civilian uniform consists of a gray herringbone coat, a gray snap-brim hat, a blue suit, a maroon tie, white shirt, pigskin gloves and black shoes. You're all set for a job, a date or dinner in town

The returning G.I. will find a wide variety of hats to choose from, none of them remotely resembling what he has been wearing. Green, gray or brown felt hats—even a poplin rain hat are welcome changes. The snap-brim model makes a good all-around hat

Most neckwear sold in this country is bought by women. Sheldon Alison, who knows as much about neckwear as the average guy knows about baseball, is showing some fancy numbers which will be popular this spring. Bow ties are a distinct change from Army ties, and ex-servicemen are going for them in a big way

A doublebreasted suit, blue with white chalk stripe, is a wise choice. Note the loose, easy fit of this one, which is suitable for office and dressy town occasions. The unfinished worsteds and flannels are long-wearing

Most welcome change of all is from high-laced shoes to civilian footwear. Black shoes are slightly dressier than brown ones and look well with town clothing. Soldiers will find that the shoes they left behind will probably be too small for comfort—as will most clothing of prewar vintage. The Army makes bigger men of them

G.I. dream come true: a black-and-white-checked jacket—one of the things the boys have been fighting to come home to. This one is single-breasted, with large patch pockets, can be used with odd slacks for country and sports wear. Girls like black-and-white-checked jackets, too. Large plaids and bold colors are popular

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE—PIX

My Brother Hasi

Continued from page 44

of losing her appetite when she was contented, whereas anger made her hungry.

"I spent the whole afternoon with the American," Sylvie said, with a sidelong glance at Hasi. "We waited by the well for the cows to come back from pasture and watched them go to the barns. He had never seen it, how each goes into its own stall to get milked."

Hasi was barely listening; he was zealously ladling whipped cream upon his twelfth helping of fritters. Sylvie turned to my mother.

"Mr. Griffin," Sylvie said, "told me that my eyes are as deep and blue as the crevasses of a glacier, and just as dangerous. Is that good?"

"Sure," my mother said. "He must be in love with you."

Hasi lifted his nose from his fritters and gave out with a nasty "Ha."

Sylvie turned around as though stung by a couple of wasps. "Why not?" she asked. "You tell me!"

Hasi couldn't tell her why not, and Mother said. "Yes, why should a noble, intelligent man like Mr. Griffin not fall in love with Sylvelie, if even a dumb ox like you is stuck on her?"

"I?" cried Hasi. "Who said that?"

"I do," said Mother.

"This is too ridiculous, Mother! You're giving me hysterics." He seemed hysterical but he wasn't laughing, though he was trying very hard.

"I'm getting hungry," Sylvie said furiously. "Hand me that plate. Tomorrow," she said then, between mouthfuls, "I'm going to look for edelweiss with Mr. Griffin." Edelweiss is a rare Alpine flower that grows on secluded and dangerous spots.

Hasi dropped his fork. "I'm going to the White Cross for a beer," he said. "I've heard enough nonsense for tonight." Contrary to Sylvie, he would lose all appetite when he was angry and grow thirsty instead.

"Don't forget to take your coat off if you get into a fight, or I'll pull your ears off," my mother called after him, but Sylvie sailed wholeheartedly into the fritters and didn't even raise her eyes as he demonstratively slammed the door behind him.

From that day on Mr. Griffin's interests began to shift from rocks to flowers. He went with Sylvie on day-long hikes and clamberings from which they returned happy and red with sun, carrying edelweiss and bunches of gentians and alpenrosen. Sylvie would be talkative during supper, telling us what Mr. Griffin had told her and asking Mother if it was good. And Mother would answer her that it was very good. And all this while Hasi would maintain an injured silence and be unable to consume more than four or five helpings of apple fritters.

"KÖBI," he said to me one morning, "I must tell you something. The thought of Sylvie plucking edelweiss with Mr. Griffin bothers me terribly. It kept me awake all night."

"This is the saddest story I've ever heard," I said.

"Can you explain it?" he asked.

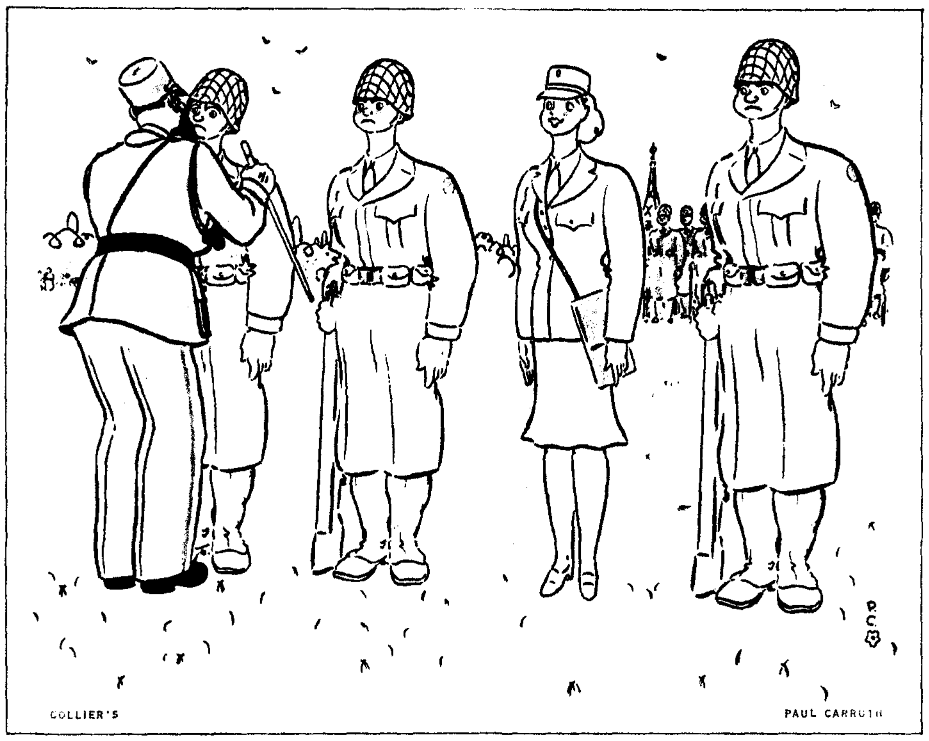
"It's possible," I said after serious consideration, "that Mother's right, and you're in love with Sylvie."

This time he didn't balk. "But what can I do about it?" he asked.

"Don't you worry," I said. "I am just the man to help you." My knowledge of gallant matters was vast. I had laid hands on a book by some Frenchman on how to make headway with the ladies, and had studied it thoroughly, always eager to educate myself. "You go up to Sylvie," I said, "and tell her a few nice things for a change, just like the American does."

Hasi gave a short, caustic laugh. "*Nice* things," he scoffed.

"I know it's a mushy thing to do, unworthy of a man," I said sympathetically, "but that's the way women are. You *must* please *them* and tell them pretty things at first. Till you won't have to any more."



"What could I tell her?" he asked desperately.

I scratched my head and scratched my chin, but nothing came of it. "Just walk up to her," I said, "look her up and down, and tell her the first nice thing that comes to you."

We found Sylvie coming out of the chicken pen.

"You're on your own now," I said to Hasi. I could see how nervous he was. He walked stiffly and erect and his lips were pressed tight, and, then, when he was face to face with Sylvie, he just said "Hi!" and stood there like the Matterhorn, and just as thick.

I POKED him in the ribs with my elbow and he coughed and finally plucked up courage and said: "Sylvelie, I've got to tell you something."

Sylvie lifted her face to him and I saw her eyes widen and her chin quiver like water under wind. It was the first time he had addressed her in weeks. "Yes, Hasi?" she said, and the word Hasi came out only as a whisper.

Hasi looked her up and down. "I like your shoes," he said at last. "They look excellent. I'm sure they'd be good for rock climbing."

Sylvie inhaled sharply and squared her shoulders. "Thanks!" she said. "I'll get rid of them right away." Then she turned on the heels of her excellent shoes and stalked off. . . .

Hasi packs a terrific wallop in his right fist. He hit me in the jaw with it and sent me sprawling.

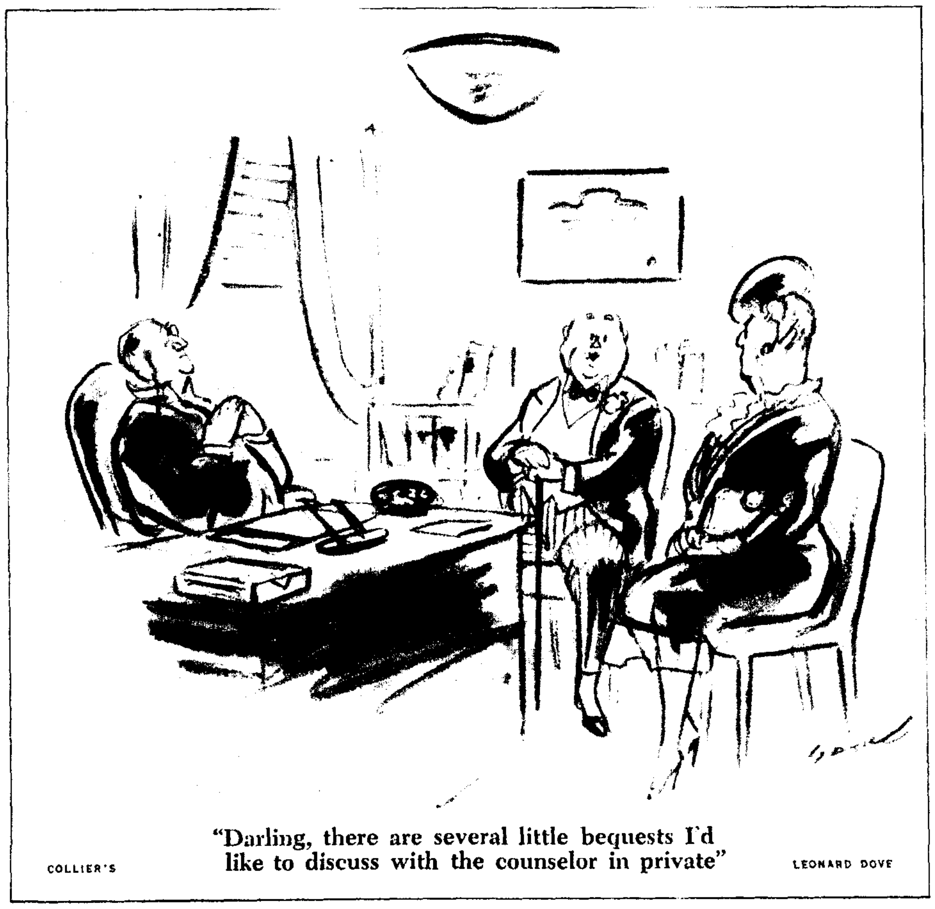
"Now, Hasi," I said. "That's not the proper way of striking a man. You must lead with your left, and only then follow up with your right."

"Why?" Hasi asked.

"That's the way that fellow Joe Louis and all the great American boxers do it. Mr. Griffin showed me. Look, like this." I got to my feet and moved in to him leading with my left, but before I had touched him, he threw his right at me again. I hadn't expected him to make the same mistake twice and I was taken off guard, and fell.

I was becoming angry. "How often must I tell you? First the left, then the right, like this!" I said, and I jumped up to demonstrate.

Wouldn't you know it? Without giving me time to prove my point, he sent me down again with his right. That's how stubborn my brother Hasi is! Well, I hated to do it, but I was determined to drive that stubbornness out of him and got up once more leading with my left. But it was all to no avail. He refused to be persuaded. He knocked me down several more times and always with his right. Finally I decided to leave it at that.



"Darling, there are several little bequests I'd like to discuss with the counselor in private"

If he didn't want to acquire an education, he might as well live in ignorance for the rest of his days. I had only contempt for him.

Hasi's appetite continued to decline and his thirst increased as Mr. Griffin kept on showing interest in mountain flowers. I tried to explain to Hasi that Mr. Griffin's passion for our flora was flattering to Switzerland, but Hasi didn't see it that way.

Finally I told him, "You're just pea-green with jealousy!" and because I like the scientific approach on things, I added, "It's all a matter of the liver. You should cut down on your intake of beer. Too much is bad for your liver."

Wouldn't you know? That night Hasi not only guzzled beer till he turned black, he even insisted it was good for his liver.

He told me so the next day at noon as we walked to the community barns over the meadows riotous with flowers and honeybees.

"After the first barrel, I don't care any more if they pluck lilies of the valley together," he said. "I stop feeling jealous."

"If you'd only read a dissertation on the subject by a certain German professor," I said, "you'd know how wrong you are."

At this point Hasi took off his jacket, and I lunged forward and hit him convincingly on the chin with my left. He seemed taken by surprise and staggered. But before I was able to follow up, he had given me a wallop as big as a suitcase with his right, and I was sitting on my pants again. He was incurable.

"You should at least learn some footwork," I said, having meanwhile progressed in my boxing lessons, "or you'll never get anywhere."

But he just kept on standing there like a tree, without any footwork, waiting for my return. I got up and did some nice footwork around him, then I feinted with my left and then Hasi followed up with his right. It was discouraging. I began feeling sorry for him.

When the fight was over and I had picked myself up, I asked: "Why did you start this fight?"

"You started it," said he.

"You took off your coat," I pointed out.

"Sure. It was hot."

It was a dreadful mistake.

ONE evening Sylvie told us: "Today Mr. Griffin said that in the moonlight my eyes glow like fireflies, and he told me a lot of other nice things also that only a foreigner could think of."

"I thought," Hasi jeered loudly, "that your eyes are like a glacier!"

Sylvie ignored his sarcasm entirely.

"When did he see you in the moonlight?" inquired Mother.

"Last night," Sylvie said enthralled. "We took a walk along the torrent and went to the grotto under the waterfall. He's soon going back to Arkansas, U.S.A. He said I should go to Arkansas, U.S.A., too."

"That means," Mother interpreted radiantly, "you two are engaged!"

"Are we?" Sylvie asked, raising her eyebrows in surprise. "Maybe we are, at that," she said.

"You must write to us every week," I said.

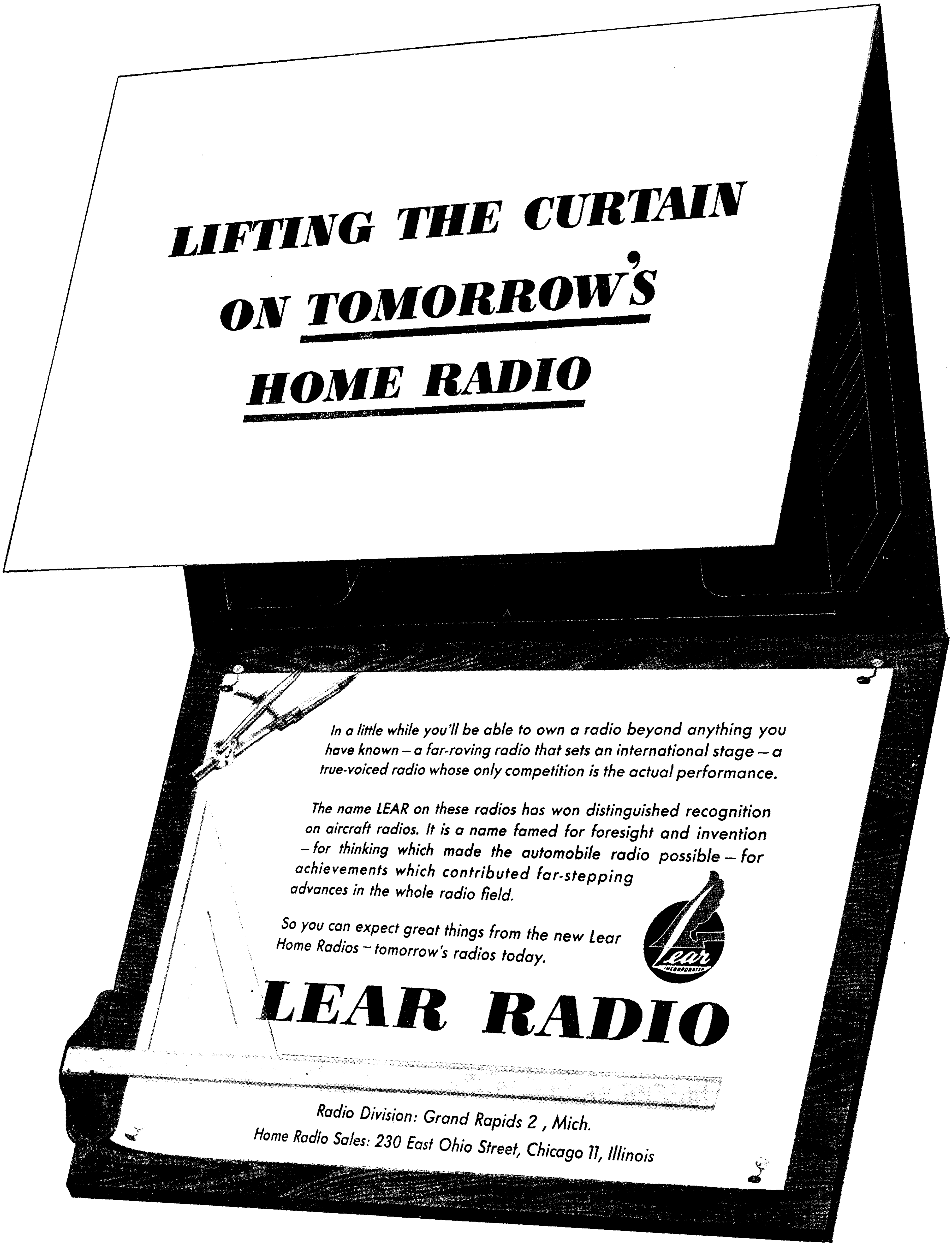
Hasi noisily pushed back his chair and left amid the general silence, and Sylvie helped herself to another dish of apple fritters.

"Listen, I'm eating too much lately. I'm getting fat," she said furiously. "Whatever I do, I can't get the slightest reaction out of that big lummox except spoiling his appetite and an occasional jeer."

"That's more than anyone else can get out of him," Mother said hopefully.

UPON his arrival, Mr. Griffin had planned several important excursions but had neglected his geologic duties for his unexpected interest in botanics. Before leaving he decided to visit at least the Bärengrat, as he had never been over an important glacier. To our surprise, Hasi offered his services as a guide. I would have liked to go myself, but I let Hasi take him as I thought it was a good chance for them to part friends. They started before sunup, with rope, rucksack, ice pick and spikes.

Hasi returned home a couple of hours after Mother and Sylvie and I had had supper. He ate with ravenous appetite and didn't feel the urge to go to the White Cross after-



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ward. He didn't breathe a word about the excursion, however, which is not customary, and we prodded him with questions. He didn't seem inclined to talk until we insisted on knowing how Mr. Griffin had stood it.

"Mr. Griffin," Hasi said, "is still on the Bärengrat." Then he went to his bedroom and began to undress.

We looked at one another. You could have heard a bomb drop. Then we rushed after him.

"What do you mean, *'He's still on the Bärengrat'?"* my mother asked.

We wormed the rest of the story out of him bit by bit. Mr. Griffin had wound up in a glacier crevasse. He was alive and kicking, and unhurt, but no one could weather a night sandwiched in ice.

"We must send out a rescue party at once," I said and ran out to pound the alarm bell that was sounded on such occasions, leaving word by the bell to come to our house with full searching outfit.

When I returned home, Mother and Sylvie were glowering at Hasi, who was lying on the bed staring at the ceiling with his hands locked behind his neck. There was an air of grim tension in the room.

"Köbi, he doesn't want to tell us where Mr. Griffin is," Mother said.

"But, Hasi," I said, "Mr. Griffin's going to be awfully dead before morning."

"Let him die," Hasi said.

I HAD to control myself. I wanted to reason, though I should have known better than try to reason with my brother. "Hasi," I said, "Papa died in a rescuing mission. How do you think he would feel if he knew how you've turned out, after all the education we've given you?"

"You are a certified Swiss mountain guide," Mother said. "You took the oath. Everything must be done to help an accidented party. This code has never been broken."

"That's right," Hasi said placidly. "But you see, Mr. Griffin didn't meet with an accident. I roped him in. So the code doesn't apply."

"Hasi!" we all shouted.

"I am for killing every foreigner," Hasi said patriotically.

"Very well," I said, "if you choose to be stubborn, I'll have to *beat* the information out of you," and I began taking my coat off.

"Don't," Sylvie said. "We need you, Köbi. We'll need every able-bodied man."

"That's right," Mother said. "Let's wait for the others, then we might thrash it out of this big muttonhead without getting hurt much."

"Mr. Griffin can now make firsthand comparisons between the deepness of the crevasses and Sylvie's eyes," Hasi said and thrust his nose into the pillow.

But the house was resonant with the boots of the men arriving. They dropped their rucksacks and irons downstairs and came up to the room. There were twenty-six men, from young striplings to gray, bearded old men, all rugged characters, even the young ones, and excited at the prospect of a night hunt. After we had told them the situation they closed scowling and tight-lipped around the bed.

"Where is the American?" the eldest said, lugging Hasi out of the feathers by a leg.

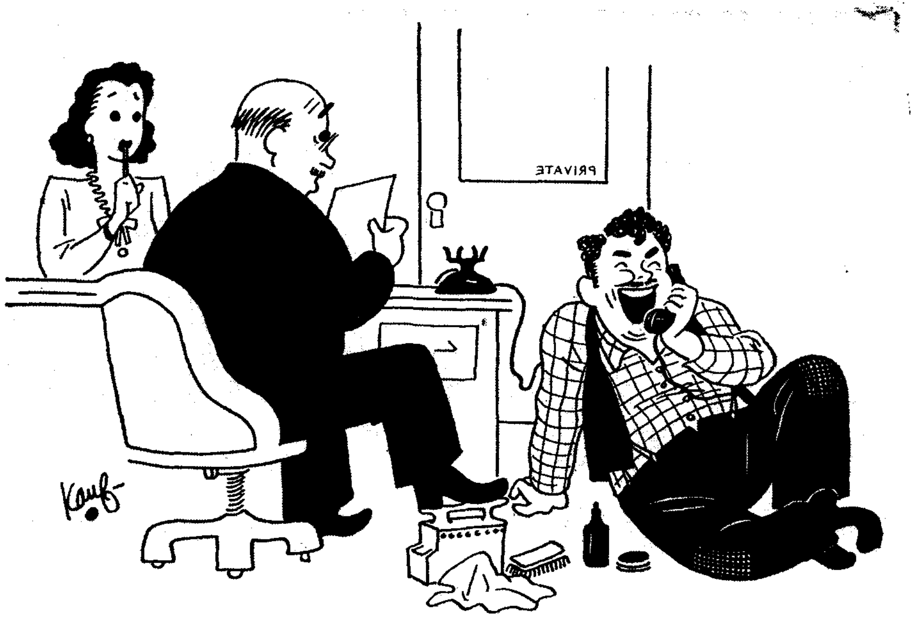
Hasi lowered his head and closed his fists, and I knew the fight would make history, but also that it was unlikely we'd ever get a word out of him.

"Give it to him solid," my mother said. "If you need any help, call me," and she left the room.

At this point Sylvie stepped into the picture. "Wait!" she said. "Let me talk to him. Alone."

Even I had to leave. We crowded the corridor waiting impatiently to be called in, for there was no time to lose. All seemed quiet inside the room. After only a few minutes Sylvie opened the door and said: "He's going to lead you to Mr. Griffin."

I DIDN'T believe my ears. There was no time for questions. Mr. Griffin had been in the crevasse since early afternoon, it was almost midnight now, and it is hard keeping awake so many hours in freezing temperature when one is unable to move.



COLLIER'S FRANCIS KAUFFMA

With Hasi leading us to the spot we didn't need so many men and the head guide picked out six. Carrying a collapsible stretcher we marched off jauntily, munching chocolate bars and dried fruit on the way. The air was crisp under the stars. It took an hour's march over the road and another hour of climbing up the rocks before we reached the rim of the glacier that looked like a huge river pouring between the mountains toward the valley and stopping there abruptly with sheer walls of ice.

We fastened the four-inch spikes tightly to our boots, lit the wind torches and roped ourselves together. Then we attacked the Bärengrat, testing the ice with our picks and yodeling out merrily from time to time, to let Mr. Griffin know, if he was still able to hear, that help was on the way.

We knew that the whole village was following the glowing pinpoints of our torches with field glasses. The glacier was gory with the flames of our torches. It was intensely cold. The ice was so hard it did not even crunch under our spikes. Our progress was silent but for the slow respiration of the men and the sizzling torches. The ground was rugged. We had to take jumps over the splits, one man at a time, the others holding the rope while a man sprang, in case he slipped, and oftentimes we had to cut steps into the ice with our picks.

"The crevasse must be here somewhere," Hasi finally said, halting.

"Listen!" said the chief guide. We strained. Not far away, but from 'way inside the ice, a chant arose. It was Once I Had a Comrade, and then other songs we had taught Mr. Griffin. I don't want to say that he sang very well—the voice grew thin at times or stopped altogether, resuming with a sudden, cracking squall—but it was remarkable just the same that the fellow felt like singing at a time like this.

He was singing My Old Man Comes from Applegate by the time we located him. He was pretty low-down and incapable of moving. The light of our torches did not reach him. The crevasse, not more than four feet wide at its largest point, was thirty-five or forty feet deep, and narrowed at an infinitesimal angle, clamping tightly anybody who fell in. Mr. Griffin was too stiff to fasten the rope around his belt and I had to be roped down.

"I didn't know you were so fond of our songs," I said, touched, while I was fastening the rope around him.

"The hell I am," Mr. Griffin said, mumbling because his jaws were stiff. "I was singing to keep myself awake."

When they pulled him out and he saw Hasi standing outside, Mr. Griffin said: "Some practical joker you are. Consider yourself punched in the snout. I would do it if I could lift my arms."

It looked for a moment as though Hasi were going to cry. But suddenly he turned around and walked off.

We poured a fair amount of cognac into Mr. Griffin, laid him on the stretcher, and carried him back to the village as fast as we could. All night we rubbed his legs and arms and fed him warm milk with honey and more cognac, until he must have been entirely drunk.

When finally he could move his toes, which always recover last, we knew he was out of danger.

But the excitement was not over. . . .

In our concern about Mr. Griffin we had entirely forgotten about Hasi. It was Sylvie who discovered that he had not come back. No one had seen him since he had turned away from us up on the glacier, and we had assumed that he had gone home. But his bed was untouched.

"He must still be on the Bärengrat; he seemed very disturbed," the head guide said, and Sylvie ran to bang the alarm bell. Furiously the men returned to our house, muttering about Hasi, and what they said was rather mortifying even for his relatives. Everybody was in foul temper as no one had had any sleep.

But before the second rescue party left, my mother, following a hunch, discovered Hasi in the White Cross tavern, into which he had broken during the night. He was lying unconscious on the floor, smelling like a brewery.

WHEN we learned that Mr. Griffin had a girl in the States who was waiting for him, I began suspecting that he had never been properly engaged to Sylvie, and not even improperly.

Sylvie was not dumb. I found that out when I asked her how she succeeded in making Hasi talk. "Did you tell him you loved him?" I asked her.

"Oh, no," Sylvie said. "I told Hasi that I was very much in love with Mr. Griffin. That all my future happiness depended on us finding him alive. That's all. 'If it's really so,' Hasi said, 'I'll get him back for you.' Only," Sylvie added, "it's going to be quite a job now to convince him that I don't love Mr. Griffin but that I love *him*."

"Perhaps I can give you a few pointers," I said.

"Never mind," Sylvie said. "I'll handle this myself."

She did.

Mr. Griffin couldn't stay for the wedding but he bought Sylvie a beautiful gift and wrote to us from the boat.

After the wedding banquet I put my arms around Sylvie and said, "Hasi, I'll show you how to kiss."

"If I want any advice, I'll ask for it," Hasi said pointedly.

That's Hasi for you, stubborn to the last. If he doesn't want an education, why should I worry? I don't know, but I do. I took my coat off, did some excellent footwork, feinted with my left, and then Hasi hit me.

I don't have to tell you how. With a right, and without any footwork. He hadn't learned a thing. And he'd rather die than admit I let him win only because it was his wedding day. That's how stubborn he is, I'm ashamed to say.

THE END

Do We Want National Health Insurance?

Continued from page 21

those who wished to keep on with private practice could do so. 5) Many persons do not now get adequate care, either because they can't afford it and don't like to ask for charity or because first-rate medical services aren't available in the communities where they live.

Public opinion on the issue is reflected by various polls. Doctor George Gallup reports that 59 per cent of the people want an extension of Social Security laws to cover medical care. Seventy-five to eighty-five per cent want an easier method of paying doctor bills.

A survey by the National Opinion Research Center (paid for by a group in favor of the bill) found that 68 per cent favored a broadened Social Security law covering payments for doctor and hospital care, and 82 per cent wanted an easier way of paying medical bills. Another survey by the Opinion Research Corporation (paid for by a group opposed to the bill) showed only 37 per cent favoring a "federal government plan" for health security, although 63 per cent wanted some easier way of paying medical costs. The National Opinion Research Center blames the apparent discrepancy in the two surveys on the way the Opinion Research Corporation worded its questions.

The Wishes of the People

Still another poll, made by Foote, Cone & Belding for the California Medical Association to determine how doctors could meet the "threat of federal medicine," found that 50 per cent of California's citizens definitely favor federal medicine, 34 per cent are against it, and 16 per cent are undecided.

The report commented: "Among upper-income groups, federal medicine is desired because of the poor. Among the poor it is desired because they want proper care themselves. . . . If it were to come up on the ballot today . . . it seems abundantly clear that you (the California Medical Association) would lose the issue—perhaps by a landslide.

"And," the report continues, "if doctors ask, 'Why is medicine singled out? Hasn't the doctor as much right to the advantages of free enterprise as anyone else?' the answer is simple: 'The public doesn't think so.' The public is applying to the profession a principle as old as this nation: When something is desperately needed by all of the people, but only part of the people can obtain it because of the cost—then it must be socialized so that all may have it. The people quite evidently think that medicine should be a public utility under government control and operation like the postal system."

To wean the public away from "its desire for federal medicine," this firm advised its doctor clients to concentrate on enlarging and improving the California Physicians' Service, a medical insurance plan for families with incomes under $3,000. The California Physicians' Service is one of the best-known medical society-sponsored plans in the country, headed by the distinguished Doctor Ray Lyman Wilbur, chancellor of Stanford University, who had the boldness to suggest twelve years ago, when he was chairman of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, that it was time the American Medical Association did something to extend better care to low-income families.

The American Medical Association is conducting its campaign against the bill in co-operation with the National Physicians' Committee, which has distributed more than fifteen million copies of a pamphlet denouncing compulsory health insurance.* This pamphlet, the committee states, "is the source and fountainhead of most of the propaganda against the Wagner bill, flooding the nation today. It supplies the chief arguments drummed into the medical profession through editorials in hundreds of official medical journals, and pounded into the public ear from the lecture platform, the press and the radio." Maybe you receive one of these pamphlets enclosed in your doctor's bill, or wrapped up with a package of pills at the drugstore.

The National Physicians' Committee also asks the personal physicians of congressmen to present its arguments to legislators. The National Physicians' Committee likens the "threat" of the Wagner bill to "a raging forest fire," and in one of its pamphlets says: "Human rights as opposed to state slavery is the issue. . . . The provisions (of the bill) are so sweeping that, if enacted into law, the entire system of American medical care would be destroyed."

The 1943 financial report of the committee noted that 6,227 individual physicians had sent in contributions "to preserve for the medical profession the independence and freedoms essential to its continued progress. . . ." The committee's funds for the fiscal year 1943-44 totaled $294,720.88.

Senator Wagner says of the National

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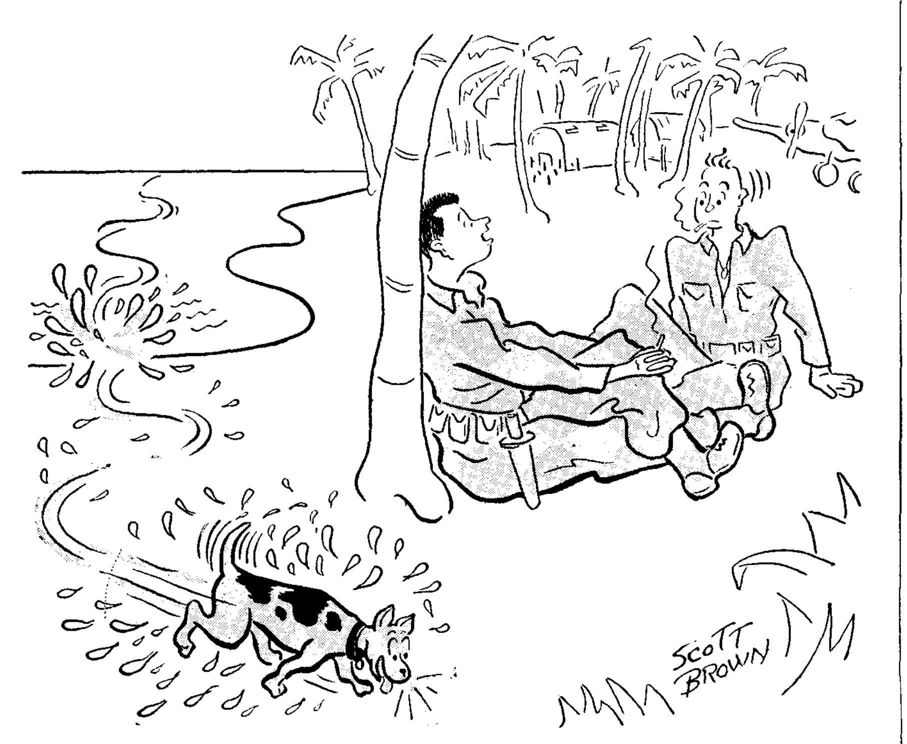
*Dr. Fishbein says the American Medical Association's house of delegates "has endorsed the work of this and other agencies," but that the American Medical Association does not support the National Physicians' Committee with funds. However, medical societies and individual doctors do support the NPC with funds.



"Mom's letter said he's been missing three weeks. Too bad—he used to follow me everywhere"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

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Do you find it difficult to keep *your* hair neat and well-groomed? You know so many men today have stopped using water to groom their hair because they found water simply wouldn't keep their hair in place. After the water dried, their hair would stand up on end or string down so unruly over their face.

On the other hand in this modern age — no self-respecting man would even think of plastering his hair down with perfumed grease which gives such a ridiculous "gigolo" or "dude" look.

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Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp — Removes Dandruff Flakes

Physicians' Committee's pamphlets: "Misrepresentations and half-truths abound in this propaganda. It has roused unwarranted fears as to the purposes of our bill."

Wagner recalls the opposition he encountered when the Social Security bill was introduced in 1935. "Yet today," he says, "no one questions the value of this act."

Leaders of the American Medical Association, Doctor Morris Fishbein and others, say they speak for a majority of the country's doctors. Members include 125,000 out of a total of 185,000 licensed physicians.

But a dissenting group within the American Medical Association—the Physicians' Forum, headed by Doctor Boas of New York—is actively working for the Wagner bill. Another group of American Medical Association members—the Physicians' Committee for the Improvement of Medical Care, headed by Doctor John P. Peters of Yale University's medical school—endorses the principles of the Wagner bill. The combined membership of these two groups is around a thousand.

Doctor Boas argues: "You cannot tell from American Medical Association utterances how the rank and file of physicians feel. Many of them are afraid to speak up, for the American Medical Association is powerful. It can cause a doctor to lose his hospital privileges and otherwise damage him in his practice.

"We cannot win this fight through the organized doctors," Doctor Boas continues. "They'll trail along after their patients—the public—demand action. They have always trailed along behind every progressive move in medicine. They opposed public health vaccinations against diphtheria. They almost kicked me out of my county society because I ran a baby health station."

An opinion poll of doctors in the armed services shows, according to a report in the American Medical Association Journal, that 54 per cent want to go into group practice after the war, 4 per cent want to go into full-time salaried practice, and 5 per cent want to go into government service. Thus a total of 63 per cent prefer some form of practice other than the American Medical Association's traditional solo practice on a fee-for-service basis.

Fighting Fire with Fire

As one method of opposing the Wagner bill, leaders of the American Medical Association now are working to develop more and more voluntary insurance plans, such as the California Physicians' Service and other medical society plans, the Blue Cross Hospitalization plans, and industrial plans run by private insurance companies, in the hope that the public will prefer those to a government-sponsored nationwide plan.

Voluntary plans now promoted by organized medicine in the beginning were stoutly opposed by the American Medical Association. This century-old organization, which during its early history did so much to raise medical standards, promote research and stamp out quackery, thereby earning the gratitude and respect of the country, has always opposed any medical care plan that involved any change in the traditional way of practicing medicine. The traditional way is: The individual patient consults an individual doctor and pays a fee for each service rendered.

The American Medical Association disapproved of the first hospitalization plans, starting with the one that began in Dallas, Texas, in 1929, but later, after such plans were securely established in many places, it gave its approval. It opposed the country's three most famous voluntary medical insurance plans—Ross-Loos of Los Angeles (whose founders were expelled from their local American Medical Association); Group Health of Washington, D. C (which won a conviction in the Supreme Court against the American Medical Association under anti-trust laws), and Farmers Union Co-operative of Elk City, Oklahoma (whose founder almost lost his license to practice).

In the past it has opposed the formation of group practice centers where (as at the Mayo Clinic) a collection of doctors skilled in various branches of medicine work together to give appropriate care to each patient. It has usually protested when the government extended free treatment to special groups—such as venereal-disease cases, veterans, or low-income mothers and children—on the ground that such treatment amounted to unfair competition with the private practitioners.

However, after national health proposals were introduced in Congress in 1939, the American Medical Association came to accept both group practice centers and voluntary insurance plans—although never a combination of the two. It also sanctions increased federal grants-in-aid to states, to provide public health services and care for indigents—always under local control.

There are at present over 300 voluntary insurance plans in operation—hospital, medical society, industrial and other types. Together they insure approximately 20 million people against one or more items of medical expense. The most important numerically are the Blue Cross hospital plans with an enrollment of 15 millions. These cover hospital bills only. About seven million people have some protection in addition to, or other than, hospitalization insurance. This protection, in about half the cases, is limited to surgical and obstetrical insurance, and, in many, there are other limitations.

"He's up to his old tricks, buying drinks for everybody and cadging cigarettes"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

So far, then, about 15 per cent of the population has signed up under voluntary plans of one kind or another. American Medical Association representatives believe this percentage can be tremendously increased. Advocates of the Wagner bill argue that experience shows such plans usually stop growing after a few years of operation, because the bulk of the people can't afford them.

The voluntary plans favored by medical societies and hospitals find most of their customers among people making over $2,000 a year, and even in the prosperous year 1942, 43 per cent of the nation's families earned less than $2,000. Then there is a "ceiling" on most plans, limiting membership to those with incomes of less than a specified amount. The ceiling is generally from $2,000 to $3,000. Most plans limit enrollments to group, many exclude dependents, almost all exclude persons over 60. For these and other self-limiting reasons, advocates of the Wagner bill believe voluntary schemes can never reach more than one fourth of the population. Also, as Wagner bill proponents observe, insurance against surgical and obstetrical expenses does not help a person who has pneumonia, heart trouble or cancer.

Those who administer voluntary plans are in general opposed to compulsory insurance. The Blue Cross administrators, closely affiliated with the American Hospital Association, which in turn is closely affiliated with the American Medical Association, are opposed. Mayor La Guardia of New York is an exception. He says that the new voluntary plan about to start operating in New York is "only a stopgap until something like the Wagner bill passes, and when that happens I'll be very happy about it."

The Wagner bill designates the Surgeon General as the administrator of its health insurance features. Would this mean, as opponents fear, that the Surgeon General would be an autocrat over American medicine, with every doctor, every hospital, dependent on his whims?

Advocates say such fears are without foundation, since the bill provides suitable checks on the Surgeon General's power.

He could not *hire* doctors. Any doctor licensed to practice in any state would automatically have the right to participate in the national insurance plan if he wished to. And doctors would themselves decide which of several methods of payment they preferred.

On all matters of policy, the Surgeon General would be required to consult with a council on which the medical profession and other interested groups would be represented. He could not spend a penny without the consent of the Social Security Board, which, the bill's advocates argue, has made an excellent record for just, unbiased dealing during the ten years of its existence.

Under the bill, payment to doctors and hospitals would be arranged on a national basis, but administration of medical practice would remain, as now, a local affair.

To the argument that "government in medicine" would necessarily give us inefficient, low-quality care, Wagner bill advocates reply by citing the record of the many government health activities which have been in operation for years. The government now gives care to some 750,000 farmers through the Farm Security Administration. It gives whole or partial support in many states to public health departments, hospitals for veterans and for tubercular and mental cases, to venereal clinics, maternity and child health clinics.

Maternity clinics, for instance, have had the use of Social Security funds for the past seven years. From 1936 to 1942, the infant mortality rate was cut almost one third; the maternal death rate more than half. This marked decline coincides with the extension of medical services by the states, made possible in part by Social Security funds. Katharine B. Lenroot, chief of the Children's Bureau, says, "This federal aid was undoubtedly a factor in saving the lives of many babies and their mothers."

If the Wagner bill goes into effect, the voluntary plans will not necessarily be junked. Many probably will take over administration of the federal plan within their areas. At least one American Medical Association leader, in New Jersey, is figuring on that.

Speaking at a medical society meeting, he said, "We don't feel these plans are going to answer the problem of medical care distribution. If we took in 50 per cent of all the people in New Jersey, that wouldn't answer it. . . . But we can develop an agency . . . and its administrative methods can be extended to take over any federal plan which comes into our state. . . ."

The Health Program Conference of twenty-nine prominent physicians and economists issued a report in December, proposing that voluntary plans of good standard should be allowed to continue under a health insurance law. The Wagner plan has greater scope than any other. It offers more than insurance against the cost of illness

"Ultimately and by evolution," Senator Murray says, "it probably would bring about a vast reorganization of medical care. It would subsidize the building of hospitals, health centers and laboratories in the places that need them most. By offering doctors financial security (it is estimated that on the average the general practitioner would make at least $5,000; complete specialists twice as much) it would tempt an adequate number of able men to settle in areas now desperately in need of them.

New Era for Rural Doctors

"It would encourage establishment of group practice centers, on the theory that group practice offers the most efficient as well as the least expensive kind of medical care. Rural diagnostic centers would radiate out from these centers into small towns and rural areas. Thus the country doctor who never could afford to pay out $10,000 for three standard items—X-ray, cardiograph, and metabolism devices—would have access to this equipment."

The Wagner plan emphasizes preventive medicine. Doctor Atkinson of New York, praising this part of the program, said, "Any system of medical care which comes to life only in the face of illness is outmoded. If we are to give good care to all the people, we must prevent sickness, rather than simply treat sickness after it happens. This bill would encourage people to go to doctors for check-ups even when they feel well, thus making it possible for us, the doctors, to prevent illness and to detect serious disease while it is still in its early, curable, stages."

The bill also would provide funds for medical education and for medical research, both essential to continued progress.

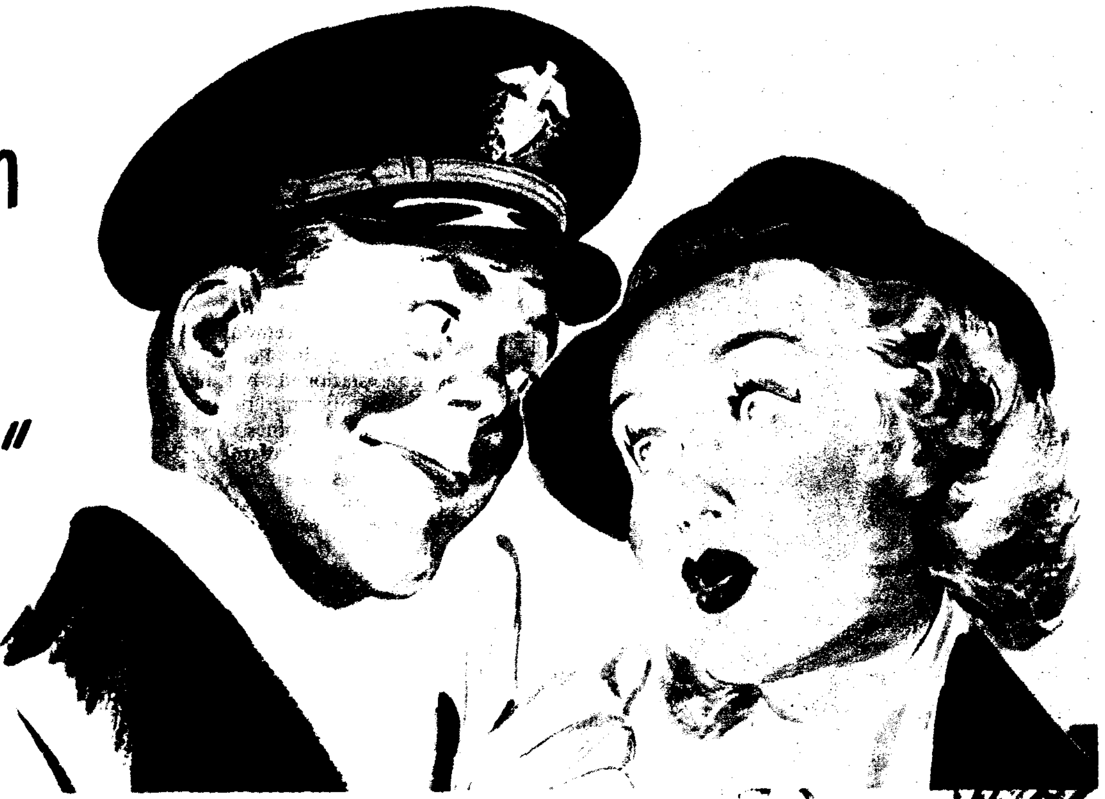
Contrary to the fears of some doctors, private practice would not be wiped out. No doctor would be required to join the plan. The Park Avenue specialist and the super de luxe hospital could continue as now, giving luxury service to those who wish to pay for it. Just as we have many fine private schools in a country where tax-supported schools are open to everybody, so we would continue to have private doctors and private hospitals, along with assured medical care for everyone.

Senator Wagner says, "This is an American plan, geared to our own experience, form of government and standard of living. Our people need protection against the costs of illness. They need ways to narrow the gap between the best that medical science has to offer and what many people receive. The medical provisions of our bill provide this program."

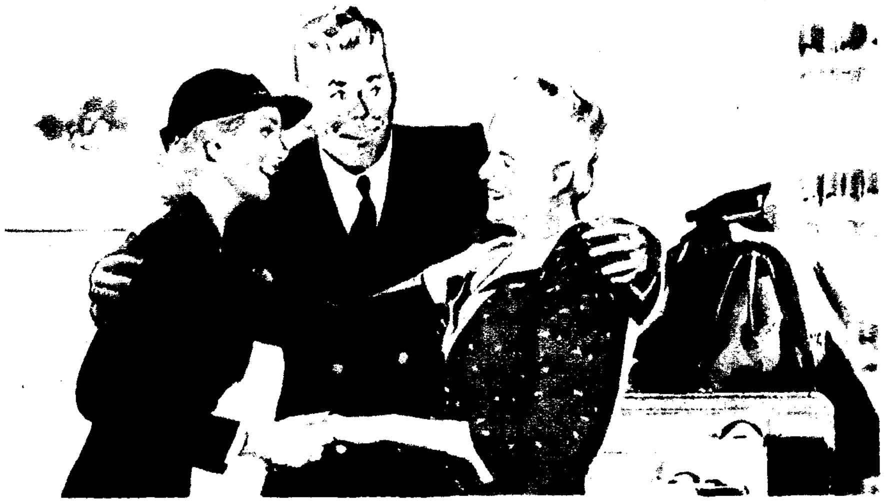
Whether or not this particular bill is passed, the trend is in the direction of medical security for all the people. No country which has tried compulsory insurance has ever abandoned it. The organized doctors of Great Britain strongly favor more, rather than less, compulsory insurance. Perhaps, like some European countries, we will go through a period of further experimentation with voluntary plans before we come to a final decision on national health insurance.

THE END

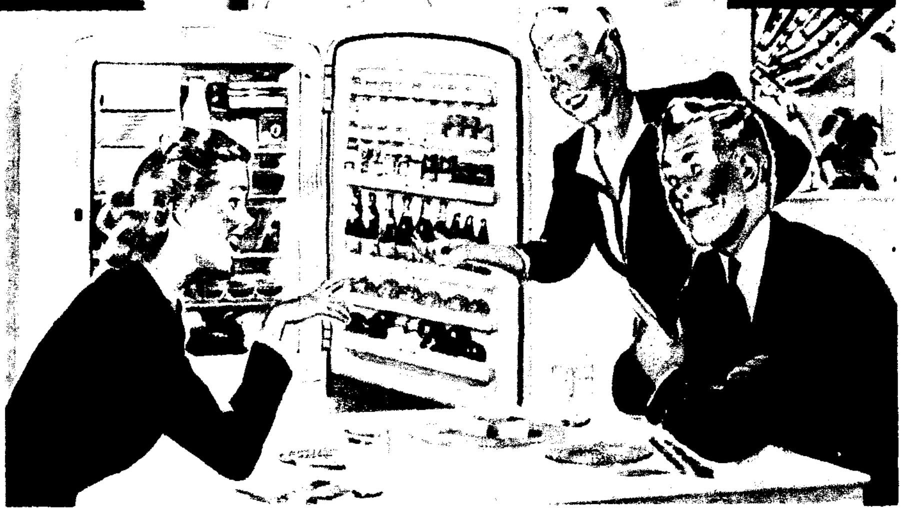
"Darling, I must warn you — Mother will show you the door!"



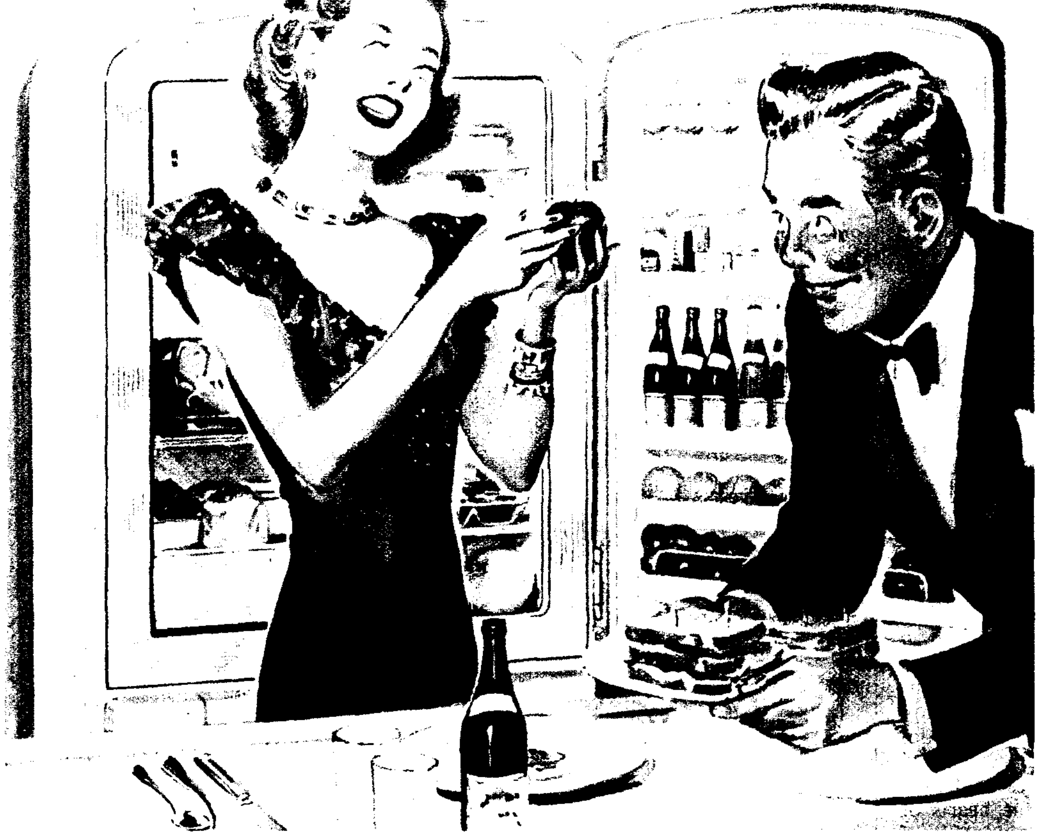
Suppose you were visiting your new mother-in-law for the first time. Suppose your husband told you — but wait! It's not what you think.



1 "So you are Bob's Mary! Welcome home, my dear. You children must be starving after that long train ride. Just drop your things anywhere and come right on out in the kitchen. I'll fix you a snack in a jiffy!"



2 "Bob, you idiot! So this refrigerator door is the door your Mother shows me! It's wonderful! All that extra food where you can reach it so easily! Bob, we *must* have a Crosley with the Shelvador* for our new home!"



3 In the Bob-and-Mary dream kitchen of tomorrow there'll be great times! Bob with veteran appetite, will lead raiding parties on the front-line ranks of Shelvador* food. Mary will prepare meals "on the double" — the double array of front-row food in the Crosley Shelvador*. Yes — the Crosley Shelvador* is worth waiting for.

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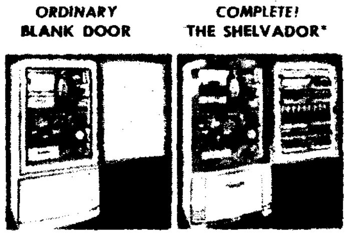

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* *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

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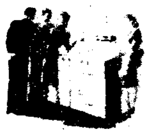

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G.I. Knappenberger

Continued from page 22

report that some of the camps are wholly financed by religious objectors. In others the objectors are paid $5 a month, and up to 6 per cent of them can get $7.50 a month. All other expenses are taken care of by the government.)

Knappie was decorated by General Clark in Rome and given the *Al Valore Militare* of the Italian government in a ceremony at Indiantown Gap Reservation in Pennsylvania, where he is now stationed, but he considers that the life membership in the Lower Frederick Fire Company comes close behind in merit. On parade, a bearer of the Congressional Medal takes a salute from everybody from full generals down, but there will be few parades after the war, and the firehouse is right there across the street.

"You can shoot pool over there," says Knappie, "and just hang around."

The social life of small Pennsylvania towns centers around the firehouse, and the right to ride on the fire engine is a closely guarded honor. When he came back from Italy, Knappie and his wife were installed on the front seat of the engine with the privilege of working the siren. Searchlights played on the hero as the parade progressed, and he knew that with his life membership papers in his pocket he could look forward to an honored life among his own people.

It was very pleasant in the little Knappenberger house. There was a large china closet near the front, cluttered with almost everything but china. There were family photographs tilted up so they could be seen; a few books, comic books, a teapot, a few stray glasses and a lot of what looked like unpaid bills. From the ceiling there hung a long thin strip of flypaper that reached down almost to the table and was covered with dead flies. Knappie's stepfather, Mr. Seibert, sat far down in a rocking chair, a hulking man with his left hand a stump from an accident with a mowing machine. He spoke with a decided Pennsylvania Dutch accent and had a handsome head like a painting by Jan Vermeer.

Knappie paid a great deal of attention to his wife, who was blond and looked pale from a recent cold that had threatened pneumonia. Her face lighted when asked if she liked to dance. "Yes!" she said eagerly.

"Jitterbug?"

"Yes, sort of."

"How about Knappie? Does he dance?"

She sat up abruptly, and her eyes flashed. "Oh, *him!*" she said, and then began to laugh at her vehemence. They all joined in, as if it had more than once been an issue in the house.

"Just wears you out," said Knappie with a shrug.

The "Get Knappie Up" Detail

At Indiantown Gap, three men are detailed to roll Knappie out of bed in the morning, he being regarded as the finest example of "bunk fatigue" ever witnessed on the reservation. When he first arrived at camp, he would eat breakfast and then start on a tour of the grounds, going in and out of the service club, in and out of the barracks and being sure never to stay anywhere long.

"They get hold of you," says Knappie, "and you're on a detail."

They now have him attached to the sports arena where they at least know they can find him. When the Italian dignitaries arrived to give him his decoration, there were 10,000 troops lined up for parade, the place was alive with gold braid, but there was no Knappie. His three-man bodyguard finally located his temporary snoozing place, yanked him out, slicked him up and presented him.

It was a spectacle to warm the hearts of all true democrats. All alone at the side of the field stood Knappie, his unruly hair shining from the ineffective dousing of his bodyguard. Behind him were Italian generals, American generals and colonels by the bucketful. Knappie's uniform fitted him badly, and his shoes were hastily and haphazardly polished. Like many other soldiers, he had never bothered to sew on the private-first-class stripe. There he stood, the American G.I. of almost classic character, not handsome, not particularly heroic-looking, not too pleased with all this attention. The battalions marched by, he took the salute, the medal was pinned on with appropriate words, and he marched back to his bodyguard. There was a suspicion of his crooked grin on his face, and he growled at them under his breath.

"Ten-*shun,* stinkers," he said.

The bodyguard stood solemnly at attention, their eyes fixed straight ahead. There was a strange flutter under their chins, as they were dying to bust out laughing, but soldiers do not laugh when generals are pinning on medals for valor.

No matter what romantics may think, Knappie is G.I. Joe epitomized. No army in history has sallied forth to battle with fewer flags flying or less bombastic words in their wake. It accepts its risks as calmly as it does its medals. The full story of Pfc. Alton W. Knappenberger (33618556), Infantry, United States Army, must come from the official citation; it won't come from him because it can't. He had no idea how many he was fighting against; his comrades who watched from the woods had to report that. According to the citation, he wiped out two machine-gun nests and routed an enemy 20-mm. antiaircraft gun.

The phrase "wiped out a machine-gun nest" often confuses a layman, and Knappie was asked about it. Was he close enough to see them? Did he kill them all? How did he know the nest was wiped out?

"If I saw a head pop up, I took a shot at it," said Knappie, "but you never had to worry about where they were. Those bullets kept coming and I kept firing at that spot. When that gun stopped firing, I guess that's when they say a nest has been wiped out. I never knew how many I killed. They told me about it later, when we took that place and they examined it."

He lay in that open field and kept his BAR hot and hung on. "Under tank and artillery shellfire," says the citation, "with shells bursting within fifteen yards of him, he held his precarious position." He repelled an assaulting German platoon armed with automatic weapons. Hence, he faced machine guns, tanks, artillery, antiaircraft guns, grenades, Mausers and machine pistols without giving up his position. "Finally, his ammunition supply being completely exhausted, he rejoined his company 300 yards to the rear."

That is what the citation says, but Knappie's memory tells him he never left the spot until the Germans retreated and he was there alone. Then he went back to his company.

"They tell me I killed sixty but I don't know. I was just shootin'."

The mystery of the American soldier will probably never be explained. A fact-finding committee could prove that he is a "gold-bricker," a laggard, a malingerer, a military mess. These boys have every bad soldierly quality ever imagined. All they're good for is beating the best armies the enemy can mass against them. They slog their way into battle and smash everything in front of them. They fight and win and die, getting very few fine words for their efforts and expecting less.

Knappenberger was telling how a soldier finds out who is the leader in a platoon or company. "You're lying there in a gully waiting to attack and everybody is looking at everybody else out of the corner of his eye, wondering which one is going to make the break first and, sure enough, some guy eventually gets up and starts, and then we all follow him." He paused and added wryly: "It's the same thing with retreatin', too."

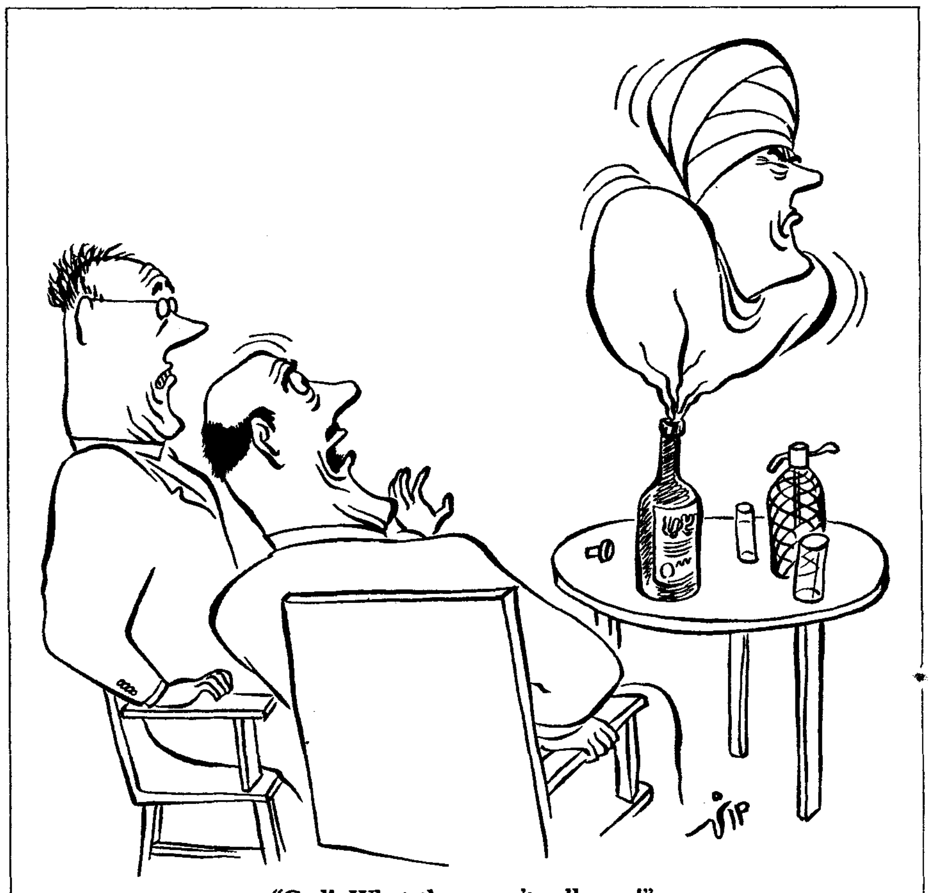
No Easy March to Victory

Ardent patriots will not like to hear that American soldiers sometimes retreat, but the soldiers know they are in a war and not a Fourth of July parade. At Anzio, the American lines surged forward, were pushed back and came perilously close to being broken. Americans who fought there have little appreciation of anybody who considers it one long jaunt of victory.

Knappie doesn't drink and he doesn't smoke but he likes to play slot machines. He can't understand why anybody would want to go to college and he will be quite content when he gets his farm and has a little hunting and fishing on the side. He feels a little bad because he wasn't allowed to fight his way into Rome, and he doesn't like being a hero because sometimes it means he has to eat at the officers' mess, where he is uncomfortable. He comes of a pacifist family and became a hero and he doesn't know exactly why.

On his jacket now he wears an incongruous group of decorations, the expert infantryman's badge, the Italian campaign ribbon, the Congressional Medal of Honor, the *Al Valore Militare*—and a good-conduct ribbon. He is a capsule version of the American G.I. Joe, and all polished versions of same seen in print must be regarded with suspicion. He is what the American soldier is like and no other comes even close to it.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Gad! What they won't sell now!" VIRGIL PARTCH

America's Greatest Naval Battle

Continued from page 18

Bay's speed down to ten knots, and she dropped behind, an easy target for the Japs. The two heavy cruisers ignored her and continued pounding the other carriers, but the Jap battleships astern scored more hits on the crippled Gambier Bay.

From the bridge of his own CVE, Captain Whitney looked back and wondered if Captain Walter Vieweg could bring the Gambier Bay through. He doubted it, for the ship was drifting at right angles to her normal course, moving toward the Jap force. Thus she presented a perfect broadside target, and the Japs sent two other heavy cruisers from their main body to finish her off.

Then out of a rain squall came one of our screen destroyers. The skipper saw a heavy Jap cruiser of the Tone class concentrating fire on the Gambier Bay and gave the command to open fire with the five-inch guns in his main battery. He was deliberately taking on a heavy cruiser, mounting eight-inch guns—practically double the destroyer's firepower—but after they had slugged it out for twenty minutes, the Jap cruiser caught fire and turned away.

The destroyer suffered a direct hit by an eight-inch shell, which flooded her forward compartments, and she was so far down by the head her anchors were awash. She was pulling away at reduced speed when three other Jap cruisers appeared and opened fire. It looked like the end for the destroyer, but, after a short attack, the Jap ships inexplicably turned away.

Taylor Reporting

The Gambier Bay, afire and riddled by shells, was rocked by successive explosions. At 8:50 A.M. Captain Vieweg gave the order to abandon ship, and her crew started sliding down long lines to rafts. Many wounded were helped from the dying carrier by their shipmates, who, at nine o'clock, saw the Gambier Bay take her final plunge.

As she went down, the other CVEs were still trying to escape the Jap attack. The two detached enemy cruisers circled their prey, firing salvo after salvo at the thin sides of the Kitkun Bay, the White Plains, the St. Lô and the others steaming south with them. Rear Admiral Sprague used every tactic in the book to dodge the Jap shells.

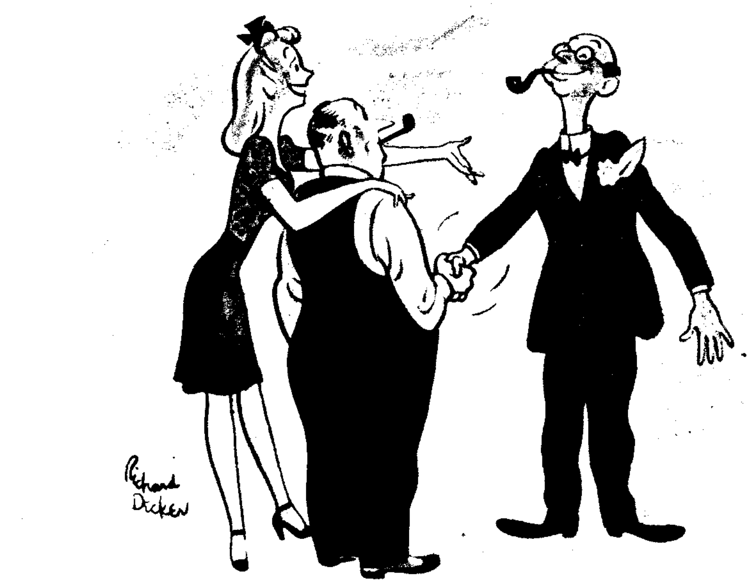
"We made frequent changes of course," he said later, "to throw them off in their gunnery problem. Each ship captain 'chased' the splashes from the enemy salvos. It was miraculous that we emerged as we did. When the range between the two forces was reduced enough to bring the Jap ships within reach of our escort carriers' five-inch guns, we opened up and got hits, observable from our ships."

Morris Reporting

While the lone five-inch gun was firing from Sprague's flagship, one of his battery officers with a sardonic sense of humor said, "Just hold on a little longer, boys; we're getting into forty-millimeter range."

About eight-thirty the seven destroyers, under Commander William D. Thomas of San Francisco, and the DEs had been ordered to make a second torpedo attack on the Japs. They plowed back through the smoke screen at thirty-five knots. Four Jap cruisers, followed by four battleships, rushed toward the American ships at about twenty-five knots. Frequent rain squalls made visibility spotty as the two forces charged along on a collision course.

When they were within range, the destroyers fired their torpedoes. The Jap battleships turned out of column, then formed another column and drove straight for the destroyers, showering 14-inch shells on them. Two of our destroyers were heavily hit. The Ameri-



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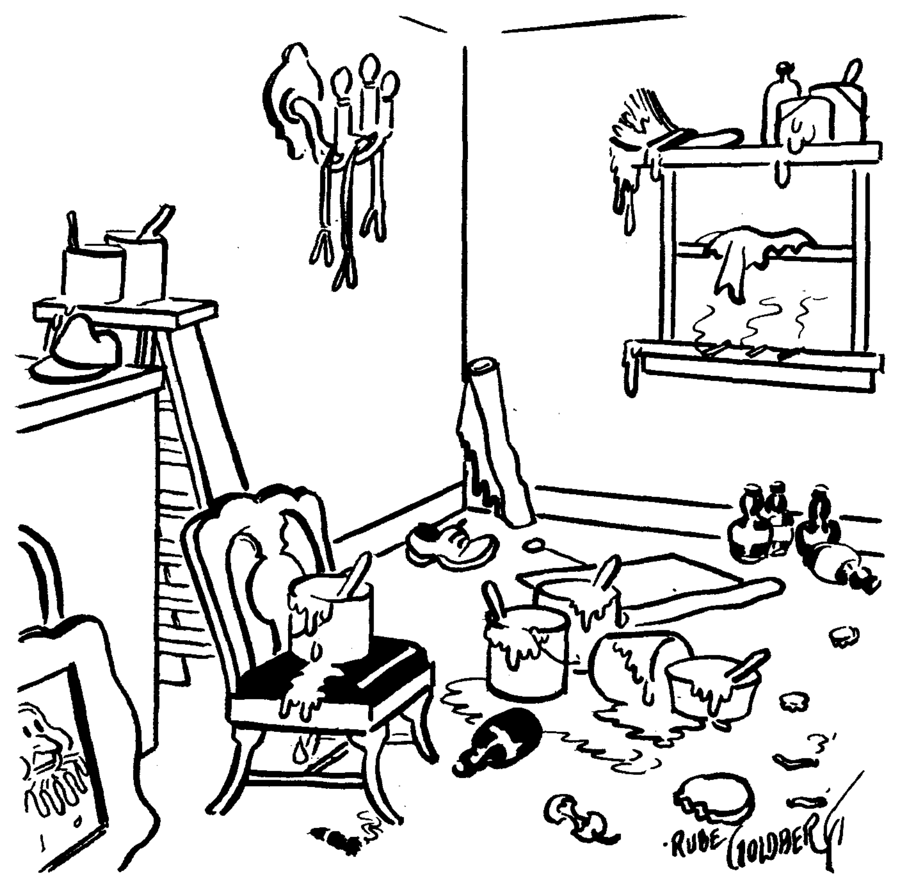

"Has anyone ever known a carpenter or a painter who has cleaned up the litter he left after he finished a job?"—Mrs. Ann Baier, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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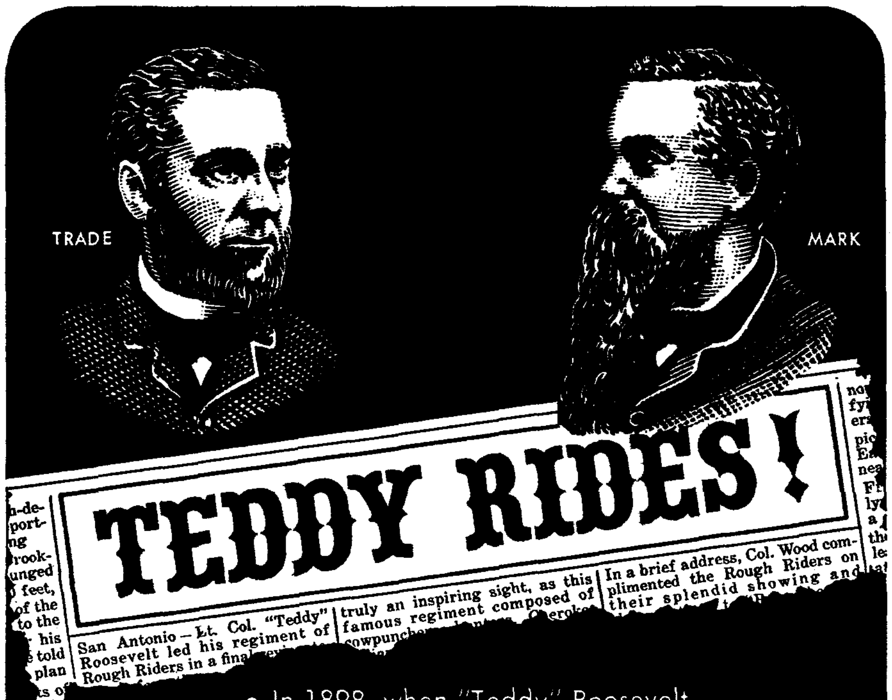
COLLIER'S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OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Firefighters race topside to battle flames as smoke pours from hole in flight deck and out side apertures of escort carrier hit by a Jap bomb

cans made a hard left turn and swung sharply right to place the Japs on their beam so they could close to short range and fire broadsides. The rain came down hard—and so did the Jap shells.

The American five-inchers had little effect on the thick armor of the Jap battlewagons and, after a brief clash, the destroyers and DEs fired their remaining torpedoes. One of the three launched by a destroyer struck a battleship only 4,000 yards away and exploded under her Number Four turret. The Jap ship ceased firing and, shortly after, the entire column changed course and withdrew to the north.

Now the carrier crews watched anxiously as our ships came back through the smoke screen. First came a destroyer to rejoin the escort carriers. Three of the DEs followed. That was all. Only these four of the seven small ships which had gone in on that attack came out alive. Two destroyers, hit repeatedly by heavy Jap shells, had gone down and a destroyer escort suffered the same fate. But their torpedo runs had diverted much of the enemy's firepower from its original targets (the escort carriers) to themselves, and thus prevented immediate disaster.

Reynolds Reporting

The five surviving baby flat-tops, however, were battling against heavy odds, and their doom seemed to be only a matter of time. Two Jap heavy cruisers circled this force at high speed, like Indians in a war dance. Again and again the Jap shells found their mark. Several hits rocked Admiral Sprague's flagship, the Fanshaw Bay. Others smashed into the Kalinin Bay. A near miss lifted the stern of the White Plains out of the water while she was still launching planes, but there was no great damage and she continued launching.

Then, at last, came the first response to the American calls for help. Up from the south roared planes launched by sister carriers. Fighters and torpedo planes swooped down over the attacking enemy ships and got hits on several. Diving through thick bursts of ack-ack, the fighters desperately strafed the enemy decks hoping to knock out the crews manning the AA guns and clear the way for the torpedo planes to strike again.

Encouraged, the menaced carriers redoubled their fight to survive. More planes from the carriers under attack joined the air battle. Some of these had been on antisubmarine patrol when the Jap ships first appeared. Others were recalled from their regular mission of giving air cover to our troops on Leyte, and these pilots added a note of raw courage to the day's record. They had expended most of their ammunition on Jap positions ashore but they made daredevil "dry runs" (simulated attacks) on the enemy ships now. Some concentrated on the two Jap cruisers circling our carriers. Sweeping low, they penetrated the flak-studded air to simulate a real bombing and strafing attack. Time and again they returned to the "attack" without a single bomb or round of ammunition.

These dry runs caused the Jap ships to change course frequently and threw off their gunners' aim, and that's exactly what our pilots intended.

They weren't all dry runs that morning, though. Four young Avenger pilots from the Kitkun Bay, rookies in their squadron, made a torpedo attack without fighter-plane protection. Ensigns Marchant, Kummerlin, King and Fulton found a Jap battleship and, led by Marchant, they damaged it badly.

"Nice work, son!" Admiral Ofstie said to Marchant when he had returned aboard.

"I'd have given a million dollars to see that thing blow up, sir," the young flier blurted out.

"Nice work, son!" repeated the admiral.

Hits were also scored on a Jap cruiser by bombs which started a series of explosions. Another Jap cruiser was attacked by four topedo planes and left dead in the water.

The battle was at its height when, at 9:25 A.M., word was passed on the Kitkun Bay that the enemy cruisers were withdrawing.

"That can't be," Captain Whitney was thinking out loud.

It didn't seem possible that the Jap cruisers would pull out when they had definitely trapped the surviving five carriers and probably could have sunk every one of them in a short time. Yet there they were, reversing course and heading back toward San Bernardino Strait.

Over on the crippled destroyer, her skipper couldn't understand it, either.

"I'll never know why they're leaving instead of going right on into Leyte Gulf," he said. "They have the ships and the power to do it."

A signalman on the bridge of the Kitkun Bay was disgusted. "Dammit!" he said. "They're getting away!"

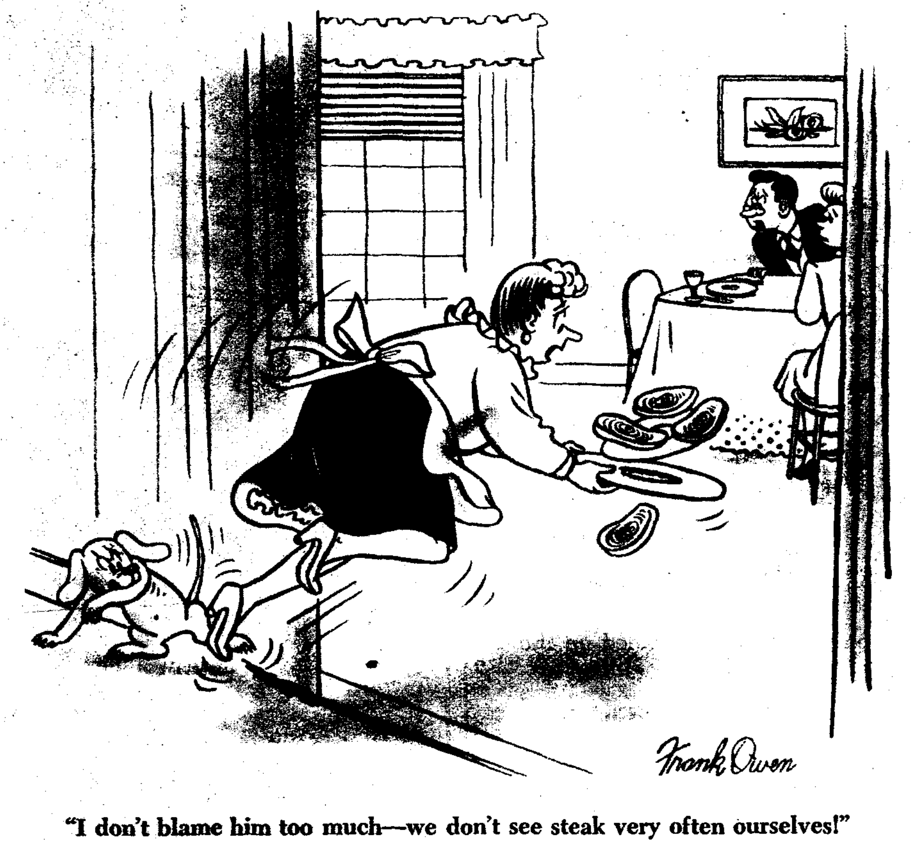
The Jap cruisers were not the only ships retreating. One by one, their battleships turned and laid a course for the strait, accompanied by the other cruisers and destroyers. Aboard the baby flat-tops, an unnatural silence settled down. Nobody could understand what had happened. Then the tension broke, and men laughed until they cried. By some incredible miracle they were still alive. The fight had lasted two and a half hours, but, during it, some of them seemed to have aged twenty years. Nor was their ordeal ended.

After the Japs had ceased firing, and the Kitkun Bay and other carriers in her group had landed their planes, the general alarm sounded, followed by: "Stand by to repel air attack!"

Eight Jap dive bombers came in at an altitude of five thousand feet and peeled off for an attack. Three of them were shot down before they could drop their loads. Each of the five remaining enemy bombers picked a carrier as its target and roared down.

De Vore Reporting

The Kitkun Bay and the Kalinin Bay were the victims of direct hits, but neither was seriously damaged. The St. Lô was not so fortunate. Lieutenant Commander Richard L. Centner, the St. Lô's air officer, saw a Jap plane start its dive. It was a single-engined Zeke. He watched it pull out of the dive into almost level flight when it was about a thousand yards astern of the St. Lô and head for the carrier's "landing groove."



"I don't blame him too much—we don't see steak very often ourselves!"

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN

Centner stared at the Zeke until it was about fifty yards from the ship, when the island structure obscured his vision. Men farther aft could see a bomb under each wing—they looked like 500-pounders—and it seemed to them that the Jap nosed over as he cleared the after edge of the flight deck. No one could be certain when the Jap released his bombs, and it was thought that only his left bomb exploded. In any event, one bomb hit, and there was a big explosion and the bomb penetrated the deck.

Steering control was lost but quickly regained. A little to the port of the center line was a two-foot hole in the flight deck, and on the starboard side the deck was blackened, and black smoke was rising a few inches from it, like vapor from a pond on a cold day.

In the hangar deck, men had been rearming and servicing two Wildcat fighters and three Avenger torpedo bombers. In all, eight planes were down there, and at least six of them had 100-octane in their tanks. Four torpedoes were ready for plane installation, while four more torpedoes were in the same area with no less than six depth bombs, fifteen 500-pound bombs and forty 100-pounders. In boxes were 1,400 rounds of .50-caliber machine-gun bullets. There was enough explosive on the premises to level a fair-sized town.

One man said the Jap bomb looked like a bail of fire smashing down from the overhead. A plane on the starboard side caught fire and disintegrated, spilling burning gas. The gas collected in a large pool, and gas from other planes fed it until, very soon, fire stood two feet high on about a quarter of the hangar deck. Shrapnel from the bomb got a few men, and many other men were set on fire. Some were completely covered by flames. Fire hose was broken out, but machine-gun ammunition began to explode a barrage of lead and tracers that chased one fire party out through the starboard door to the fantail.

From then until the ship sank—just thirty-two minutes after the bomb hit—men measured time by explosions. Whatever happened to them they remembered as happening just before or after the second explosion, or the third, or the fifth, and so forth. A plane blew up on the port side. That was the second explosion, mild compared with its successors, and more like a puff than a blast which, nonetheless, knocked men down and rolled them along the deck. A hose party was seen to crumble, and some of its members never got up.

The third explosion was a thing of incredible ferocity. No survivors from the hangar deck were able to recall exactly the manner in which it mangled their part of the ship. Lieutenant William P. Tyler of Minneapolis was caught in the blast and shot out the eight-by-six-foot sponson door and into the sea.

On the fantail, Lieutenant (jg) Cecil E. Betts of Seattle, Washington, and two enlisted men, Thomas J. Petrillo of Boston, and John Lesinski, Jr., of Detroit, managed somehow to bandage from twenty-five to thirty seriously wounded men and help them over the side.

It was the third explosion that blew another hangar door off its hinges and sent a 100-foot section of the flight deck sailing into the air. That was on the port side. A section of about the same size on the starboard side was folded and rolled back like a hall carpet. Entire fire parties were wiped out, burned or killed outright or blown overboard. One man was thrown off the forward edge of the flight deck but landed on the forecastle deck, on his feet and uninjured.

By megaphone and from man to man and over what telephones were now in service, the word was passed: "Prepare to abandon ship!"

The gasoline pump room, with its thousands of gallons of gasoline, was the station of Dwane D. Slack, aviation machinist's mate, second class. Probably no officer or man of the ship did more than he to stem the awful spread of death and wounds.

The gasoline systems in our carriers are built to withstand fire, if properly attended. Gassing of planes on the hangar deck was stopped just a few minutes before the St. Lô

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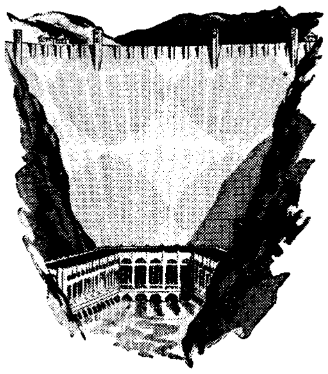

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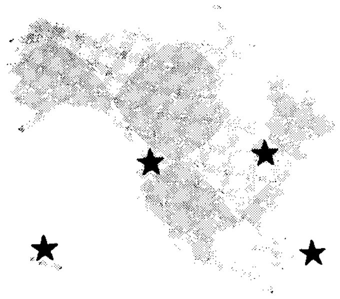

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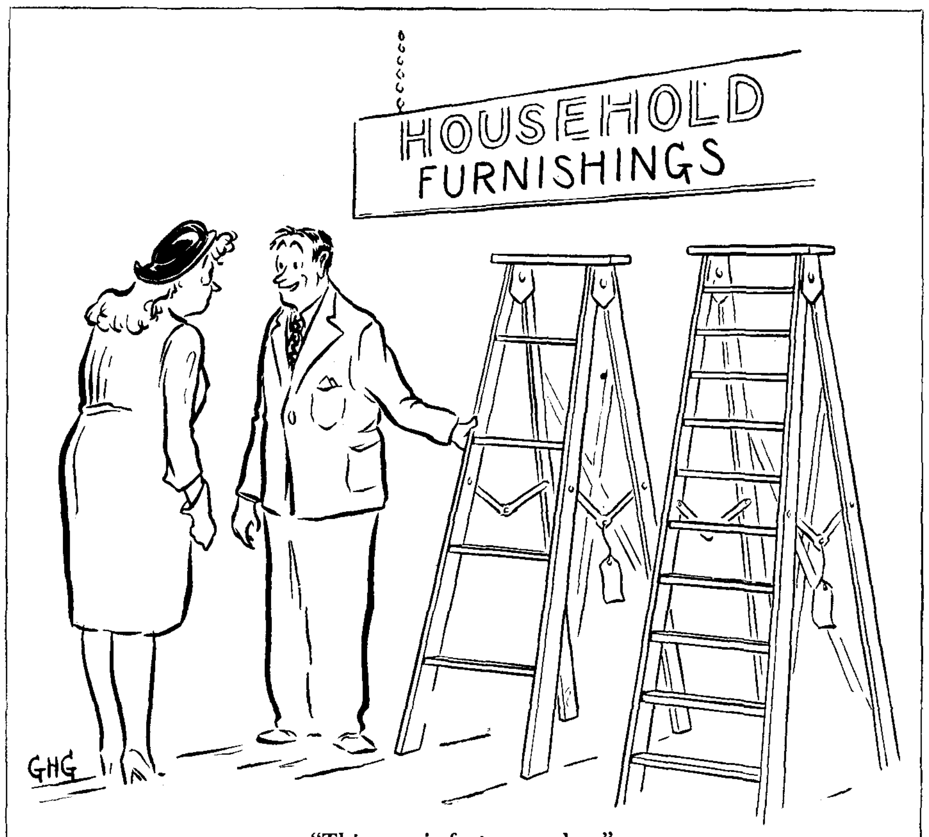


COLLIER'S "This one is faster, madam" GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

was hit. What Slack did after that to prevent the spread of fire cannot be told here. But the process takes a certain amount of time, and you must take one step in the procedure before you take another. You can't rush things, and there are no short cuts. If you don't stick to your job, as did Slack, with contempt for the prospect of your own excruciating death, fire may spread throughout your ship.

The series of explosions had run to three before Slack could "dog down" the pump-room hatch and still he wasn't through. There had been a fourth explosion, and now there was a fifth. But Dwane Slack finished his job before he walked across the forward end of the hangar deck and abandoned ship off the Number Two sponson.

The fifth large explosion came as Lieutenant (jg) Leonard E. Waldrop of Liberty, Texas, ducked through a great hole beneath the flight deck and put a fresh cigar in his mouth. He wrapped his hands in rags to keep from burning them and slid down a rope into the water. Near him was a man without a life belt. Waldrop found one for him. He saw a man who wanted a cigar and he broke his fresh one in two and gave him half. Then the three men, floating with their stomachs as far out of the water as possible to lessen underwater concussion, looked back at the ship.

About a quarter of her had blown into the water, sides and all. She was ripping apart in 50- and 100-foot chunks, and some of the pieces were flung 1,000 feet into the air. Involuntarily, she was bombarding the crew in the water. Her end was near.

Captain McKenna left the ship after the seventh explosion. Everyone knew he would be the last man alive to leave. He always performed the way you wanted the skipper to perform—with the composure of a man who is never surprised, even when he is scared as hell.

The eighth explosion blasted out parts of the St. Lô below the water line. Before this explosion she had been listing to port. Now she rolled over to starboard very fast and went down with her bow pointing straight at the sky. As night fell, destroyers and destroyer escorts were still picking up survivors. One destroyer retrieved 453 of the crew and Captain McKenna.

With the sinking of the St. Lô, we had lost two escort carriers, but the other four in Tommy Sprague's group were still intact. Two destroyers, the Johnston and the Hoel, had sacrificed themselves in defending the CVEs, and so had the little DE, Samuel B. Roberts. All considered, it was a small price to pay for saving the bulk of the escort-carrier force and the transports and supply ships in Leyte Gulf.

By early afternoon the tide of battle had turned definitely in our favor. Planes from the three escort-carrier groups were countering successfully the attacks staged by the Japs' land-based planes. And finally, help was coming from carriers in Mitscher's task force. Some of these big flat-tops, which had been refueling far to the east of Luzon, had been dispatched at full speed. Shortly after 2 P.M., these planes started making strikes on the fleeing enemy ships. They kept the enemy in retreat and foretold what punishment they could expect the next day when Halsey's battleships and carriers would arrive in force from the north.

What had been happening up in that northern area while the escort carriers were under attack was encouraging. After our planes had started their bombing, torpedo and strafing runs, the Jap carrier force split up. One group, composed of damaged and sinking ships, was dead in the water with one Ise-class battleship and a few smaller vessels circling them. The other group, including one battleship, one light carrier, one large Shokaku-class carrier and a few other undamaged ships, was retreating to the north.

At 10:07 A.M., Halsey messaged the carriers: "Instruct all pilots to strike at undamaged ships. Leave cripples until later."

The second and subsequent waves of aircraft, therefore, swept down on the ships fleeing northward. Blond, slender Lieutenant Al Seckel of Chicago was one of several Hellcat fighters who stabbed at the Shokaku-class flat-top with armor-piercing bombs.

Seckel, one of the crack fighter pilots of the Third Fleet—he recently shot down four planes in one hop—reported that the Shokaku (or she may have been a sister ship, the Zuikaku) twisted this way and that, at first seeming to ignore the torpedoes and bombs raining into her hull. Then she stopped dead in the water and large columns of smoke poured from her vitals. Yet two hours passed before she rolled over and sank, belly up and stern first.

Commander Hugh Winters of Annapolis, Maryland, saw Rising Sun destroyers boldly come up and remove survivors from the carrier. The other flat-top, too, clung doggedly to life—for five hours after the first hit had been recorded on her.

Says Winters, "Then I turned away for a moment and, when I looked again, there was nothing but a huge oil slick and the tip of her stern going under. Hundreds of guys were swimming around or clinging to pieces of wood until a destroyer came up and began taking them aboard."

Those survivor-packed Jap destroyers, and the two Ise-class battleships received their share of trouble in the fourth and final aerial attack that day. One destroyer was sunk, and the others were strafed and bombed, while one of the battleships sustained torpedo and bomb hits.

Thirty-one Knot Burke, piqued yesterday because this task force was on the defensive, remarked cheerfully, "Well, as I always say, you've got to kill Japs."

As the afternoon sun approached the western horizon, only one Jap carrier remained afloat. United States cruisers and destroyers ranged ahead of our carriers. Coming across the gutted carrier just before dusk, they sank it with a few well-placed salvos. To the north, the two crippled battleships, two cruisers and several destroyers were making their escape. One destroyer or light cruiser was left behind and it, too, was sunk by surface gunfire. Later that night of October 25th, eager American submarines attacked the escaping ships with a spread of torpedoes, sinking a heavy cruiser.

The Second Battle of the Philippines was now almost over. Our ships were picking up hundreds of survivors from the water—Japs and our own men. Despite the heavy punishment the St. Lô had taken, 784 of her crew were rescued, half of them wounded. Of the entire ship's company 114 were listed as dead or missing.

Captain Vieweg and more than 750 of his men from the Gambier Bay also were rescued after they had drifted on rafts for forty-two hours, fighting off sharks.

The Jap casualties were, of course, much greater. They lost thousands of men, and dozens of their ships had been sunk or damaged. Jap shipyards and drydocks would be busy for months repairing the damage.

Secretary of the Navy Forrestal summed up the results as "One of the great naval victories of the war that will go down, along with the Midway and Guadalcanal sea battles as one of the great, shattering blows struck against Japanese seapower. The Japanese fleet was indeed beaten, routed and broken.

The battle also provided a tasty morsel for naval experts, authentic and armchair, to chew over for years to come. Had Admiral Halsey made the right decision in taking his Third Fleet north to engage the Jap carrier force, thus leaving the Leyte beachhead and the escort carriers covering it vulnerable to an enemy surface-ship attack?

The answer probably can never be given, even by the Japanese high naval command which missed a grand opportunity to mess up our invasion of the Philippines. But one part of that answer is definite and convincing: the box score of the battle, listed below.

THE END

	Battleships	Carriers	Light Carriers	CVEs	Heavy Cruisers	Light Cruisers	Destroyers	Destroyer Escorts	Planes downed	
United States sunk Note: At this writing the complete report on our losses and damage had not been released officially.			1	2			2	1		
Japanese sunk	2	1	3		6	3	9		350	(estimated)
Probably sunk	1				4	2	7			
Damaged	6				4	1	10			

The Week's Work

Major Erwin Lessner

MAJOR ERWIN LESSNER, author of Hitler's Final V Weapon, p. 14, is one of those whom the Nazis tortured. People who hear of his experiences assume that he hates Germany for personal reasons. This is not the case, he says.

"I do not mind so much that the Germans uestioned me," he explains. "I do not mind hat they questioned me so closely that I was aralyzed for seven months. I do not agree with the Germans, but I understand that they were only applying their rules of war when hey sentenced me to a slow death. I do not ate Hitler. Hitler is a very unimportant little man. I am concerned only because the questioning and this little man Hitler are ymptoms of a very serious German disease, a kind of aggressive frenzy. Because of the frenzy, which appears to be recurrent, generation after generation, I am in favor of a harsh peace, not a soft one."

Major Lessner, born in Vienna of an ancient and honorable family, fought against us in the last war. "But the most trouble I had in the last war," he says, "was my brushes with the Germans."

For nineteen years following the first World War, he devoted all his time and effort to opposing the sinister influences of the German agency whose object was to bribe the newspapers of foreign countries into printing German propaganda. Three times he was offered large sums of money to cease his fight. He was forced to flee from his home in July, 1938, to Czechoslovakia, where he witnessed the dismemberment of the Czechoslovak nation.

From the Prague Gestapo he fled to Berlin—where, certainly, no one expected him to be—and made his way to Denmark and Norway. Eventually the Nazis caught up with him. For thirty-five days he was "questioned." Friends in Norway rescued him.

From Stockholm, he went to Moscow, to Vladivostok, to Manila, to San Francisco, to New York. "Only the Atlantic Ocean stopped me from running still farther from the Germans," he says.

Since 1941, Major Lessner has taken out his first U.S. citizenship papers, and has written books and articles in English. His latest book, Phantom Victory, is a chronicle of events taking place in the Fourth Reich from 1945 to 1960—a bold prophecy about postwar Germany. Lessner would like to write novels.

"But," he says, "my publisher says to me 'Honey, you are soaked in this German material, and that is what we want to read.'"

Lessner has no hobbies, but this is due, he says, not to a lack of imagination but to a shortage of cash. He was for ten years an automobile-racing champion in Austria. But here, it is not possible for him to maintain a stable of fine motorcars.

WE GOT the idea from reading Kyle Crichton's recent article on the proposed Missouri Valley Authority (One More River to Boss), that the project could do a lot of good for a lot of people. But it hadn't occurred to us, until a copy of The Billboard, amusement magazine, came our way, that MVA beneficiaries would include makers of slot machines. Under the headline, "MVA—New Coin Machine Empire," the Billboard says: "To say that the coin-machine industry has a stake in enterprises such as TVA and MVA . . . would not be saying enough."

The coin-machine industry will have a great opportunity, the article says, to invade new markets opened up by the MVA with canned television and coin-operated home devices, such as home jukes and coin-meter boxes for electrical home appliances.

The Billboard goes one step too far, even for our already hardened postwar digestion, envisioning a "once degenerate wasteland" transformed into a glittering area filled with prefabricated houses, each and every one of which has its own little juke box, bump-bumping away in the living room.

Irwin Shaw

THE short story, Retreat, p. 26, was written in Paris three days after the city's liberation. Irwin Shaw, the author, says the story was told to him by his commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel George Stevens, soon after the Signal Corps photographic unit to which he belonged entered Paris.

"Since that time, I have returned to the United States," says Shaw, "and Colonel Stevens is richer by one box of Havana cigars which I sent to him as a very paltry commission for his legwork."

Shaw, author of many short stories and several plays (notably The Gentle People and Bury the Dead), says his military career, pursued in Africa, England and France, has interfered violently with his literary career.

"But the military side has been rewarding," he adds. "After twenty-seven months as a private and Pfc., I made the dizzy leap to Warrant Officer (jg) while in Paris, and I now eat in officers' messes."

Shaw won the O. Henry Memorial Prize for short stories this year. . . . A. P.

Any Week

Continued from page 4

nearest five-and-dime store. He shook his head, said that he hadn't a glimmer of an idea. So she turned to her companion and said: "See? What did I tell you? This town is full of people like him."

A SHIFTY-LOOKING citizen has been around here selling chances on a carton of cigarettes—ten cents a chance. After he had disappeared, rattling with cash like the mint, we looked over our ticket. We found that the winner doesn't get the prize until 1947.

DRAFT boards are getting rough. We're told that a young fellow asked deferment because, said he, he was a "constitutional inferior." The doctor slapped him on the back, passed him with the following cheerful words: "Expendable as all hell, hey? Well shoot straight and keep your head down."

WE READ the Black River Falls (Wisconsin) Banner-Journal and notice that Charles R. Lew Cloud in his Indian Report column hasn't much faith in the weather. He says: "The weather report is not very good for instances, on account we are having a fight some nationality near and far. There are same the last year. Same thing the star and wild animals. There is no change at all. There is only one thing we can tell by days and years." . . . W. D.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

writing, but it has covered close to 200,000 miles of global flying since it was turned out of the Douglas factory last June, carrying VIP to all parts of the world.

However, Hank was willing to talk about one of his VIP—Mrs. Roosevelt—whom he flew on her South American and Caribbean tour in a Consolidated Liberator last March. She asked for no favors or conveniences; and at the end of the journey she gave each member of the crew a salad bowl with a silver-plate inscription; had the gang over to the White House for lunch, and the next day invited the wives of the crew to tea.

"She is a good passenger," says Hank, who made the first trip into Paris in the special C-54 on a nonstop flight from New York, with General Marshall and War Mobilization Director Jimmy Byrnes.

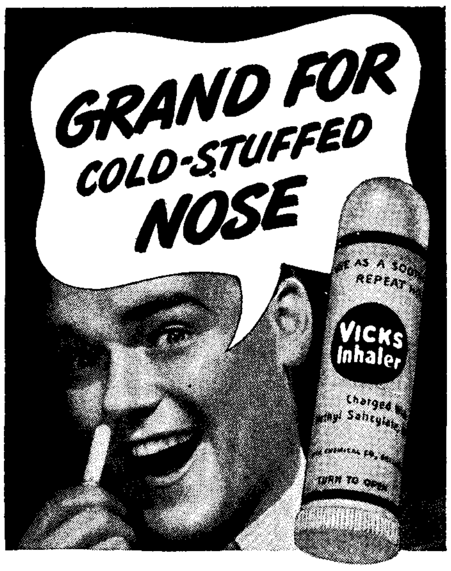
Another "good passenger" was General George C. Kenney, head of our Air Forces in the southwest Pacific, whom Major Richmond and Major Dice brought into Washington from Australia last February. Major Richmond says he never will forget the scene that greeted him back in the cabin high over the Pacific when he found General Kenney and the steward, Corporal Harry Miele, of Newport, N. H., engaged in a heated discussion.

It was plain to him, recalls Major Richmond, that the three-star general had waived military courtesy and had placed himself on equal basis with the two-striped corporal for the purpose of the argument. Major Richmond never did find out what they were arguing about.

In point of flying experience, Major Fred Kelly, formerly of Western Airlines, who flew the route from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City, leads the Brass Hat Squadron. He has logged close to 19,000 hours of piloting experience and has been all over the globe. He pioneered the flight from Australia to India, a journey of seventeen hours over enemy-infested waters, and of course without armament or fighter protection.

Chief of Operations of the Brass Hatters is 35-year-old Lieutenant Colonel Edward N. Coates, of Fort Worth, Texas, with 12,000 hours to his credit as a pilot on American Airlines. His previous jobs were in Africa and England where he both flew and directed operations of ATC aircraft for the African and European campaigns.

THE END



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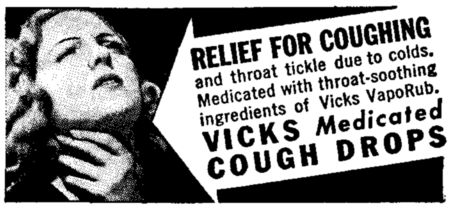
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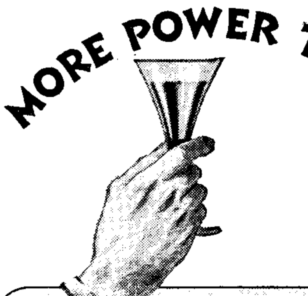
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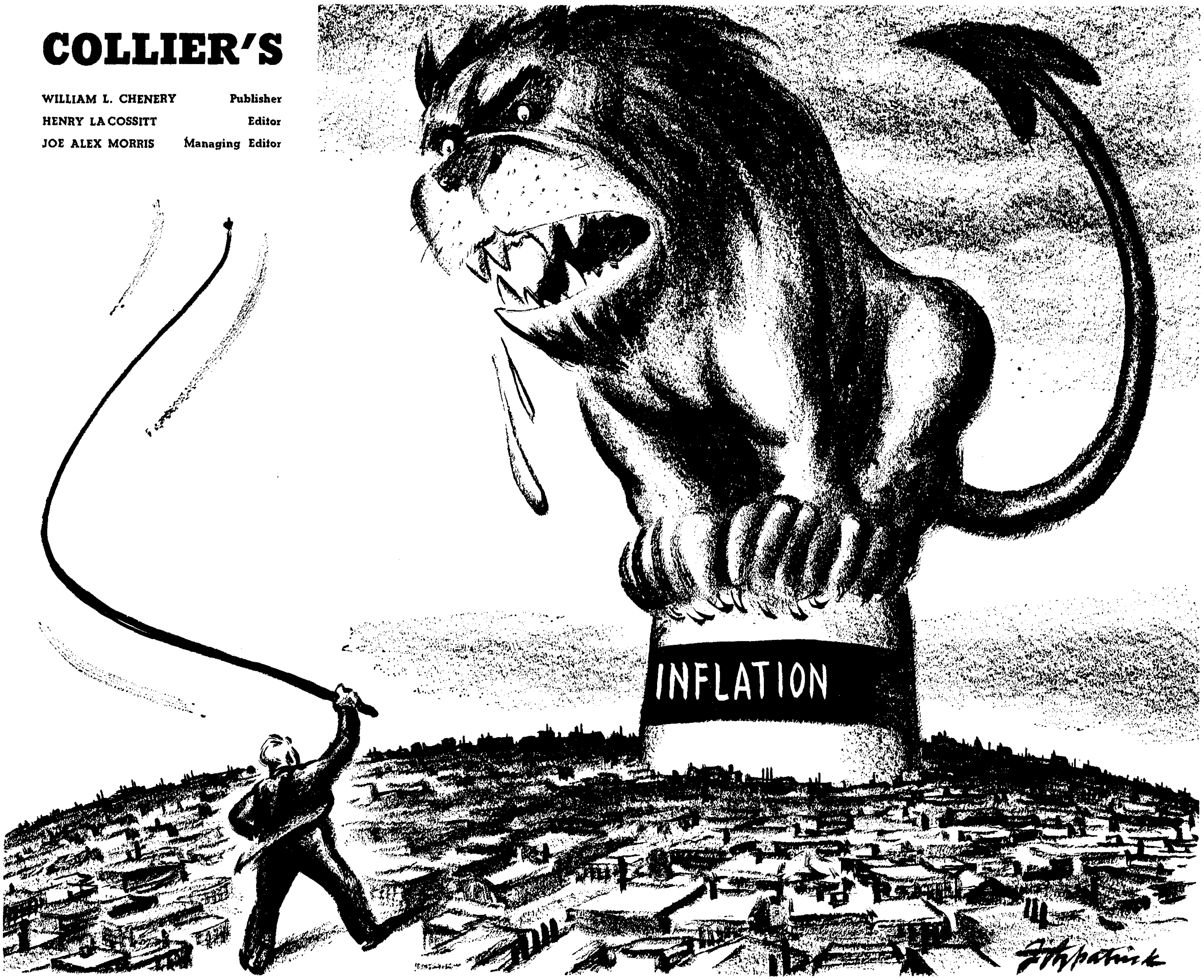

HOLD HIM, JUDGE!

FRED M. VINSON, small-town lawyer, Kentucky judge and, before that, congressman, is doing a mean job well. Judge Vinson is responsible for keeping prices down. He has done it. So he is abused. If he were not smart and well informed he would be betrayed and forced to resign by those who should support him. Up to now he is successful, but the going is getting tough.

Judge Vinson is Director of Economic Stabilization. He is the man employed to say no to everybody who wants to increase prices in wartime. Before he was given the responsibility, the government said no to everybody except farmers and labor unionists.

During many dangerous months, farm prices were not controlled because Congress was afraid of the farm vote. Wages likewise were not regulated because the Administration did not want the hostility of the labor-union politicians. Finally it was plain that either we would have wholesale inflation or else we would consent to the regulation of farm prices and wage rates. So first Justice Byrnes and then Judge Vinson, both one-time leaders of Congress and deservedly popular with the House and the Senate, were appointed to prevent disastrous inflation. Finally Congress did grant authority to control wages and farm prices. An unpopular assignment for any man.

The fact is that up to now we have escaped destructive inflation although some prices have risen.

Prices of basic products made by big business have not risen Steel and iron, for example, cost less now than in 1926. So do cement and crude rubber. So do the metals other than iron. So, surprising as it may be to the jokers, do plumbing and heating materials.

You could almost state a rule: Whatever is made by a large industrial corporation costs no more or less than what it cost before the war. Whatever is not made by mass industrial processes has probably gone up and gone up high since the war.

The United States keeps the record through the Bureau of Labor Statistics, a sound division of the Department of Labor. The Bureau of Labor Statistics is honest, intelligent and nonpolitical. The figures are generally proved to be right.

The Bureau takes the year 1926 as normal. Calvin Coolidge had been elected President in his own right, and almost everybody thought that permanent peace had been won and enduring prosperity was at hand.

So 1926 prices are the measure. All commodities other than farm products cost less at wholesale September, 1944, than in 1926. Products made by politically unpopular corporations cost much less than in 1926.

This incidentally is not a defense of corporations or an attack on farmers or on anybody else except all of us in our capacity as citizens and consumers. What we are doing is looking at the record, the impartial governmental record of prices, to see whither we go from here.

Yet every housewife and every other consumer is conscious in various ways of burdensome prices and scarcities—cigarettes, beef, clothing of desired varieties, housing, theater tickets, many other things hard to find and costly when available.

If prices have not gone sky-high, what is the answer?

The labor-union leaders who rail at Judge Vinson say little that your wife does not say in her fashion. *Scarcity* is fact *number one.* The Armed Forces need much that civilians also want. Civilians with the largest income, taken together, ever achieved want more than ever before. Everybody who has money wants good things, and there are not enough of the good things.

Fact number two follows: Because too little is available, substitutes—and sometimes cheaper and nastier substitutes—are offered. Worse clothing may cost more because better clothing is not to be had.

What's the answer? Tear down the price control that upon the whole has worked magnificently well? Open the floodgates to inflation? Give everybody who urgently demands it a higher price for his product or a higher wage for his labor? Not unless we lose our head and, soon after, everything else of value we possess.

The answer is to Hold the Line. Sure, shopping is hard. Yes, some things cost too much. Yes, some people cheat. But we are fighting the greatest, the bloodiest, the most terrible of all wars in human history, and the standard of living in the United States is still the highest ever reached by any people anywhere, any time.

Judge Vinson under attack recently said, "So long as the war absorbs half our national production, we must hold prices at their present level in order to preserve the purchasing power of the workers' pay envelope. When our present price and production controls are too lax—as in the case of textiles and clothing—we must tighten them."

That is the rational spirit that will see us through. If we can manage to keep our tempers and restrain our demands until this war is won, we will have done much to lay sound economic foundations for an enduring peace. We are lucky to have a man as hardy and as wise as Fred Vinson to lead this fight against extravagance and inflation. He deserves well of Americans.

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